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KONINGSMARKE,

OR,

OLD TIMES IN THE NEW WORLD.

"This affair being taken into consideration, it was adjudged that Koningsmarke, commonly called the Long Finne, deserved to die; yet, in regard that many concerned in the affair being simple and ignorant people, it was thought fit to order that the Long Finne should be severely * * * * * * * * * *."

Fragment of Minutes of Council in New-York.

NEW EDITION REVISED AND CORRECTED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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KONINGSMARKE.

BOOK FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

Which, together with all the introductory chapters of this work, is forbidden to our female readers, as containing secrets worth knowing.

In order that our readers and ourselves may at once come to a proper understanding, we will confess without any circumlocution, that we sat down to write this history before we had thought of any regular plan, or arranged the incidents, being fully convinced that an author who trusts to his own genius, like a modern saint who relies solely on his faith, will never be left in the lurch. Another principle of ours, which we have seen fully exemplified in the very great success of certain popular romances, advertised for publication before they were begun to be written, is, that it is much better for an author to commence his work, without knowing how it is to end, than to hamper himself with a regular plot, a succession of prepared incidents, and a premeditated catastrophe. This we hold to be an error little less, than to tie the legs of a

dancing master, to make him caper the more gracefully, or pinion a man's arms behind his back, as a preparative to a boxing match. In short, it is taking away, by a sort of literary *felo de se*, all that free will, that perfect liberty of imagination and invention, which causes us writers to curvet so gracefully in the fertile fields of historical fiction.

Another sore obstacle in the way of the free exercise of genius, is for a writer of historical novels, such as we have reason to suspect this will turn out to be, to embarrass his invention by an abject submission to chronology, or confine himself only to the introduction of such characters and incidents as really existed or took place within the limits of time and space comprised in the groundwork of his story. Nothing can be more evident than that this squeamishness of the author must materially interfere with the interest and variety of his work, since, if, as often happens, there should be wanting great characters or great events, coming lawfully within the period comprised in the said history, the author will be proportionably stinted in his materials. To be scared by a trifling anachronism, in relation to things that have passed away a century, or ten centuries ago, is a piece of literary cowardice, similar to that of the ignorant clown, who should be frightened by the ghost of some one that had been dead a thousand years.

So far, therefore, as we can answer for ourselves

in the course of this history, we honestly advertise the reader, that although our hero is strictly an historical personage, having actually lived and died, like other people, yet in all other respects, not only he, but every character in the work, belongs entirely to us. We mean to make them think, talk and act just as we like, and without the least regard to nature, education or probability. So also as respects the incidents of our history. We intend, at present, reserving to ourselves, however, the liberty of altering our plan whenever it suits us, to confine our labours to no time nor place, but to embody in our work every incident or adventure that falls in our way, or that an intimate knowledge of old ballads, nursery tales, and traditions, has enabled us to collect together. In short, we are fully determined, that so long as we hold the pen, we will never be deterred from seizing any romantic or improbable adventure, by any weak apprehension that people will quarrel with us because they do not follow on in the natural course, or hang together by any probable connexion of cause and effect.

Another determination of ours, of which we think it fair to apprize the reader, is, that we shall strenuously endeavour to avoid any intercourse, either directly or indirectly, with that bane of true genius, commonly called common sense. We look upon that species of vulgar bumpkin capacity, as little better than the instinct of animals; as the greatest

pest of authorship that ever exercised jurisdiction in the fields of literature. Its very name is sufficient to indicate the absurdity of persons striving to produce any thing uncommon by an abject submission to its dictates. It shall also be our especial care, to avoid the ancient, but nearly exploded error, of supposing that either nature or probability is in anywise necessary to the interest of a work of imagination. We intend that all our principal characters shall indulge in as many inconsistencies and eccentricities, as will suffice to make them somewhat interesting, being altogether assured that your sober, rational mortals, who act from ordinary impulses, and pursue a course of conduct sanctioned by common sense, are no better than common-place people, entirely unworthy the attention of an author, or his readers. It is for this special reason that we have chosen for our scene of action, a forgotten village, and for our actors, an obscure colony, whose existence is scarcely known, and the incidents of whose history are sufficiently insignificant to allow us ample liberty in giving what cast and colouring we please to their manners, habits and opinions. And we shall make free use of this advantage, trusting that the good-natured public will give us full credit for being most faithful delineators. Great and manifold are the advantages arising from choosing this obscure period. The writer who attempts to copy existing life and manners, must come in competi-

tion, and undergo a comparison with the originals, which he cannot sustain, unless his picture be correct and characteristic. But with regard to a state of society that is become extinct, it is like painting the unicorn, or the mammoth;—give the one only a single horn, and make the other only big enough, and the likeness will be received as perfect.

Certain cavillers, who pretend to be the advocates of truth, have strenuously objected to the present fashion of erecting a superstructure of fiction on a basis of fact, which they say is confounding truth with falsehood in the minds of youthful readers. But we look upon this objection as perfectly frivolous. It cannot be denied that such a mixture of history and romance is exceedingly palatable; since, if the figure may be allowed us, truth is the meat, and fiction the salt, which gives it a zest, and preserves it from perishing. So, also, a little embellishment will save certain insignificant events from being entirely lost or forgotten in the lapse of time. Hence we find young people, who turn with disgust from the solid dulness of pure matter of fact history, devouring with vast avidity those delectable mixed dishes, and thus acquiring a knowledge of history, which, though we confess somewhat adulterated, is better than none at all. Besides this, many learned persons are of opinion that all history is in itself little better than a romance, most especially that part wherein historians pretend to detail the secret motives of monarchs

and their ministers. One who was himself an old statesman, writes thus:

> "How oft, when great affairs perplex the brains
> Of mighty politicians, to conjecture
> From whence sprung such designs, such revolutions,
> Such exaltations, such depressions, wars and crimes;
> Our female Machiavels would smile to think
> How closely lurking lay the nick of all
> Under our cousin Dod's white farthingale."

Such, then, being the case with history, we think it a marvellous idle objection to this our mode of writing, to say that it is falsifying what is true, since it is only sprinkling a little more fiction with it, in order to render it sufficiently natural and entertaining to allure the youthful and romantic reader.

Before concluding this introductory chapter, which is to be considered the key to our undertaking, we will ask one favour of the reader. It is, that if on some occasions we shall, in the course of this work, appear somewhat wiser in various matters, than comports with the period of our history, and at other times not so wise as we ought to be, he will in the one case ascribe it to the total inability of authors to refrain from telling what they know, and in the other, to an extraordinary exertion of modesty, by which we are enabled, at that particular moment, to repress the effervescence of our knowledge.

Finally, in order that the reader may devour our work with a proper zest, we hereby assure him, (in

confidence,) that our bookseller has covenanted and agreed to pay us ten thousand dollars in Owl Creek bank notes, provided the sale of it should justify such inordinate generosity. We will now plunge directly into the thickest of our adventures, having thus happily got over the first step, which is held to be half the battle.

CHAPTER II.

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
Where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?"

THE curious traveller along the western bank of the Delaware river, will hardly fail to notice some few scattered remains, such as parts of old walls, and fragments of chimneys, which indicate where once stood the famous fort and town of Elsingburgh, one of the earliest settlements of the Swedes in this country. The precise spot these ruins occupy we shall not point out, since it is our present intention to give such an accurate description, that it cannot be mistaken by a reader of common sagacity.

At the time this history commences, that is to say, somewhere about the middle of the sixteenth century, a period of very remote antiquity considering the extreme juvenility of our country, this important little post was governed by the Heer Peter Piper, a short thickset person, of German parentage, whose dress, rain or shine, week days or Sundays, in peace or war, in winter and summer, was a suit of olive-coloured velvet, ornamented with ebony buttons. A picture still preserved in the Piper family, represents him with a round, and somewhat full face, a good deal wrinkled; sturdy

short legs, thin at the ankles, and redundant at the calves; square-toed shoes, and square buckles of a yellowish hue, but whether of gold or brass is impossible to decide at this remote period. We would give the world, that is to say, all that part of it which is at present in our possession, namely, a magnificent castle in the air, to be able to satisfy the doubts of our readers in respect to the problem whether the Heer Peter Piper wore a cocked hat. But as the painter, with an unpardonable negligence, and a total disregard to posterity, has chosen to represent him bareheaded, we can only say, that his knob was ordinarily covered with a thick crop of hair that curled rather crabbedly about his forehead and ears. It hath been aptly remarked by close observers of human nature, that this species of petulant curl, is almost the invariable concomitant of an irritable, testy, impatient temper, which, as it were, crisps and curls about after a similar manner with the said hair.

Certain it is that, whatever exceptions may occur to the general rule, the Heer Piper was not one of them, he being, as the course of our history will fully substantiate, an exceeding little tyrant, that fell into mortal passions about nothing, broke his nose over every straw that lay in his way, and was seldom to be found in any sort of good humour, except when he had swore vengeance at every soul that excited his wrath. Indeed, to say truth, he was one of those blustering little bodies, who

differ entirely from those who are said to be no heroes to their valet de chambre, since it was affirmed of him that he was a hero to nobody else, but his servants and dependants, whom he bullied exceedingly. The good people of Elsingburgh called him, behind his back, Pepper Pot Peter, in double allusion to the fiery nature of his talk, and his fondness for the dish known among our ancestors by that name, and remarkable for its high seasoning. The distich placed at the head of this chapter, was made upon the Heer Peter, by a wag of the day, who excelled in alliterative poetry, and of whom we shall say more anon, if we do not forget it in the multiplicity of adventures we intend to incorporate into this true history. But as we mean to leave a good part of our work to the imagination of the reader to supply to the best of his abilities, we will let the character of Governor Piper develop itself in his future conduct, and proceed with our story.

One sultry summer afternoon in the month of July, the Heer Peter having finished his dinner by one o'clock, was sitting in his great arm chair, under the shade of a noble elm, the stump of which is still to be seen, and being hollow, serves for a notable pig sty, smoking his pipe as was his custom, and ruminating in that luxurious state of imbecility between sleeping and waking. The river in front spread out into an expansive lake, smooth and bright as a looking glass; the leaves

hung almost lifeless on the trees, for there was not a breath of air stirring; the cattle stood midway in the waters, lashing the flies lazily with their tails; the turkeys sought the shade with their bills wide open, gasping for breath; and all nature, animate as well as inanimate, displayed that lassitude which is the consequence of excessive heat.

The Heer sat with his eyes closed, and we will not swear that he was not at this precise moment fast asleep, although the smoke of his pipe still continued to ascend at regular intervals, in a perpendicular column, inasmuch as it was affirmed by Wolfgang Langfanger, and some others of his friends and counsellors, that the Heer Peter did sometimes smoke somewhat instinctively, as a man breathes in his sleep. However this may be, whether sleeping or waking, the governor was suddenly roused by the intrusion of one Lob Dotterel, a constable and busybody, who considered himself, in virtue of his office, at full liberty to poke his proboscis into every hole and corner, and to pry into the secret as well as public actions of every soul in the village. It is astonishing what a triumph it was to Lob Dotterel, to catch any body tripping; he considered it a proof of his vigilance and sagacity. And here, lest the reader should do Master Dotterel wrong, in supposing that the prospect of bribes or fees stimulated him to activity, we will aver it as our belief, that he was governed by no such sordid motive, but acted

upon a similar instinct with that of a well-bred pointer dog, who is ever seen wagging his tail with great delight when he brings in game, although he neither expects to be rewarded, or to share in the spoil, at least so far as we have been able to penetrate his motives of action.

Master Dotterel was backed on the occasion aforesaid, by one Restore Gosling, and Master Oldale, keeper of the Indian Queen, the most fashionable, not to say the only tavern, in the village of Elsingburgh. These three worthies had in custody a tall, straight, light-complexioned, blue-eyed youth, who signified his contempt for the accusation, whatever it might be, the constable, Master Restore Gosling, Master Oldale, and the Heer Peter himself, by rubbing his chin on either side with his thumb and fingers, and whistling Yankee Doodle, or any other tune that doth not involve a horrible anachronism.

There are three things a real genuine great man cannot bear, to wit:—to do business after dinner—to be disturbed in his meditations—or to suspect that the little people below him do not think him so great a person as he is inclined to think himself. All these causes combined to put the Heer Peter in a bad humour, insomuch that he privately communed with himself that he would tickle this whistling, chin-scraping stripling.

"Well, culprit," cried the Heer, with a formidable aspect of authority—"Well, culprit, what is

your crime? I can see with half an eye you're no better than you should be."

"That's no more than may be said of most people, I believe," answered the youth, with great composure.

"Answer me, sirrah," quoth the Heer, "what is thy crime, I say?"

"Ask these gentlemen," said the other.

"What—eh! you won't confess, hey! an old offender I warrant me. I'll tickle you before I've done with you. What's thy name—whence came you—and whither art thou going, culprit?"

"My name," replied the fair tall youth, "is Koningsmarke, surnamed the Long Finne; I came from the Hoarkill, and I am going to jail, I presume, if I may augur aught from your excellency's look, and the hard names you are pleased to bestow on me."

Nothing is so provoking to the majesty of a great man, as the self-possession of a little one. The Heer Peter Piper began to suspect that the Long Finne did not stand in sufficient awe of his dignity and authority, a suspicion than which nothing could put him in a greater passion. He addressed Master Dotterel, and demanded to know for what offence the culprit was brought before him, in a tone which Lob perfectly understood as encouragement not to suppress any part of the prisoner's guilt. Lob hereupon referred the Heer to Master Oldale, who referred him to Restore

Gosling, who had laid the information. This apparent disposition to shift the *onus probandi* caused additional wrath in the governor, who began to tremble lest the Long Finne might give him the slip, and escape the consequences of his contempt of authority. He thundered forth a command to Gosling to state *all* he knew against the culprit; laying hard emphasis on the word "all."

Master Gosling, after divers scratches of the head, such as my Lord Byron indulgeth in when he writeth poetry, gathered himself together, and said as follows—not deposed, for the Heer held it an undue indulgence to prisoners, to put the witnesses against them to their Bible oath.—Master Gosling stated, that he had seen the young man, who called himself Koningsmarke, or the Long Finne, take out of his pocket a handful of Mark Newby's half-pence, or, as it was commonly called, *Pat's* half-pence, which every body knew was prohibited being brought into the dominions of Sweden, under penalty of confiscation of the money; one half to the informer, and the other half to his sacred majesty, the King of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and the Goths.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the Heer, rubbing his hands; "this looks like conspiracy and plot with a vengeance. I should not be surprised if the Pope and the d——l were at the bottom of this." And here we will remind the reader that this was about the time that the manufactory of plots, Popish

and Presbyterian, Meal Tub and Rye House, flourished so luxuriantly, under the fruitful invention of Shaftesbury, Oates, Tongue, Dugdale, Bedlow and others. Now the Heer Peter always took pattern after the old countries, insomuch that whenever a plot came out in England, or elsewhere, he forthwith got up another at Elsingburgh, as nearly like it as possible. In one word, he imitated all the pranks, freaks and fooleries of royalty, as an ape does those of a man. At the period, too, which this history is about to commemorate, there were terrible jealousies and heart-burnings betwixt the representatives of royalty in the adjoining or neighbouring colonies of New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New-York, and Connecticut. The different monarchs of Europe, had not only given away with astonishing liberality what did not belong to them, in this new world, but given it away over and over again to different persons, so that it was next to impossible either to settle the boundaries of the various grants, or to ascertain who was the real proprietor of the soil. As to the Indians, they were out of the question. Now, though these tracts were, ninety-nine parts in a hundred, a perfect wilderness, and the number of inhabitants as one to a hundred square miles, yet did these potentates, and especially their governors, feel great solicitude lest they should be in no little time stinted for elbow-room. They were, consequently, always bickering about boundaries, and

disputing every inch of wilderness most manfully, by protest and proclamation.

The Heer Piper governed a territory by right of discovery, grant, possession, and what not, somewhat larger than Sweden, and which, at the time of this writing, contained exactly (by census) nine hundred and sixty-eight souls, exclusive of Indians. It is therefore little to be wondered at, if, being as he was, a long-headed man, metaphorically speaking, he should begin to look out in time for the comfort of the immense population, which he foresaw must speedily be pressed for room. His jealousy was of course continually squinting at his neighbours, most especially the Quakers at Coaquanock, and the Roman Catholics, who about this time settled at St. Mary's under Leonard Calvert. He therefore pricked up his ears, and smelt a plot, at the very sound of Mark Newby's halfpence, a coin then circulating in West Jersey and Coaquanock, and forthwith set down the Long Finne as an emissary from the Quakers, who, he swore, although they would not fight, had various ways of getting possession of his territories, much more effectual than arms. Moreover, he abhorred them because they would not pull off their hats to the representative of Gustavus Adolphus, and, as he affirmed, were a people who always expected manners from others, although they gave none themselves. In addition to these causes of disgust, it was rumoured, that his excellency the Heer,

being once riding out near Coaquanock, met a Quaker driving a great wagon, and who refusing to turn either to the right or to the left, rendered it necessary for Peter Piper to attempt to pass him, by the which his buggy was overset, and himself precipitated into a slough. Let me tell the reader, that trifles less than these have more than once set mankind together by the ears, and caused the rivers of the earth to run red with blood.

Under the influence of these statesmanlike views, jealousies, antipathies, and what not, the Heer viewed the possession of such a quantity of Mark Newby's halfpence as a suspicious circumstance, and indeed had little doubt, in his own mind, that the Long Finne had come into the settlement to seduce it from its allegiance to the great Gustavus, by actual bribery. The reader may smile at the idea of corrupting a community with halfpence, now when paper money is so plenty that dollars fly about like may-flies in the spring, and that it sometimes actually takes a hundred of these to purchase a man's conscience. But we will make bold to tell him, his smile only betrays an utter ignorance of the simplicity of those times, when a penny was deemed equal to six white and four black wampum; and a tract of land, larger than a German principality, was at one time purchased for sixty tobacco-boxes, one hundred and twenty pipes, one hundred Jews-harps, and a quantity of red paint. It hath been shrewdly observed, that the value of

money regulates the consciences of men, as it does every other article of trade, so that the suspicion of Governor Piper was not quite so ridiculous as many ignorant readers may be inclined to suppose at first sight. This explanation we afford gratuitously, hinting at the same time, that as it is no part of our plan to make things appear probable, or actions consistent, we shall not often display a similar disposition to account for what happens.

"Long Finne," said the Heer, after considerable cogitation—"Long Finne, thou art found guilty of suspicion of traitorous designs against the authority of his sacred majesty, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and in order that thou mayest have time and opportunity to clear up thy character, we sentence thee to be imprisoned till thine innocence is demonstrated, or thou shalt confess thy guilt."

By this time half the village, at least, was collected, as is usual on these occasions, when they flock to see a criminal, as porpoises do about a wounded mate, not to succour, but to worry him. The whole assembly were struck with astonishment at the wisdom of Governor Piper's decision, which they looked upon as dictated by blind justice herself. Not so the Long Finne, who like most unreasonable persons, that are seldom satisfied with law or justice when it goes against them, seemed inclined to remonstrate. But the Heer, whose maxim it was to punish first and pity afterward, forthwith commanded him to be quiet, quoting his

favourite saying, "Sirrah, if we both talk at once, how are we to understand one another?"

As they were taking him from the presence of the governor to convey him to prison, the tall, fair youth, turned his eye mildly, yet significantly towards the Heer, and pronounced in a low voice the words, "Caspar Steinmets." "What! who! whose name did you utter?" exclaimed his excellency in great agitation—

"Caspar Steinmets"—replied the youth.

"What of him'—rejoined the Heer.

"I am his nephew"—replied the Long Finne. "The friend of your youth would be little obliged to you, could he see you hurrying the son of his bosom to a prison, because he possessed a handful of Mark Newby's halfpence."

"Pish!" cried the Heer—"I never heard that old Caspar Steinmets had a nephew, and I don't believe a word of it."

"He had a sister, who married a gentleman of Finland, called Colonel Koningsmarke, against the wishes of her friends. She was discarded, and her name never mentioned. On the death of both my parents, my uncle adopted me, but he died also, not long after you sailed for the new world.—Look, sir, do you know this picture?"

"Blood of my heart," exclaimed the Heer, contemplating the picture, "but this is old Caspar Steinmets, sure enough! Ah! honest, jolly old Caspar! many a time hast thou and I drunk, fought

and raked together, in bonny Finland! But for all that, culprit, thou shalt not escape justice, until thou hast accounted to me for the possession of this picture, which hath marvellously the appearance of stolen goods."

"Stolen goods, sir!" interrupted the fair youth, passionately; but, as if recollecting himself, he relapsed again into an air of unconquerable serenity, and began to whistle in an undertone.

"Ay, marry, stolen goods! I shall forthwith commit thee to prison, and retain this picture till thou provest property, and payest all charges. Take him away, master constable."

The youth seemed about to remonstrate, but again, as if suddenly recollecting himself, remained silent, shrugged his shoulders, and quietly submitted to be conducted to the prison, followed by the crowd, which usually, on such occasions, volunteers as an honourable escort to heroes of the bridewell and quarter sessions. But nothing could equal the triumph of Lob Dotterel on this occasion, who looked upon the establishing of a man's innocence to be lessening the importance of a constable, who, as he affirmed, derived dignity and consequence in exact proportion to the crimes of mankind.

Having despatched this weighty affair, the Heer Piper knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and returned to his gubernatorial mansion, with a full resolution of communicating the whole affair to the Chancellor Oxenstiern.

CHAPTER III.

"There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She liv'd upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old lady could never be quiet."

Mother Goose's Melodies.

Now the long shadows of the trees that stretched almost half way across the river, began gradually to disappear, as the sun of summer sunk behind the hills that rose gradually and gracefully one above another westward of the renowned, or soon to be renowned, village of Elsingburgh. The toils of the day being finished, some of the villagers were sitting at the door of Master Oldale's castle, smoking and telling tales of wars in the old countries, or dangers encountered in the new.

The maids and matrons were, some, busily preparing the ponderous supper; others, milking the cows; and others, strolling with their sweethearts on the bank of the river, under the ancient elms, full sorely scarified with names, or initials of names, and true lovers' knots, the rude, yet simple emblems of rustic love. Dame Parlet, the hen, with all her cackling brood, nestled for the night upon the shady boughs; the domestic generations of two-legged and four-legged animals were about seeking their various lodgings, and the careful hind was seen unchaining the trusty and powerful mastiff, the

faithful guardian of himself, his children, wife, and all his treasures, from surprise, in the solitude of the night, when the wild wolf, and the Indian equally wild, were often heard to yell the quavering knell of danger and death.

Every object began gradually to approximate to that rural repose and happy quiet which characterizes the evening of a country hamlet, among a people of simple and virtuous habits.

In one word, it was just the period betwixt daylight and dark, when the Heer Piper, as affirmed at the end of the last chapter, returned to his mansion, to indulge himself in his accustomed stout supper, which usually consisted of a tankard of what is called *hard* cider, a species of beverage, which goes down a man's throat like a sharp sword, and which the sturdy Heer called emphatically man's cider, it being an unquestionable demonstration of manhood to be able to drink it, without causing the eyes to start out of the head. To this was usually added a mess of pepper-pot, with heaps of meat and vegetables, among which figured, in all the dignity of a national dish, the execrable and ever-to-be-avoided *sour-krout* dire. All these luxuries of the day were spread on the table, and waited his coming, in company with the members of the household.

The first of these which we shall introduce in due form to the reader, was the lady Edith Piper, only sister to his excellency the governor—a per-

son of ominous notability, who, on the death of the Heer's wife, had taken command of the establishment, and, if report says true, of Governor Piper into the bargain. She was, in the main, a good sort of a body, and of a most public-spirited disposition, since she neglected the affairs of the Heer, to attend to those of every body else in the village. She knew every thing that happened, and a vast many things that never happened. And we will venture to pledge our veracity as historians, that there never were but two secrets in the village, from the time of Madam Edith's arrival, to the day of her final extinction. One was the year of the lady's birth—the other we do not care to disclose at present, being anxious to convince the world that we too can keep a secret as well as other folk.

To do the good lady no more than justice, she was not ill-natured, although her thirst after knowledge was somewhat extreme; nor did she ever make any bad use of the village tittle-tattle, which came to her ears. She never repeated any tale of scandal, without at first impressively assuring her hearers that she did not believe one word of it, not she; she merely told the story, to show what an ill-natured world it was that they lived in. Madam Edith was supposed to maintain her authority over the Heer Piper, more by dint of talking incessantly, than through the agency of fear. When she had a point to gain, she never abandoned it;

and if, as often happened, the governor walked out in a pet to avoid her importunities, she would, on his return, resume the argument just where it was left off, with astonishing precision. In process of time she worried him out, and, from long experience of the perseverance of the dame, as well as the inefficacy of resistance, Governor Piper came at last to a quiet submission to be tyrannized over within doors, being resolved to make himself amends by tyrannizing without. The Vrouw Edith, who, we neglected to premise, was never married, not being able to find any body in the old or new world good enough for her, was, in sober truth, a considerable talker, although the same regard to veracity impels us to the confession that she was not always understood by her hearers. Taking it for granted, that every body was as anxious about every body's business as herself, she gave them credit for as much knowledge, and was perpetually indulging in hints, innuendoes, and scraps of biography, which puzzled her friends worse than the riddle of the Sphinx. Thus she generally alluded to her acquaintances in old Finland, by their christian names, and detailed the various particulars incident to nurseries, kitchens, &c. as if the whole universe felt an interest in the subjects of her biography. In one word, she was a thin, short little body, dressed in high-heel'd shoes, a chintz gown, with flowers as large as cabbages, and leaves like those of the palm, together with a long-tabbed lawn cap,

which, on great occasions, was displaced for one of black velvet, fitting close to the head, and tied under the chin. Of her voice, it may be affirmed that it was as sharp as the Heer's favourite cider.

The only being in the governor's establishment that could hold a candle to aunt Edith, as she was usually denominated, or who ventured to exchange a shot in the war of words with her, was a certain mysterious, wayward, out-of-the-way creature, who was generally reputed to be an equal compound of fortune-teller and witch. She was by birth an African, and her general acceptation was that of Bombie of the Frizzled Head. Bombie was a thick, squat thing, remarkable for that peculiar redundancy of figure, so frequently observed in the ladies of her colour and country. Her head and face were singularly disproportioned to her size, the first being very small, and the latter, proportionably large, since it might with truth be averred, that her head was nearly all face. The fact was, that nature had given her such a redundancy of broad flat nose, that in order to allow of any eyes at all, she was obliged to place them on either side of the head, where they projected almost as far, and as red as those of a boiled lobster. This gave her an air of singular wildness, inasmuch as it produced the peculiar look called staring, which is held to be the favourite expression of that popular class of lately created beings who stand in a sort of a midway between witches, goblins,

fairies, and devils, and are an odd compound of them all.

Bombie of the Frizzled Head, was so surnamed on account of her hair, which was distinguished by that peculiar and obstinate curl, which, together with the accompanying black complexion, are held to be the characteristics of the posterity of Cain. Age had, at this period, bent her body almost double, seamed her face with innumerable wrinkles, and turned her hair white, which contrasted singularly with her ebony skin. But still she exhibited one of the peculiarities of this unhappy race, in a set of teeth white as the driven snow, and perfect as the most perfect ever seen through the ruby lips of the lass the reader most loves. And if the truth must be told, her tongue seemed to be as little injured by the assaults of time as her teeth. She was, in fact, a desperate railer, gifted with a natural eloquence that was wont to overpower the voice and authority of aunt Edith, and drive the Heer Piper from his sternest domestic resolves.

The tyranny of Bombie's tongue was, however, strengthened in its authority by certain vulgar opinions, the more powerful, perhaps, from their indefinite nature and vague obscurity. It was said that she was the daughter and the wife of an African king, taken in battle, and sold to a trader who carried her to St. Barts, where she was bought by the Heer Peter Piper, who whilome figured as Fiscal of that fruitful island, from whence she accompa-

sled him first to Finland, and afterward to the new world. Rumour, that progeny of darkness, distance, and obscurity, also whispered that she of the Frizzled Head could see into the depths of futurity; was acquainted with the secrets of sticking crooked pins, and throwing invisible brickbats; and dealt in all the dread mysteries of *Obi*. These suspicions were strengthened, by the peculiar appearance and habits of the Frizzled Head, as well as by the authority of certain instances of witchcraft that happened about this time in the East, as recorded by the learned and venerable Cotton Mather, in his book of wonders, the Magnalia.

Like the owl and the whippoorwill, she scarcely ever was seen abroad except at night; and, like them, she was supposed to go forth in the darkness, only to bode or to practise ill. With her short pipe in her mouth, her horn-headed stick in her hand, she would be seen walking at night along the bank of the river, without any apparent purpose, generally silent, but occasionally muttering and mumbling in some unknown gibberish that no one understood. This habit of prowling abroad at night, and at all times of the night, enabled her to attain a knowledge of various secrets of darkness that often seemed the result of some supernatural insight into the ways of men. Indeed, it has been, or it may be shrewdly observed, that he who would see the world as it really is, must watch like the mastiff that bays the moon, and sleeps but in the sunshine.

When at home, in the Heer's kitchen, she never slept except in the day time; but often passed the night, wandering about such parts of the house as were free to her, apparently haunted by some sleepless spirit, and often stopping before the great Dutch clock in the hall. Here she might be seen, standing half double, leaning on her stick, and exhibiting an apt representation of age counting the few and fleeting moments of existence. Her wardrobe consisted of innumerable ragged garments, patched with an utter contempt for congruity of colouring, and exhibiting the remnants of the fashions of the last century. On particular occasions, however, Bombie exhibited her grand costume, which consisted of a man's hat and coat, and a woman's petticoat, which combination produced a wild, picturesque effect, altogether indescribable. In justice to the Heer, we must premise, that it was not his fault that Bombie was not better clad, for he often gave her clothing, with which no one ever knew what was done, as she was seldom seen in any thing but a multiplicity of rags.

Though, to appearance, exceedingly aged and infirm, the *Snow Ball*, as Governor Piper used to call her, was gifted with an activity and power of endurance, that had something almost supernatural in it, and which enabled her to brave all seasons, and all weathers, as if she had been the very statue of black marble she sometimes seemed, when standing stock still, leaning on her stick and con-

templating the silent moon. She had a grandson, of whom we shall say more by and by. At present we will leave the Heer to finish his supper, as we mean to do our own presently, not wishing to burthen the reader with too much of a good thing, which is shrewdly affirmed to be equivalent to a thing which is good for nothing.

CHAPTER IV.

"The rose is red, the violet blue,
The gilly-flower sweet, and so are you.
These are the words you bade me say,
For a bonny kiss, on Easter day."

Mother Goose's Melodies.

We left our hero, at the conclusion of the last chapter save one, quietly on his way to prison, in the custody of Lob Dotterel, the vigilant high constable of Elsingburgh. The reader may perhaps wonder at the spiritless acquiescence with which the Long Finne submitted to the decision of the Heer Piper, as well as to the safe conduct of the constable. Now, though it is in our power, by a single flourish of the pen, to account for this singularity, we are too well acquainted with the nature of the human mind, to deprive our history at the very outset of that indescribable interest which arises from the author's keeping to himself certain secrets, which, like leading strings, as it were, conduct the reader to the end, in the hope of at length being fully rewarded by a disclosure, a hope in which, it must be confessed, he is often sadly disappointed, seeing it is much easier to knit, than to unravel a mystery. Suffice it to say that the tall youth was quietly conducted to prison, apparently without either caring much about it himself, or exciting the compassion of a single soul in the village.

But it was not so.—There was one heart that melted with sympathy, and one eye that shed a solitary tear, to see so interesting a youth thus, as it were, about to be buried alive, upon so vague and slight a suspicion. That heart, and that eye, beat in the bosom, and sparkled in the brow of as fair a maid as ever the sun shone upon in this new world, whose sprightly daughters are acknowledged on all hands to excel in beauty, grace, and virtue, all the rest of the universe. The daughter, the only daughter, nay, the only offspring of the Heer, was sitting in the low parlour window that looked out upon the green sward, where that puissant governor used to smoke his afternoon's pipe in pleasant weather, when the vigilant high constable brought in the tall, fair prisoner. Her eye was naturally attracted by a face and figure so different from those she had been accustomed to see in the village, and being sufficiently near to hear his examination, she was struck with wonder and curiosity, two sentiments that are said to be inherited by the sex, in a direct line from grandmother Eve.

Those readers, ay, and writers too, who happen to know as much of human nature as the head of a cabbage, are aware of the electrical quality of any excitement that springs up in the heart, in a situation, and under circumstances, where objects of interest are rare, and there is no variety to attract us from the train of thought and feeling, which such objects inspire. In early youth, and just at

that blooming period of spring, when the bud of sentiment begins to expand its leaves to the zephyr and the sun, it often happens, that the memory and the fancy will both combine to rivet in the mind, a feeling lighted by a single spark, in a single moment, and make its impression almost indelible.

It was thus, in some degree, with the fair and gentle daughter of the Heer, whose light azure orb, the colour of the north, seemed destined to conquer all hearts in the new world, as her blue-eyed ancestors did the old with their invincible arms. She had never yet seen, except in dreams, since she entered her teens, a being like the Long Finne, who, contrasted with the sturdy boors around her, not even excepting her admirer Othman Pfegel, was an Apollo among satyrs. Christina, for so was she called, had indeed some remote recollection of a species of more polished beings, such as, when a little girl, she had seen in Finland; but the remembrance was so vague as only to enable her in some degree to recognise the vulgarity and want of refinement of the Sunday beaux of Elsingburgh.

The heart, the pure, warm, social heart of a girl of seventeen, may be said to be like the turtle dove, which pines in the absence of its mate, and fills the wilderness of the world with its solitary moanings. It waits but to see its destined counterpart, to tremble and palpitate; and if its first emotions are not rudely jostled aside, or overpow-

ered by the distraction of conflicting objects, and the variety of opposing temptations, they will become the governing principle of existence during a whole life of love.

Koningsmarke was, in truth, a figure that might have drawn the particular attention of a lady whose eyes were accustomed to the finest forms of mankind. He was nearly, or quite six feet high, straight, and well proportioned, with a complexion almost too fair for a man, and eyes of a light blue. His hair was somewhat too light to suit the taste of the present day, but which, to one accustomed, like Christina, to associate it with ideas of manly beauty, was rather attractive than otherwise.

With these features, he might have been thought somewhat effeminate in his appearance, were it not that a vigorous, muscular form, and a certain singular expression of his eye, which partook somewhat of a fierce violence, threw around him the port of a hardy and fearless being. This expression of the eye, in after times, when their acquaintance had ripened into intimacy, often gave rise to vague and indefinite suspicions of his character, and fears of its development, which the fair Christina could seldom wholly discard from her bosom. The dress of the youth, though not fine nor splendid, was of the better sort, and in excellent taste, except that he wore his ruff higher up in the neck than beseemed.

The person whose appearance we have thus sketched, as might be expected, excited a degree of interest in the maiden, sufficiently powerful to have impelled her to actual interference with the Heer, in favour of the prisoner, had it not been for that new-born feeling, which, wherever it is awakened in the bosom of a delicate and virtuous female, is accompanied by a shrinking and timid consciousness, that trembles lest the most common courtesies, and the most ordinary emotions, may be detected as the offspring of a warmer feeling. Besides this, the fair Christina knew from experience that though her father loved her better than all the world besides, there was one thing he loved still better, and that was, the freedom of his sovereign will and pleasure, in the exercise of his authority as the representative of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. The Heer, in fact, never failed to resent all interference of this nature on the part of the ladies of his household, always accompanying his refusal by some wicked jest, or some reflection upon people's not minding their own business. Christina, therefore, remained quiet in her seat, and accompanied the fair, tall youth to prison, with the sigh and the tear heretofore commemorated.

The prison formed one side of the square, at the opposite extremity of which was placed the governor's palace, as he called it, videlicet, a two-story brick house, with a steep roof, covered with fiery red tiles, lapping over each other like the scales

of a drum fish. The bricks which composed the walls of the palace were of the same dusky hue of red, so that the whole had the appearance of a vast oven, just heated for a batch of bread. Agreeably to the fashion of the times, the house was of little depth, the windows of the same room opening to both front and rear; but then it made up in length what it wanted in depth, and when not taken in profile, had a very imposing appearance. Exactly opposite, at a distance of about thirty yards, was the prison, also of brick, with small windows, having ominous iron bars, and other insignia shrewdly indicative of durance vile. One part of the building was appropriated to the accommodation of persons who had the misfortune to fall under the guilt of suspicion, like the Long Finne; and in the other portion, was the great court room, as it was pompously called, where the Heer met, as was his custom, to consult with his council, and do just as he liked afterward, as practised by the potent governors of that day. In truth, these little men were so far out of the reach of their masters, that they considered themselves as little less than immortal, and often kicked up a dust for the sole purpose of showing their authority.

The governor's mansion, and the court-house or jail, were the only brick buildings in the village, the rest consisting of wooden edifices of round logs for the vulgar, and square ones, filled in with mortar, for the better sort. These were huddled

close together round the square, for two special reasons; one, that they might be the more easily included in the strong palisade, which had been raised about the town for security against any sudden irruption of the savages; the other, that no ground might be wasted in laying out the place, which, in the opinion of the longest heads, was so advantageously situated, that every foot of land must be of immense value some day or other. Vain anticipations! since the place is now a ruin, and the colony no more; yet such is the usual fate of all the towering hopes of man! The houses we speak of, were all nearly of the same size and fashion, and equally dignified by an enormous chimney of brick, which appertained to the house, or more strictly speaking, to which the house seemed to appertain, and which being placed outside of the wall instead of inside, for the purpose of affording more room to the family, gave the mansion somewhat the relative appearance of a wren house stuck up against the side of a chimney.

In this veritable jail, we have just described, the Long Finne was consigned by Lob Dotterel, and received by the Cerberus who guarded it, and who, finding the emoluments of his office considerably inadequate to maintain a family, of some eight or ten children, generally worked at his trade of carpenter abroad, leaving the keys of the prison in the hands of his wife. The latter was popularly considered the better man of the two, and currently

reported not to fear devil or dominie, in fair open daylight.

Master Gottlieb Swaschbuckler's vocation might be said to be almost a sinecure, since, notwithstanding Lob Dotterel's vigilant police, the prison was, during the greater part of the year, undignified by a single inhabitant, save the jailer and his family. And here we cannot but express our mortification, that, notwithstanding the vast pains taken since that time to improve the mind and morals of mankind, and the astonishing success of all the plans laid down for that purpose, there should be such a singular and unaccountable increase of the tenants of jails, bridewells, penitentiaries, and such like schools of reformation. So extraordinary indeed is the fact we have just stated, that we feel it incumbent upon us, to request of the reader a little exertion of that generous credulity, by which he is enabled to gulp down the interesting improbabilities of our modern romances.

Dame Swaschbuckler was, consequently, delighted at the appearance of the Long Finne, having been some time without any body but her husband and family upon whom to exercise her authority, and holding, as she did, that a prison without a prisoner was, like a cage without a bird, utterly worthless and uninteresting. She was resolved to entertain him in her best manner, and accordingly showed him into a room, the doors of which were twice as thick, and the windows orna-

mented with double the number of bars, of any other in the whole building.

Having thus accommodated our hero with board and lodging, we shall pause a moment in order to cogitate what we shall say in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

"Who comes here? A grenadier.
What d'ye want? A pint of beer.
Where's your money? I forgot.
Get you gone, you drunken sot."

Mother Goose's Melodies.

We neglected to mention, not foreseeing that it might be necessary to the course of our history, that the Heer Piper, when he pronounced sentence upon the Long Finne, did also at the same time declare, all that portion of Mark Newby's halfpence which he carried about him, utterly forfeited, one half to the informer, the other to the crown of Sweden. It was accordingly divided between Restore Gosling and the governor, as the representative of majesty.

The Long Finne accordingly entered the prison, without that key which not only unlocks stone walls, but also the flinty hearts of those who are wont to preside within them. His pockets were as empty as a church on week-days. When, therefore, the next morning he felt the gnawings of that insatiate fiend, whom bolts, nor bars, nor subterranean dungeons, suffice to keep from tagging at the heels of man, and ventured to hint to dame Swaschbuckler that he had some idea of wanting his breakfast, that good woman promptly desired him to lay down his dust, and she would procure him a breakfast fit for Governor Piper himself.

"But I have no dust, mother, as you call it," replied the youth.

"What, no money!" screamed out the dame; "*der teufel hole dich*, what brought thee here then."

"Master Lob Dotterel," replied he.

"And thou hast no money—*du galgen schivenkel*," roared the dame.

"Not a stiver, nor even one of Mark Newby's halfpence," responded the Long Finne.

"Then thou gettest no breakfast here," cried the mistress of the stone jug, "except *der teufel's braden*. It would be a fine matter truly, if every *galgengefallener spitzbube* were to be maintained here in idleness, at the expense of the poor." So saying, she waddled indignantly out of the room, shutting the door after her with great emphasis, and turning the key with a quick motion, indicating wrath unappeasable.

Dinner-time came, but no dinner; supper-time came, but no supper; for it ought to be premised, that it was one of the Heer Piper's maxims, that the less a criminal had to eat in prison, the more likely he would be to come to a speedy confession of his crime. He therefore made no provision for persons committed on mere suspicion. Most people, we believe, happen to be aware of the vast importance of eating and drinking, not only as a very simple means of supplying the wants of nature, but likewise as creating certain divisions of time, whereby that venerable personage is disarmed of

half his terrors, and the desperate uniformity of his pace agreeably interrupted. Accordingly, when the night came, and nothing to eat, the Long Finne began to feel not a little tired of his situation. He paced his solitary room in silent vexation, occasionally stopping at the window, which fronted the governor's palace, and gazing wistfully at the figures which passed backwards and forwards about his little parlour. As he stood thus contrasting the cheerful aspect of the palace with his dark, noiseless prison, and his own solitary starving state, he beheld them bringing in the Heer's supper, and his bowels yearned. The contrast was more than he could bear; he flung himself upon the straw in a corner of the room, and communed with himself in the bitterness of his heart; he drank his own tears in the extremity of his thirst, and finally sinking under weakness, and the emotions of his heart, fell asleep.

From this last refuge of misery and hunger the Long Finne was awakened by a loud peal of thunder, that seemed to have shattered the prison into atoms. On opening his eyes, the first object he beheld, by the almost unceasing flashes of lightning, was a figure standing over him, half bent, and leaning upon a stick, muttering and mumbling some unintelligible incantation. Her eyes seemed like coals of fire, dancing in their deep sockets, and her whole appearance was altogether, or nearly supernatural.

"Who, and what are you, in the name of God?" cried the Long Finne, starting up from his straw.

"I am a being disinherited of all the rights, and heir to all the wrongs to which humanity is prone. I was born a princess in one quarter of the globe —I was brought up in another, a beast of burden. I am here the slave of man's will, the creature of his capricious tyranny." The voice of the apparition was hollow, and rung like a muffled bell.

"And what brought thee here at this time of the night," replied the youth, "and such a night too!"

"The thunder and the lightning, the storm and the whirlwind, are my elements; night to me is day; and when others sleep, the spirit that is unseen in the morning, the guilty that fear, and the injured that hate the light and the face of man, go forth to warn the living, to indulge the bitterness of their hearts, or to commit new crimes."

"Away!—I know thee now; thou art Bombie of the Frizzled Head—I know thee now," replied the youth.

"And I too KNOW THEE," hollowly rejoined the figure—"I know thee, Long Finne. Thou comest here for no good; thou art here to stab the sleeping innocent—to ingraft upon the tree of my master's house the bitter fruit of guilt and misery. I am sent here to prevent all this. I come with food, and the means of freeing thee from thy prison. Follow me, and go thy ways, never to return."

"I will stay here and die," bitterly exclaimed the fair youth. "I am an outcast from my native land —a hunted deer, to whom neither the woods, the

waters, nor the air afford a refuge. Whither shall I go? Nor white man nor red man will shield me from that which follows me every where—from the worm that never dies, the fire that is never quenched. No—I will stay here and perish." He flung himself recklessly on the floor, and covered his face with his hands.

"Stay here and perish!" replied the Frizzled Head, scornfully. "Thus does the coward white man quail and whimper, when he hath done that which his abject spirit dare not look in the face. He that hath the courage to commit a crime, should have the courage to face its consequences. Coward, arise and follow me."

"No—I will die here."

"And perish hereafter," cried the black mystery, setting down a little basket beside the youth. "Farewell; but be careful what thou doest. Wherever thou goest I will follow; whatever thou doest I shall know; and if, under cover of night and solitude, when thou thinkest that no mortal eye seeth thee, thou darest to do ill, my eye shall be upon thee, and my spell wither thy resolves. Beware!"

Thus saying, she departed, and sorry are we to say, it was in a manner somewhat unworthy her mysterious dignity; for she passed out at the door, and locked it after her. The Long Finne lay ruminating for some time on what he had seen and heard; but at length his curiosity inspired him with the idea of examining the basket, the contents of

which drove every thing else out of his head. And here we might tamper with the reader's curiosity, and affect that mystery with which certain writers are wont so unmercifully to torment their readers. But we scorn all such vulgar arts of authorship, and honestly confess that the Long Finne was struck dumb by the sight of an excellent supper, which he attacked with great vigour, after the manner of men that have fasted much and prayed little.

The visit of the Frizzled Head was, after this, repeated nightly, and the supper with it, doubtless with the connivance of dame Schwaschbuckler, whose husband, being a great politician, usually spent the first part of the night in getting foxed at Master Oldale's shrine, and the other part in sleeping himself sober at home.

In truth, the weeping blood of woman's heart seldom beats with a stronger feeling of pity, than it now began to do in the bosom of the fair Christina. She was observed to be often at the window of her chamber, which fronted the prison, through whose bars she had a dim and indistinct view of the tall, fair youth, pacing backwards and forwards in his narrow bounds, and sometimes stopping before the grates, where he would lay his hand on his heart, and bow his head profoundly, as if to thank her for her charity to a poor wanderer. Sometimes, in the evening, he would play on a little flageolet which he managed exquisitely, and occasionally sing portions of the tender and popular airs

of her country, among which she often distinguished the following couplet:—

"Mauern machen kein gefängniss,
Und eiserne stangen kein käfig;"

which seemed to her expressive of the triumph of mind over time and circumstance.

Those who have studied the heart of woman, and read in its ruddy pages how prone it is to pity, and how naturally it passes from pity to a warmer feeling, we trust will give us credit for some little regard to probability, when we venture to hint, that the little simple village girl had not long indulged in the one, till she began to feel the approaches of the other.

The moment she became aware of this change in her feelings, all the pleasure she had hitherto felt in administering, through the instrumentality of Bombie, to the wants of the prisoner, vanished. An indescribable sensation of awkward embarrassment possessed her, whenever she applied to the sibyl to carry his daily supply. And the blush which accompanied the application, was the silent, yet sure testimony that she was now acting under the impulses of a new feeling, which she dared not avow.

The conduct of the Frizzled Head increased this embarrassment.—The sibyl every day discovered more and more unwillingness to go on her nightly errand of charity, and was perpetually pouring forth mystical prophecies and denunciations.

"I will not," said she at last, "I will not pamper

the wolf that he may be preserved to devour the innocent lamb. I have seen what I have seen, I know what I know. There is peril in the earth, the sea, and the air, yet the young see it not till it comes, and when it comes they know not how to escape.—I will go to the prison no more."

"And the youth will be left to perish with hunger," replied the young damsel, sadly.

"Let him perish!" exclaimed the Frizzled Head. "The guilty die, that the innocent may live; for wickedness is the strength of the lion, and the cunning of the tiger combined. Enough can it accomplish of mischief without my assistance—I will go no more."

"In the name of Heaven, what meanest thou," asked the trembling girl, "by these fearful hints of danger? Who is the wolf, and who the lamb, that thou shouldst thus thwart me in my errand of compassion?"

"I have seen what I have seen—I know what I know," replied the sibyl. "The warning that is given in time, is the word which is howled out in the wilderness. Better were it for one of my colour to be dumb than speak evil of one of thine. But I have seen what I have seen—I know what I know."

This was all poor Christina could get out of the old mystery, and that night the Long Finne went supperless to his straw, with the thought lying like lead upon his heart, that he was now forgotten and forsaken by all the world.

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

Which the courteous reader is advised to skip over, unless peradventure he loves truth better than fiction.

The farther we advance in our history, the more do we perceive the advantages of extempore writing. It is wonderful, with what a charming rapidity the thoughts flow, and the pen moves, when thus disembarrassed of all care for the past, all solicitude for the future. Incidents are invented or borrowed at pleasure, and put together with a degree of ease that is perfectly inconceivable by a plodding author, who thinks before he speaks, and stultifies himself with long cogitations as to probability, congruity, and all that sort of thing, which we despise, as appertaining to our ancient and irreconcilable enemy, common sense. It may in truth be affirmed of this new and happy mode of writing, that it very often happens, that it causes less trouble to the author than to the reader, the latter of whom not unfrequently, most especially if he is one of those unreasonable persons who suppose that nature and probability are necessary parts of an historical novel, will be sorely puzzled to find out the motive of an action, or the means by which it was brought about.

But whatever may be the profit of the reader, certain it is, that of the author is amazingly enhanced by the increased velocity attained by this new mode of writing. Certain plodding writers, such as Fielding, Smollet, and others, whom it is unnecessary to name, wrote not above three or four works of this sort in the whole course of their lives; and what was the consequence? They lived from hand to mouth, as it were, for want of a knowledge of the art of writing extempore; and were obliged to put up with an immortality of fame, which they could never enjoy. Instead of making a fortune in a few years by the power of multiplying their progeny, they foolishly preferred to pass whole years in the unprofitable business of copying nature, and running a wild-goose chase after probability.

And here we will take occasion to dilate a little more copiously upon the great advantages, which may reasonably be expected from the apt disposition of authors to imitate this mode of writing without plan, and mixing the opposite ingredients of truth and falsehood. Books must of necessity multiply so fast, that every village, and every individual will, after a year or two from their publication, be able to purchase a library for little or nothing, as is the case with a vast many popular works, which in a little time come upon the parish, as it were, and are sold to whoever will afford them house-room. Thus will knowledge be wonderfully disseminated,

and every body come to know, not only what did happen, but also what did not happen, in the various ages and countries of the world. Nay, we should not be at all surprised if, under the increased facilities afforded by this happy invention of the extempore, every person should in time become his own author, and furnish his own library, at the expense of paper and printing only: and without any trouble of thought whatever.

We could dilate infinitely on this copious subject, did we not feel confident that the reader must be by this time extremely impatient to pursue our story. We will therefore content ourselves with expressing a firm belief, that, as religion and politics are already taught through the medium of fiction, it will not be long before the sciences generally, both moral and physical, will be inculcated in the same manner. We confidently predict the delightful period when history will be universally studied through the medium of impossible adventure, and truth sweetly imbibed in the fascinating draughts of improbable fiction; when young people shall make chemical love, and gain each other's affections by the irresistible force of lines, tangents, affinity, and attraction; and when the consummation of all things shall happen, in young children being taught their A. B. C. by the alluring temptation of being able to read novels, instead of appealing to their low-born appetites through the vulgar medium of gingerbread letters.

CHAPTER II.

"Sing, sing—what shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string."
Mother Goose's Melodies.

WHILE Dan Cupid was shooting his arrows with such effect from the windows of the prison, to those of the palace, and so back again, the Heer Piper and Madam Edith were taken up with other weighty affairs, that prevented any interference with the young people on their part. His excellency was confined to his room with a fit of the gout; a disorder, which, according to the theory of a waggish friend of ours, naturally resolves itself into three distinct stages in its progress. The first is the swearing stage, wherein the patient now and then indulges himself with cursing the gout lustily. The second, called the praying stage, is when he softens down his exclamations into "O, my G—d!" or "bless my soul!" and the like. The third, and worst of all, is the whistling stage, during which the patient is seen to draw up his leg with a long wh—e—e—w! accompanied by divers contortions of visage. This gout, the Heer was wont to say, was the only inheritance he received from his father, who left one of his sons the estate without the gout, and the other the gout without the estate; which,

in the opinion of Governor Piper, was a most unjust distribution.

During these attacks, the Heer's natural irascibility of temper was, as might be expected, greatly increased, insomuch, that if any one came suddenly into the room, or opened the door with a noise, or walked heavily, so as to shake the floor, he would flourish his crutch most manfully, and exclaim, "*der teufel hole dich, der galgen schivenkel;*" or, if it happened to be Bombie of the Frizzled Head, "*das tonnerwetter schlage dich kreutzeveis in den boden,*" one of his most bitter denunciations. Indeed, the only person allowed to approach him was the fair and gentle Christina, whose soothing whispers, and soft, delicate touch, seemed to charm away his pains, and lull his impatient spirit into temporary rest. At such times, he would lay his hand gently on her head, cry "God bless thee, my daughter," and close his eyes in quiet resignation. Such is the balm of filial affection! such the divine ministration of tender, duteous woman!

On these occasions, the gentle Christina would glide out of the room like the sylph of divine poetry, and seat herself at her window, there to indulge her newly awakened feelings, and sigh over the captivity of the handsome stranger.

In the mean while Madam Edith was busily employed in the investigation of some stories circulating in the village, and especially in getting at the bottom of a report concerning a certain love

affair, current at that time. Any thing of this sort gave her the fidgets in a most alarming degree; for she resembled Queen Elizabeth in this respect, that the marriage of any one within the sphere of her influence, gave her a similar sensation with that cherished by the dog in the manger, who would not eat himself, nor suffer any body else to eat. However this may be, aunt Edith was so completely monopolized by out-door business, that she paid little attention to what was going on within, and suffered her niece to do as she pleased, without interruption.

In process of time, the Heer Piper became sufficiently recovered to limp about with crutch and velvet shoe, and take an interest in the affairs of the village, which, in his opinion, had suffered exceedingly during his illness. One day, by chance, he bethought himself of the Long Finne, and pondered how it came to pass that he had not been brought to confession by this time. He had now been imprisoned nearly eight-and-forty hours, and Governor Piper held him to be a tough piece of humanity, if he did not, by this time, feel somewhat compunctious, under the combined influence of solitude and hunger. He forthwith determined to call the fair tall youth before his privy council, and accordingly, despatched his trusty messenger Cupid, grandson to the incomprehensible Bombie of the Frizzled Head, to summon them together.

This Cupid was a gentleman of colour, as the

polite phrase is, about four feet and a half high, with an ebony complexion, flat nose, long wrinkled face, small eyes sunk in his head, a wide mouth, high cheeks, bushy eye-brows and eye-lids, small bandy legs, of the cucumber outline, and large splay feet, which, it is affirmed, continued to increase in size, long after every other part of him had done growing. In short, he was, to use the phrase of our southern brethren, "a likely fellow."

Cupid was reckoned the worst chap in the whole village, being always at the head of every species of juvenile mischief; and, if report spoke truth, had more than once attempted to set fire to the houses of persons against whom he had a pique. Lob Dotterel's fingers itched to get hold of him; but the awe in which he, together with the rest of the villagers, stood of his grandmother's supernatural powers, checked the surprising vigilance of the high constable, and saved Cupid's bacon more than once. The boy, who was now supposed to be about eighteen, notwithstanding his diminutive size, was as obstinate as a mule, as mischievous as a monkey, and as ill-natured as a bull-dog. Punishment was lost upon him, and kindness thrown away. Neither one nor the other ever drew a tear from his eye, an acknowledgment of his fault, or promise of future amendment. Belonging, as he did, to a race who seem born to endure, both in their native Africa, and every where else, he suffered in silence, and revenged himself in the obscurity of the night,

by the exercise of a degree of dexterous cunning, which is often seen among those whose situation represses the impulses of open vengeance.

The only gleams of affection or attachment ever exhibited by this dwarfish and miserable being, seemed called forth by his grandmother, and an old Swedish cur, belonging to the Heer. If any one insulted or worried, as children are wont to do, the old woman, or the old dog, the rage of the dwarf was terrible, and his revenge bounded only by his means of mischief. Twice had he cut open the head of a village urchin guilty of this offence, with a large stone, and once was on the point of stabbing another, if he had not been prevented. His grandmother doted on him with that obstinate and instinctive affection, which is so often called forth by those very qualities that render its object hateful or contemptible in the eyes of the world. As to old *Grip*, the dog, he would obey nobody, follow nobody, fawn on nobody, or bite, or wag his tail at the bidding of any earthly being, except the black dwarf Cupid, but on all occasions condescended to obey the behests of this his puissant master.

Then came, in due time, Wolfgang Langfanger, the pottee-baker, Ludwig Varlett, the shoemaker, who, if he ever heard the old proverb *ne sutor*, &c. despised it with all his heart, and Master Oldale, fat and plump as a barrel of his own spruce beer, all good men and true, and members of his majesty's

council in the good town of Elsingburgh. After the different "how doon ye's" had been exchanged, and the Heer had given a full, true, and particular history of his late fit of the gout, he opened his business, and Lob Dotterel, who always instinctively attended on these occasions, was despatched for the Long Finne. In the mean time, the Heer and his council lighted their pipes, and took their seats with most imposing dignity. Master Lob fulfilled his duty in the twinkling of an eye, and the Long Finne appeared in the high presence, with pretty much the same air of indifference as before, and with a rosy complexion, which puzzled the Heer not a little, till he resolved the thing into a blush of conscious guilt.

"Well, *henckers knecht*," said the Heer, "have you come to your senses by this time?"

"I am no *henckers knecht*," replied the Long Finne, "and I have never been mad, all my life."

"*Der teufel hole dich*," exclaimed the Heer, waxing wroth; "dost think to brave it out with me in this manner, *der ans dem land gejacter kerl?* Where gottest thou that handful of Mark Newby's halfpence? answer me that, *der teufels braden*."

"Ask Lob Dotterel," replied the youth; "he saw me receive them in change for some rix-dollars, from a stranger who passed through the village."

"*Der teufel!*" exclaimed the Heer, and thereupon the three members of the council gave a

simultaneous puff extraordinary, expressive of astonishment.

"Hark ye, Lob Dotterel," said the Heer, "didst see the Long Finne receive this money in change from the stranger?"

"I did," replied master high constable, who began to feel his prisoner slipping through his fingers.

"*Verflucht und verdamt!*" exclaimed the Heer, dashing the ashes from his pipe in a mortal passion; "and why didst not tell me so before, *der galgen schivenkel?*"

"'Twant my business," quoth Lob; "your excellency always tells me not to put in my oar, till I am called to speak."

"Put him to his Bible oath," said the Heer, who held that, though the oath of a witness was not necessary to the committing of a person to jail, yet was it indispensable to his release. Whereupon Wolfgang Langfanger, the pottee-baker, pulled out of his breeches pocket, a marvellously greasy little square book with silver clasps, which, having first rubbed bright on the sleeve of his coat, he handed to the Heer. Lob Dotterel was then incontinently put to his corporal oath, and confirmed the account which the prisoner had given of his coming into the possession of such a quantity of Mark Newby's halfpence.

"*Der galgen schivenkel!*" exclaimed the Heer, shaking his crutch at Lob Dotterel, who looked rather sheepish, and, for that matter, so did his

excellency. However, he gathered himself together, and forthwith pronounced so discriminating a judgment on the case, that, had not the town of Elsingburgh been extinct long ago, it would, doubtless, have been remembered to this day in the traditions of the inhabitants. Mustering together his recreant, runaway dignity, he decided, that he should divide his judgment into two parts. And first, as he, Koningsmarke, surnamed the Long Finne, was acquitted of treasonable practices in regard to the possession of Mark Newby's halfpence, he should be released from prison. Secondly, that inasmuch as he had not been able to give a good account of himself, and of his motives for coming to the village, he should be again remanded to jail, on suspicion of certain designs, which, as yet, did not sufficiently appear to the satisfaction of his majesty's government. The rest of the council signified their approbation, according to custom, by saying nothing; for it ought to have been premised that the Heer Piper, as the representative of majesty, held, that though bound to consult his council, he was not bound to pay any attention to their opinions. In fact, it was his maxim, that a council was of no other use to a governor, than to bear the blame of any unlucky or unpopular measure.

As Lob Dotterel placed his withering paw on the shoulder of the Long Finne, that mysterious and unaccountable youth took occasion to except to the

governor's assertion that he had not been able to give a good account of himself.

"If your excellency is not satisfied, I will begin again, and give you the history of my family, from the flood, in which some of my ancestors were doubtless drowned, to the present time, when"—

"When," interrupted the Heer, "one of their posterity, at least, is in some danger of being hanged. Begone, *der ans dem land gejacter kerl.* Away with him to prison."

The Long Finne bowed with a sly air of ironical submission, shrugged his shoulders, and quietly submitted to the guidance of the high constable of Elsingburgh.

CHAPTER III.

"Lady bird, lady bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn."

Mother Goose's Melodies.

It was on a Saturday afternoon that the Long Finne was remanded to prison, in the manner detailed in the last chapter. The gentle Christina wept, and wrung her hands; for he must know little of the heart of a woman, who cannot comprehend to what a degree the exercise of those good offices conferred upon the Long Finne, through the instrumentality of Bombie, together with the pity she felt for his unmerited imprisonment, had softened the heart of this gentle girl towards the tall, fair youth. She besought the Frizzled Head to carry him his supper as usual; but that ancient sibyl pertinaciously replied with her eternal sing song of "I have seen what I have seen—I know what I know."

The blue-eyed damsel of the north could not sleep that night, which turned out dark and dismal. She sat at her window, and the death-like silence, unbroken by a single sound, save the howling of the north-east wind, added to her feelings of desolation. Through the black void that separated the

prison and the palace, she could see the Long Finne pacing past the grated window, from which poured the light of his lamp. When it disappeared, supposing the youth had gone to rest, Christina threw herself on her bed, and after long and troubled wakefulness, sunk into an unquiet sleep, haunted by dreams even more doleful than her waking thoughts.

She was roused by a glaring light shining full into the room, with a brightness that astonished and alarmed her. Starting up, and running to the window that looked towards the prison, she saw a sight that froze her blood into horror. The bars of the prison seemed like those before a red-hot furnace, and all within exhibited a fiery redness. Anon, the flames poured forth from the windows of the keeper's apartment, in glaring volumes, advancing and receding as the different currents of air obtained a mastery. To utter a loud shriek, to run to her father, and to awaken the whole household, was the work of a moment; and in a few minutes afterward, all was noise and confusion in the village of Elsingburgh.

Every man, woman, child, and dog in the town was out, lending assistance to the uproar, and impeding, in some way or other, the attempts made by a few persons, not quite out of their senses, to stop the progress of the flames. Tongue cannot describe, nor imagination conceive, the discordant cries of "fire, fire," the shrieks of women, and the

howls of dogs, that mingled in the mighty uproar, and drowned the voices of those who attempted to give directions for preventing the fire from spreading into the village.

With much difficulty they forced the outer door, which led to the keeper's apartments, where they found that trusty blade, Gottlieb Schwashbuckler, and his wife, fast asleep, in spite of the shriekings of the little urchins within, and the uproar without. The truth is, that Saturday night was generally devoted by Master Gottlieb and his fat rib, to certain loving tipplings, which commonly ended in their both going to sleep, just on the spot where they took the last glass together. On this night, the fire in an adjoining room, which served as parlour and kitchen, had been left burning, for the purpose of drying Madam Schwashbuckler's best, and indeed only, chintz gown, (an article which conferred, at that time, no little distinction on the possessor,) together with certain other articles of dress, intended for the husband and children the ensuing Sunday. Besides these, there was in the chimney corner, a quantity of light wood, which Master Gottlieb, who smelt a storm that night, had collected together for the use of the morrow. Either the clothes had taken fire, and communicated to the dry wood, or the latter had first caught, and communicated to the former; for this is one of those knotty difficulties, which even authors, who know so many secrets, are often unable to resolve.

Be this as it may, when the door was burst open, the flames had so far advanced, that a few minutes more and it had been all over with the ancient family of the Schwashbucklers. As the door opened the little brood rushed out like so many caged partridges; but it was with no little difficulty that the sleeping pair were made to comprehend their situation, and with still more that they were got out of the building, it being their pleasure to stay and dispute which was to blame for this catastrophe.

The opening of the large door which fronted the direction from which the wind was blowing, having given an impulse to the flames, they almost instantaneously communicated to the only staircase that led to the upper story of the prison. It was now in vain to attempt saving the building, and accordingly, one part of the community were employing themselves in sprinkling the roofs of such houses as were most exposed to the flakes of fire, which now began to soar into the air, while others were quietly looking on in gaping wonderment, sometimes watching the reflection of the flames, that at one moment spread upwards on the bosom of the dark sky, and at another receded, leaving them darker than before. Others were adding to the horrors of the scene, by wailings, and cries of fire, fire, although by this time, every one was collected from far and near.

At this moment the mysterious Bombie rushed

among the crowd, crying out, in a voice that overpowered the infernal uproar,—"Shame on the pale-faced race! They will let one of their colour perish in the flames, without essaying to relieve him, as if he were one of those ye call the posterity of the first murderer!"

"There is nobody in the prison!" exclaimed half a hundred voices.

"There is, I tell you," replied the sibyl. "Look! see ye not a shadow, passing among the lights in yonder room? See ye not that he is putting forth his hands through the grates, imploring assistance? See ye not how he tries to wrench the iron from its fixture in the last effort of despair. He is innocent—at least," muttered she to herself, "he is innocent of the crime for which he is here—would I could say of all others."

"A ladder! a ladder!" cried half a hundred voices at once. But alas! there was no ladder to be had long enough to reach the window.

The person of master Gottlieb Schwashbuckler was then searched for the key of the room where the prisoner was confined, and all his pockets turned inside out to no purpose. At last that worthy, after rubbing his eyes, scratching his head, and yawning half a dozen times, avowed his firm belief that he had locked the room carefully last evening, and as carefully left the key sticking in the key hole. Several attempts were now made, by different persons, to ascend the staircase and unlock the

door, which was not more than two paces from it; but they all returned without success, some with their hair singed, others with scorched hands, and almost suffocated; in short, all now declared that relief was entirely hopeless.

Bombie now advanced a little before the rest, leaned upon her horn-headed stick, and cried out with an almost supernatural voice—"Koningsmarke!"

"I hear"—answered a voice from within.

"Koningsmarke—thy fate is in thine own hands; all human help, save thine, is vain. Exert thy strength upon the door, or upon the iron bars. Thou art strong, and thou art desperate; exert thyself and be free, or perish—as thou deservest," said the sibyl, ending in a low mutter.

At that moment there was a crash within the building, and the disappearance of the youth was announced by a groan from the spectators, whose noisy exclamations now sunk into a horrible silence. A minute or two after, he appeared again, at the window, having employed the interval of his disappearance in attempting, in vain, to force the door. Now he made a desperate effort at the bars of one of the windows, but they resisted his strength. "The other! the other!" cried the sibyl.

He essayed the other without success. "'Tis in vain," cried the youth, in despair. "I perish here; remember! remember!"

"Remember thou!" shrieked the old woman; "Remember that the dove of thy Christian legend

went forth thrice, ere she found what she sought. Try once again."

He tried again, but in vain—the bars shook, but did not yield.

"Once more," cried she, "for the sake of thy benefactress."

He essayed again with convulsive strength—the bars shook—moved—the wall in which they were inserted trembled—gave way—and the whole fell into the room. A shout of triumphant humanity announced the event. "Jump—jump for thy life!" cried out one and all, for that was the only way to escape. Koningsmarke hung for a moment, with his hands, from the side of the broken window, and at length, letting himself go, fell to the ground insensible

CHAPTER IV.

"And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?"

Mother Goose's Melodies.

WHERE was the fair and gentle daughter of the Heer, while what we have detailed in the last chapter was passing? That innocent and tender-hearted maiden, checked by the innate sense of propriety, which is the truest safeguard of virtue, and restrained by the timidity of new-born affection, remained at home in a state of the most painful anxiety. She despatched the old sibyl Bombie to bring her information, and then stood at her window, watching with increasing agitation, the progress of the devouring element. She could distinguish, by the glaring light, the stranger youth, sometimes standing at the window, as if imploring his rescue, and every time he disappeared, a hope arose in her bosom, that the door had been opened for his escape. But he returned again, and again, while at every new disappointment, her agitation increased; until at length, when she heard the crash of the falling staircase, and saw a shower of burning cinders rise into the air, the blood rushed to her heart, and her senses became for awhile suspended.

With the first moment of returning animation, the fair Christina beheld the black sibyl standing over her, muttering one of her incomprehensible spells, in a low and sepulchral voice. "Is he safe," asked the maiden, fearfully.

"The wolf is again abroad, and let the innocent lamb beware," replied the Frizzled Head.

"What in the name of Heaven meanest thou, by thy parable of the wolf and the lamb! Be silent, or tell all thou knowest, I beseech thee," said the startled girl.

"The slave cannot witness against the master, nor the colour I bear, testify against thine. I have seen what I have seen—I know what I know. Sleep out the rest of this night in the sleep of innocence, for no one knows but it may be the last."

So saying, the mysterious monitor bade her young mistress good night, and retired, leaving poor Christina to muse with painful curiosity on her dark and inscrutable oracles.

In the mean time, the Heer Piper had been apprised of the situation of the Long Finne, who, as we have before stated, was taken up insensible, after his fall from the window of the prison. Though a testy, impatient little man, the Heer was, at the bottom, neither ill-natured nor malignant. He could not reflect on the imminent danger to which his suspicions had exposed the stranger youth, without a painful feeling of remorse, or contemplate his present forlorn and desolate condition,

without compassion. Yielding to his feelings, he directed that the Long Finne should be brought to his palace, where he was placed on a bed, and every means in their power used for his recovery. It was for some time doubtful whether the soul and the body had not parted forever; but at length the youth opened his eyes with a long-drawn sigh, then shut them again for a few moments, during which, nature seemed to struggle between life and death. At length, however, the desperate contest was over; the colour gradually came back into his cheeks, and he seemed to recognise the Heer, who had watched his revival with no little solicitude.

The recovery of the Long Finne, who was sorely bruised with his fall, was slow and gradual, but it was at last completed, and he became a man again. Unwilling any longer to trespass on the hospitality of the Heer, the youth one day took an opportunity to express his deep and indelible sense of the obligations he owed to the Heer and his family, his inability to repay them for the present, his hope that Providence would one day put it in his power, and finally, his resolution to depart on the morrow. The Long Finne had now been an inmate of the palace, somewhat more than a month, and during all that time experienced unvarying kindness. It is one of the most noble and delightful characteristics of our nature, that whatever may be our first motive for bestowing kindness on a fellow creature, we cannot continue long to do so, without in time

coming to love the object of our benevolence. Mankind, indeed, are prone to become ungrateful, and to feel uneasy at the sight of a benefactor; but the bestower of benefits is never without his reward in the complacency of his feelings, and the approbation of his own heart. There is, too, a social feeling in human nature, which is nurtured by domestic intercourse, and which gradually dissipates hasty and unfounded prejudices, since it is hardly possible to live in the same house with a person whose manners are tolerably conciliating, without feeling something of that species of neighbourly good will, which, after all, is the strongest cement of society.

It was so with the Heer Piper, who felt no little complacency of spirit, when he looked back upon the various claims his late kindness had given him and his, on the gratitude of the youth. When, therefore, he heard the proposition for to-morrow's departure, it was with something like a feeling of dissatisfaction.

"Why, hang it, Long Finne," he exclaimed, "I hope there is no ill-blood between us about the affair of Mark Newby's halfpence—eh!"

"I were ungrateful if I remembered that," said the youth. "Thou hast buried it for ever under the recollection of a thousand kindnesses. I remember nothing, but that I owe my life, worthless as it is, to you."

"Well, well," replied the Heer, "I will tell thee

what. Thou sayest thou art friendless, and without money, and where wilt thou find either one or the other, in this wilderness?"

"Alas! I know not," replied the youth; "but it is better to go forth in search of new friends, than to tire our old ones."

"*Der teufel hole dich*," cried the fiery and puissant Heer; "who told thee thy old friends were tired of thee? are my household negligent, or do I treat thee with any more ceremony than a kitten? 'Slife Master Long Finne, but that the jail is unluckily burnt down, I'd clap thee up again, for such a false suspicion, I would—*der teufel hole dich*."

"But I have not been used to live on charity," rejoined the youth.

"Charity!" furiously exclaimed the Heer. "Charity! *verflucht und verdamt!* why, 'sdeath, am not I governor of this territory, and can't I take a man into my palace out of my own free will and pleasure, without being accused of charity, and having the matter thrown into my teeth, *der teufel!* Hark ye, Long Finne, either stay in my house till I can provide for thee, or by the immortal glory of the great Gustavus, I'll clap thee up betwen four stone walls, if I build another jail on purpose."

"Thou shalt not need," replied the Long Finne, smiling; "I will not run away from you. Perhaps I may make myself useful, at least in time of danger. I was once a soldier, and if the savages

should ever attempt the fort, I may repay some of my obligations."

"Very well," quoth the Heer; "away with thee; and hark ye, if I hear any thing more about that d—d charity, I'll set that mortal speechifier, the *Snow Ball*, at thee, for I perceive thou art more afraid of her confounded smoked tongue than of der teufel." As the Heer said this, he looked round rather apprehensively, as if to see whether the Snow Ball was not within hearing, knowing full well that if he affronted her, she would spoil his pepper-pot for him at supper.

The Long Finne bowed, left the high presence of the representative of majesty, and from thence went to a place where he was pretty certain of meeting the charming Christina, who had ministered to his sick bed, like a guardian sylph—Pshaw! like a gentle, compassionate, sweet-souled woman! who is worth all the sylphs that ever sung or flitted in the vacuum of a poet's brain.

"Art thou going away to-morrow?" asked Christina, with her blue eye cast to the earth.

"No," replied the youth with a smile; "thy father threatens me with building a new prison if I talk of departing. I will stay, and at least, lose my liberty more pleasantly."

That evening, the Long Finne and the gentle Christina walked on the white sand beach, that skirted the wide expansive river, over whose placid

bosom the south wind gently sailed, and the moonbeams sprinkled a million of little bright reflections, that danced on the waves, as they broke in gentle murmurs on the pebbly shore. Night, and silence, those tongue-tied witnesses of the lover's innocent endearments, the seducer's accursed arts, the murderer's noiseless step, the drunkard's reel, and the houseless wretch's wanderings—night, and silence, created that solitude, in which happy, youthful lovers, see nothing but themselves, and forget that they exist not alone in this world. The almost noiseless monotony of the waves, appearing, breaking, vanishing one after another, like the evanescent generations of man; the splash of the sturgeon, at long intervals, jumping up, and falling back again into the waters; these, and other soothing sounds, enticed them to wander far down the shore, out of sight and out of hearing of the village.

All at once they were startled by a voice from the bank above them, exclaiming—not, "O, yes! O, yes!" or "Hear ye! Hear ye!" but singing the following wild, mysterious strain:

They sat all in a lonely grove;
  Beneath the flowers were springing,
And many a bonny bird above,
  His blithesome notes was singing.

With harmless innocence of look,
  And eyes so sweetly smiling,
Her willing hand he gently took,
  The first step to beguiling.

A kiss he begg'd—she gave a kiss,
  While her cheek grew red and flushing;
For o'er her heart the tide of bliss,
  With thrilling throb was rushing.

He's gone away, to come no more;
  And she who late so smiling,
The blush of bonny youth aye wore,
  Now mourns her sad beguiling.

Her hope is cross'd, her health is lost,
  For ever and for ever;
While he, on distant billows toss'd,
  Returns to her—no, never!

She wanders lonely to and fro,
  Forsaken and forsaking;
And those who see her face of wo,
  See that her heart is breaking.

The voice and the figure were those of the Frizzled Head, who possessed the musical talent, so remarkable a characteristic of her African race, and who had been taught this song by Master Lazarus Birchem, heretofore commemorated, to whom she had given many a dish of pepper pot, for his prize poetry. She was seen by the moonlight, standing half bent, leaning on her stick, at the top of the bank, looking like an old witch, if not something worse. As she finished this long ditty, she cried out, in a sepulchral tone, "Miss Christina, you're wanted at home; the supper is ready, and the pepper-pot is getting cold. The wolf is abroad, let the lamb beware. I have seen what I have seen—I know what I know."

So saying, she mounted her stick, which we are rather afraid was not a broomstick, and capered off like an ostrich, half running, half flying. The young couple returned to the palace, and Christina remarked that the Long Finne uttered not a word during the rest of the walk.

CHAPTER V.

"Arthur O'Bower has broken his band,
And he comes roaring up the land;
King of Scots, with all his power,
Never can turn Sir Arthur O'Bower."

Mother Goose's Melodies.

THE summer passed away, and autumn began to hang out her many-coloured flag upon the trees, that, smitten by the nightly frosts, every morning exhibited less of the green, and more of the gaudy hues that mark the waning year in our western clime. The farmers of Elsingburgh were out in their fields, bright and early, gathering in the fruits of their spring and summer's labours, or busily employed in making their cider; while the urchins passed their holydays in gathering nuts, to crack by the winter's fire. The little quails began to whistle their autumnal notes; the grasshopper, having had his season of idle sport and chirping jollity, began now to pay the penalty of his thoughtless improvidence, and might be seen sunning himself, at mid-day, in melancholy silence, as if anticipating the period when his short and merry race would be run. Flocks of robins were passing to the south, to seek a more genial air; the sober cattle began to assume their rough, wintry coat, and to put on that desperate appearance of ennui, with which all nature salutes the approach of

winter. The little bluebird alone, the last to leave us, and the first to return in the spring, sometimes poured out his pensive note, as if bidding farewell to the nest where it had reared its young, as is set forth in the following verses, indicted by Master Lazarus Birchem, aforesaid, erewhile flogger to the small fry of Elsingburgh:—

Whene'er I miss the bluebirds chant,
By yon woodside, his favourite haunt,
I hie me melancholy home,
For I know the winter soon will come.

For he, when all the tuneful race
Have sought their wintry hiding place,
Lingers, and sings his notes awhile,
Though past is nature's cheering smile.

And when I hear the bluebird sing
His notes again, I hail the spring;
For by that harbinger I know,
The flowers and zephyrs soon will blow.

Sweet bird! that lovest the haunts of men,
Right welcome to our woods again,
For thou dost ever with thee bring
The first glad news of coming spring.

All this while, the fair Christina and the tall youth were left to take their own way; to wander, to read, to sing, and to look unutterable things, unobserved and unmolested, save by the mysterious and incomprehensible warnings of the black sibyl of the Frizzled Head, who, whenever she met them, was continually dinning in their ears the eternal sing-song of "I have seen what I have seen—I

know what I know." At such interruptions, the eye of the Long Finne would assume that fearful expression which, we have before observed, had startled the fair Christina, and which, now that she felt a stronger interest in the youth, often occasioned a vague sensation of fear, that caused her many a sleepless night.

The situation of our little blue-eyed Finlander became every day more painful and embarrassing. The consciousness of her growing interest in the Long Finne, the obscurity of his character, the equivocal expression of his eye, and the mysterious warnings of the Frizzled Head, all combined to produce a sea of doubts and fears, on which her heart was tossed to and fro. At times she would resolve to alter her deportment towards the youth, and banish him her father's house, by a harsh and contemptuous indifference. But here love, in the form of pity, interfered. Poor, friendless, and unknown, where should he find a refuge, if banished from the village? He would be forced to seek the woods, herd with the bands of Indians, and become himself the worst of savages, a white one. At other times she determined to consult aunt Edith. But that good lady, as we observed before, had too much to attend to abroad, to mind affairs at home; and was so smitten with a desire to do good on a great scale, that her sympathies could never contract themselves to the little circle of the domestic fireside. Her father next presented himself to her

mind, as her natural guardian and counsellor. But the Heer, though he loved her better than pipe or pepper-pot, was a testy, scolding little man; apt to speak rather more than he thought, and to threaten more than he would do. Hence the tender apprehensive feelings of a delicate girl, thus circumstanced, shrunk from the idea of being perhaps roughly assailed in the outset, although, in the end, she might meet with affectionate sympathy.

The Heer, at this time, was sorely environed with certain weighty cares of state, that perplexed him exceedingly, and added not a little to the irritability of his temper. He was engaged, tooth and nail, in a controversy about boundaries, with his neighbour William Penn, who, it is well known, was a most redoubtable adversary in matters of paper war. Two brooks, about half a mile apart from each other, and having nothing to distinguish them, caused great disputes, with respect to the boundary line between the territories of Coaquanock and Elsingburgh. Trespasses, on either side, occasioned mutual complaints, and though the Heer Piper fell into a passion and swore, the other kept his temper, and the possession of the territory in dispute besides. In order to settle this affair, it was proposed to send an envoy to Elsingburgh, on the part of those of Coaquanock, and accordingly he made his appearance, about this time, at this renowned capital.

Shadrach Moneypenny, as he was called, for

excellencies and honourables did not fly about like hail-stones, at that time, as now, was a tall, upright, skin-and-bone figure, clothed from head to foot in a suit of drab-coloured broadcloth; a large hat, the brim of which was turned up behind, and without any appendage that approached to finery, except a very small pair of silver buckles to his high-quartered shoes. Yet, with all this plainness, there was a certain sly air of extreme care in the adjustment of his garments, in accordance with the most prim simplicity, that shrewdly indicated friend Shadrach thought quite as much of his appearance as others, who dressed more gaudily to the eye. The Long Fime, who was somewhat of a mischievous wag at times, affirmed that the worthy envoy looked very much as if he had gone through the same process of washing, clear-starching and ironing, with his precise band and rigid collar. Shadrach Meneypenny rode a horse seventeen hands high, and proportionably large and jolly in his other dimensions, which afforded a perfect contrast to the leanness of his rider; so that one likened them unto Pharaoh's dream, another to king Porus and his elephant, and various were the jokes cracked upon Shadrach and his big horse, as they entered the village. It was with much ado that Lob Dotterel could prevent the bad boys from jeering the stranger, as they sat in the road, busily employed in making dirt pies, in joyful anticipation of the coming of the Christmas holydays.

The governor received the envoy in full council. —And here it occurs to us, that we have not properly introduced these distinguished persons to the reader, an omission which shall be duly supplied, before we proceed one step farther in our history.

Wolfgang Langfanger, the pottee-baker, was the greatest smoker, and of course the greatest man in the village, except the representative of majesty himself. He was, in time past, considered among the most prosperous and thriving persons in all the territories of New Swedeland, being an excellent baker of stone pots, some of which remain to this day in the houses of the descendants of the ancient inhabitants, beautifully lackered with green flowers, and bearing the initials of W. L., which would doubtless sorely puzzle future antiquaries, were it not for this true history. What he earned, he saved; and being manfully assisted by his spouse, within doors, he gradually waxed wealthy, insomuch, that he every year built either a new hen-house, pig-sty, or the like, and white-washed his garden fence, in spring and fall. But from the period in which he arrived at the unexpected honour of being of the king's council, his head seemed turned topsy-turvy, and his good helpmate's inside out. Wolfgang fell into such a turmoil, respecting the affairs of the great Gustavus, who, at that time, was carrying the reformation on the point of his sword into Germany, that he never baked a good pot afterward; while his

wife began to scorn whitewashing fences, and churning infamous butter. The very next Sunday, she took the field at church, dressed in a gown of the same piece, and a cap of the same fineness, with those of Madam Edith, to the great scandal of Dominie Kanttwell, and the utter spoiling of aunt Edith's pious meditations for that day. More than that, Wolfgang began to frequent master Oldale's house, where he talked politics, drank ale, smoked his pipe till the cows came home, and got the reputation of a long-headed person that saw deep into futurity.

Sudden wealth and sudden honour ruineth many an honest man. We have seen a prize in the lottery, and an election to the dignity of assessor or alderman, spoil some of the most worthy tradesmen in the world. Thus was it with Wolfgang Langfanger, who spent his money, and neglected his business, till at length he had not a rix-dollar left, and his reputation, as a pot-baker, was ruined for ever. At the time we speak of, he lived, sometimes upon credit, sometimes by his wits; the former he employed in running up long scores with master Oldale; the latter, in suggesting divers famous schemes for the improvement of Elsingburgh, whereby the value of property would be trebled, at least, and every soul suddenly become rich: but of these anon. Still, the dignity of his office supported him in the midst of his poverty; for, even at that time, it was possible for a great

man to live sumptuously, and spend other people's money, without its being considered as any disparagement to his wonderful talents and honesty.

The second member of his majesty's council was Othman Pfegel, who had some pretensions to an old Swedish title of Baron, which lay dormant, somewhere under the polar ice. He professed, what was called, a sneaking kindness for the fair Christina, and was highly in favour with the governor, with whom he was very sociable, insomuch that they would smoke for hours together, without uttering a word. Truth, however, our inflexible guide in this history, obliges us to confess, that the only overt act of love he ever committed against the heart of the fair Christina, was, always puffing the smoke of his pipe towards that fair damsel, whenever she was in the room, which was held a sure indication of the course to which his inclinations pointed. Othman was considered a most promising youth, seeing that he had arrived at such a distinguished honour at the early age of forty-eight; and there were those who did not scruple to hint that he might one day come to be governor of Elsingburgh. Othman and the Long Finne were sworn enemies; the one, evincing his hostility, by comparing his rival to a barn-door in a frosty morning, which is always smoking; the other, by taking no notice, whatever, of his rival, in his presence, and making divers reflections upon him when absent.

The third member of the great council of New

Swedeland was Ludwig Varlett, a wild, harem-scarem, jolly fellow, lazy as a Turk, idle as a West India planter, and so generous, when he had money, that he was often obliged to be mean for the want of it. He held prudence, economy, necessity, and the like, to be words of Indian origin, and whenever any one used them in his presence, would exclaim, "Eh! what?—pru—I don't understand it, it's Indian." Counsellor Varlett dealt liberally, in a great variety of singular expletives and epithets, peculiar to himself, and which were at every one's service. But then he would consign people to the bitterest punishments in this way, with such a good-humoured eccentric vehemence, that nobody ever thought of giving him credit for being in earnest, or taking offence at his discourse.

But with all this bad habit, Counsellor Ludwig was, in the main, a good-natured man, who took the world as it went; charitable to the poor, whom he would relieve with a hearty malediction; one, in fact, who would have deserved great credit for his liberality, had it not been too often exercised at the expense of his creditors. He never looked beyond the present moment, and was accustomed to anathematize Counsellor Langfanger's schemes of improvement, which were always founded on distant views of future advantage. The consequence was, that the latter got the reputation of a very long-headed person, while honest Ludwig was stigmatized as a short-sighted fellow.

When Shadrach Moneypenny appeared before the council of New Swedeland, the first offence he gave was omitting either to make a bow, or pull off his hat, to the great annoyance of Governor Piper; who was as great a stickler for ceremony as the Emperor of China, or the secretary of state, in a republic, where all are equal. The Heer fidgeted, first one way, then another, made divers wry faces, and had not Shadrach been a privileged person, on the score of his plenipotential functions, would have committed him to the custody of Lob Dotterel, to be dealt with contrary to law.

In the mean time, Shadrach stood bolt upright, with his hands crossed before him, his nose elevated towards the ceiling, and his eyes shut. At length he snuffled out—

"Friend Piper, the spirit moveth me to say unto thee, I am come from Coaquanock to commune on the subject of the disputes among our people and thine, about certain boundaries between our patent and the pretended rights of thy master."

"Friend Piper—pretended rights," repeated the Heer, muttering indignantly to himself. "But hark ye, Mr. Shadrach Mesheck and the d—l, before we proceed to business, you must be pleased to understand, that no man comes into the presence of the representative of the great Gustavus, the bulwark of the Protestant religion, without pulling off his hat."

"Friend Piper," replied Shadrach, standing in

precisely the position we have described—"Friend Piper, swear not at all. Verily, I do not pull off my hat to any one, much less to the representative of the man that calleth himself the great Gustavus, whom I conceive a wicked man of blood, one who propagateth religion with the sword of man instead of the word of Jehovah."

"*Verflucht und verdamt!*" exclaimed the Heer, in mortal dudgeon: "the great Gustavus, the bulwark of the Protestant faith, a man of blood! *Der teufel hole dich!* I swear, you shall put off your hat, or depart, without holding conference with us, with a flea in thine ear."

"Swear not at all," replied Shadrach, "friend Piper. Again I say to thee, I will not pull off my hat; and, if necessary, I will depart with a flea in mine ear, as thou art pleased to express thyself, rather than give up the tenets of our faith."

"*Du galgen schivenkel,*" quoth the Heer; "does thy religion lay in thy hat, that thou refusest to put it off? But whether it does or not, I swear"—

"Swear not all," cried the self-poised Shadrach.

"'Sblood! but I will swear, and so shall Ludwig Varlett," cried the Heer; whereupon Ludwig hoisted the gates of his eloquence, and poured forth such a torrent of expletives, that, had not Shadrach been immoveable as his hat, he had been utterly demolished. That invincible civil warrior, however, neither opened his eyes, nor altered his position, during all the hot fire of Counsellor Varlett,

but remained motionless, except the twirling of his thumbs.

"Friend Piper, is it thy pleasure to hear what I have got to say? The spirit moveth me"—

"The spirit may move thee to the d—l," cried Peter, "or the flesh shall do it, if you don't pull off your hat, *du ans dem land gejacter kerl.*"

"Verily, I understand not thy jargon, friend Peter," rejoined Shadrach; "neither will I go to him thou speakest of, at thine or any other man's bidding. Wilt thou hear the proposals of friend William Penn, or wilt thou not?"

"No, may I eat of the *teufel's braden* if I hear another word from that ugly mouth of thine, till you pull off your hat," exclaimed the choleric Heer, starting from his seat.

"Thou mayst eat what thou pleasest, friend Piper," rejoined the other; "and for my ugly mouth, since it offends thee, I will depart to whence I came." So saying, he leisurely turned himself round, and was proceeding on his way, when the Heer Piper, to whose choler the dry eloquence of Shadrach added fresh fuel, cried out, "Stop!" in a voice of thunder.

The machinery of Shadrach, which had been put in motion for his departure, stopped, accordingly, and he remained, standing in most rigid perpendicularity, with his back to the Heer, and his head turned over his shoulder, so as to meet his eye.

"I am stopped, friend Piper," quoth he.

The Heer Piper, hereupon, directed Lob Dotterel, who was in attendance, as part of the puissance of the Governor of Elsingburgh, forthwith to procure him a hammer and a tenpenny nail, an order which that excellent and attentive officer obeyed with his usual alacrity.

"Art thou going to build thee an house, friend Piper, that thou callest for nails and hammers?" asked Shadrach.

"You shall see presently," answered the Heer. "Since your religion consists in wearing your hat, I shall take care you stick fast to the faith, by nailing it to your head, with this tenpenny nail."

"Thou mayst do as thou pleasest, friend Piper," replied Shadrach, unmoved by the threat. "We have endured worse than this, in the old world, and are ready for sufferance in the new. Even now, in yon eastern settlements, our brethren are expelled from the poor refuges they have sought, and chased, like beasts, from the haunts of the new-settled places, as if their blood was the blood of wolves, their hands the claws of tigers, and their feet the feet of the murderer. Our faith grew up in stripes, imprisonment, and sufferings, and behold, I am ready; smite—I am ready. The savage who hath no God, endures the tortures of fire, without shrinking, and shall not I dare to suffer, whom he sustains? Smite—I am ready."

The Heer was now in the predicament of certain passionate people, who threaten, what, when

it comes to the point, they shrink from inflicting. Besides that the law of nations made the persons of envoys sacred, he could not bring himself to commit violence upon one, whose principles of non-resistance were so inflexible. By way of coming off, therefore, with a good grace, he and Ludwig Varlett fell into a great passion, and saluted Shadrach Moneypenny with a duet of expletives, which that worthy plenipotentiary bore, for some time, with his usual stoical indifference.

"Art thou ready, friend Piper," exclaimed he, taking advantage of the two singers being out of breath.

"Begone, and *der teufel hole dich*, and *das tonnerwetter schlage dich kreutzeveis in den boden*," cried the Heer.

"I go, verily;" and the good Shadrach marched leisurely out of the council chamber, with his hands crossed over his breast, his eyes turned upwards, neither looking to the right nor to the left. Coming to the place where he had left his horse, he untied him from the branch of an apple-tree, mounted by the aid of a friendly rock, and seated himself in the saddle; whereupon, he smote him in the side with his unarmed heel, and the horse, taking the hint, trotted off for the territory of Coaquanock.

Thus was the negotiation between the powers of Elsingburgh and Coaquanock, wrecked on a point of etiquette, like that between England and China, which happened in later times. The obsti-

nacy of Shadrach, in not pulling off his hat to the Heer, and that of my Lord Amherst, in refusing to prostrate himself ever so many times before the elder brother of the moon, were both, in all probability, followed by consequences that affected millions of human beings, or will affect them at some future period. This proves the vast importance of etiquette, and we hope our worthy statesmen at the capital will persevere in their praiseworthy attempts, to make certain people, who don't know the importance of these matters, sensible of the absolute necessity of precedence being rigidly observed, in going into dining rooms, and sitting down to dinner.

CHAPTER VI.

What! shall not people pay for being govern'd?
Is't not the secret of the politic
To pigeon cits, and make the rogues believe
'Tis for the public good? By'r lady, sirs,
There shall not be a flea in an old rug,
Or bug in the most impenetrable hole
Of the bedstead, but shall pay
For the privilege of sucking Christian blood.

The Alderman; or, Beggars on Horseback.

WOLFGANG LANGFANGER, the long-headed member of the council of Elsingburgh, having, as we stated before, brought his private affairs into great confusion, by devoting too much of his time to the public good, began, a year or two before our history commences, to think it high time the public good should repay some part of its weighty obligations. He had accordingly invented, and persuaded the Heer Piper to put into practice, a system of internal improvement, which has been imitated, from time to time, in this country, ever since, with great success. The essence of his plan consisted in running in debt for the present, and living afterward upon the anticipation of future wealth.

It happened, about the time we refer to, that a schooner arrived from some part of New-England, with a cargo of odd notions, commanded by a

certain adventurer, who designated himself as follows, to wit:—

> "Captain John Turner,
> Master and owner
> Of this cargo and schooner."

The sage Langfanger hailed this event as furnishing unquestionable augury that the town of Elsingburgh was destined to monopolize the commerce of all the dominions of his Swedish majesty in the new world, provided proper measures were taken to improve its natural advantages. He accordingly planned a great wharf, for the accommodation of thirty or forty large ships, with stores for goods, and every matter requisite for carrying on a great trade.

Having provided for the external commerce of Elsingburgh, Langfanger next turned his attention to its internal trade, which consisted, as yet, in the cargoes of a few bark canoes, in which the Indians brought down muskrat and bear skins, to barter for *tiger's milk*. In order to accommodate these, he planned a canal, to connect the Brandywine with the Delaware, by a cut, that would shorten the distance at least six miles. By this he boasted that the whole trade of the interior would centre at Elsingburgh, to the complete abandonment and destruction of Coaquanock, which must necessarily dwindle into utter insignificance. The Heer was excessively tickled with the idea of being so

effectually revenged upon Shadrach Moneypenny, and the rest of his old enemies, the Quakers.

His next project was that of beautifying the town, which, it must be confessed, was rather a rigmarole sort of place, built at random, the streets somewhat crooked, and the houses occasionally protruding themselves before their neighbours, in somewhat of an unmannerly manner. Langfanger proposed to revise the whole plan, widen many of the principal streets, lay out several others upon a magnificent scale, and pull down the houses that interfered with the improvement of the city, as he soon began to call the great town of Elsingburgh. The Heer was rather startled at this project, considering the expense of purchasing the houses to be pulled down, and the probable opposition of the good people who inhabited them. But Langfanger was never at a loss on these occasions.

He went forth among the villagers, with a string of arguments, deductions, calculations, and anticipations, enough to puzzle, if not convince, much wiser heads than those which grew on the shoulders of the simple inhabitants. Admitting only that his premises were true, and that what he predicted would certainly come to pass, and there was no denying his conclusions. Accordingly, the good people became assured that the pulling down their houses, and cutting up their gardens and fields into broad streets and avenues, would, in no little time, make every soul of them as rich as a Jew. It

was curious to see the apple trees cut down, the grass cut up, and the lots carved into the most whimsical shapes, by Wolfgang's improvements.

The beautiful grass-plots gave place to dusty or muddy avenues, branching off in all directions, and leading nowhere, insomuch that people could hardly find their way anywhere. Houses, that had hitherto fronted the street, now stood with their backs to it, or presented a sharp corner; and the whole world was turned topsy-turvy at Elsingburgh. But the genius of Counsellor Langfanger appeared to the greatest advantage in respect to certain obstinate persons, who did not choose to have their houses pulled down over their heads, without being well paid for it. Wolfgang settled matters with these, by causing the houses to be valued at so much, and the improvement of the property, in consequence of pulling them down, as equivalent to the loss of the houses. These unreasonable persons were, by this equitable arrangement, turned out of doors, and left to live very comfortably upon the anticipation of a great rise in the value of their estates.

Under the magnificent system of Counsellor Wolfgang, the village of Elsingburgh grew and flourished, by anticipation, beyond all former example; although, since that time, many similar wonders have been exhibited to the world. But there are always drawbacks upon human prosperity—an inside, and an outside, to every thing.

The mischief was, that these great improvements cost a great deal of money, and there was very little of it to be had at Elsingburgh. Improvements brought debts, and debts are as naturally followed by taxes as a cow is by her tail. It became necessary, at least, to provide for the payment of the interest upon the debt contracted, in consequence of these invaluable improvements, in order to keep up the public credit, and enable Counsellor Langfanger to carry on his schemes, and improve the town, by running up a still heavier score. And here we will take occasion to remark upon a great singularity, which distinguishes the man who lays out his own, from him who disburses the public money. How careful is he, in the first instance, to make the most of it, to turn every penny to his advantage, and to weigh the probable gains in employing it before he parts with a dollar! Whereas, on the contrary, when he hath the management of the public funds, it is astonishing how liberal he becomes; how his generosity expands, and upon what questionable schemes he will expend millions that do not belong to him. There is another peculiarity, which ever accompanies the management of the public wealth, which is, that let a man be ever so honest beforehand, or ever so desirous to exhibit to the world a pure example of disinterestedness, some of this money will stick to his fingers in spite of his teeth, and bring his integrity into question. This is doubtless the reason why men

are so unwilling to undertake these matters, and that only the warmest patriotism will induce them to have any thing to do with the public money.

But to return to our history. The worthy Counsellor Langfanger, by direction of Governor Piper, forthwith set about devising the ways and means to keep up public credit, and go on with the public improvements. Political economy, or the science of starving on philosophical principles, was not much understood at this time; but genius supplies the want of precept and example. Counsellor Langfanger devised, and the Heer Piper adopted and enforced, a system of taxation more just and equally proportioned than any ever before known. Nobody was to be taxed above one per cent. on his property; but then, the Heer reserved to himself to value the said property agreeably to his discretion. Accordingly, to make his revenues meet his improvements, he was obliged to rate lands at a sort of imaginary prospective value, at least three times greater than any body would give for them. The good people of Elsingburgh were highly astonished at finding themselves so rich, and paid their taxes cheerfully, until the perpetual drain upon their pockets, to meet Counsellor Langfanger's improvements, made it convenient to sell some part of their property, when they were utterly confounded to find themselves rich only according to the Heer Piper's tax list.

But agreeably to the homely old saying, "In for a

penny, in for a pound," Wolfgang assured them that if they stopped short in their improvements before they had got half through, all the money hitherto expended would be utterly lost; but if they only persevered to the end, they could not possibly fail of reaping a glorious harvest. The good folks scratched their heads, and paid their taxes. In the mean time the Heer and his counsellor every day discovered some new article to tax, until at length it came to pass, that every thing necessary to the existence of the people of Elsingburgh, every thing that belonged to them, to the very heads on their shoulders, and the coats on their backs, was loaded with imposts, to contribute to the great end of public improvement. It will be only anticipating the course of events a few years, to say that many of these projects of Counsellor Langfanger never realized the advantages he predicted, and of others that did, the profits were never reaped by those who paid for them, since a great portion of these were, in process of time, compelled to sell their property by piecemeal, to meet the perpetual exactions of the Heer Piper and his long-headed counsellor.

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Not to be meddled with except by philosophers.

If we examine, aided by the light of history, the course of human events, we shall find that every thing moves in a perpetual circle. The world turns round, and all things with it. Every thing new is only the revival of something forgotten; and what are called improvements, discoveries, or inventions, are, for the most part, little else than matters that have again come uppermost, by the eternal revolutions of the wheel of time. Mutability may be said to constitute the harmony of the universe, whose vast and apparent changes and varieties are produced, like those of music, by the same notes differently arranged.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," says the old proverb, and accordingly we find, that causes which produce the misery of one being, bring about the happiness of another. The tear of one eye is balanced by the smile of another cheek; the agony of one heart, by the transports of another, originating in the same source. So, to extend our principle from individuals to nations,

the misfortunes of one contribute to the prosperity of others; and, as the circle of events is completed, these very nations will be found to change their relations with each other, the happy one being wretched, the miserable one happy, in its turn. It is thus, too, with the succeeding generations of man. The struggles, violence, and crimes of a revolution in one age, bring about a salutary reform of abuses, of which many generations reap the benefits in future times; and thus should every suffering mortal solace himself with the comfortable assurance, that he is nothing more than a martyr to the happiness of some unknown being, who, in the course of events, will reap the harvest in joy, of what hath been sown in tears.

Beyond doubt, many people who have not paid proper attention to the absolute monotony which characterizes the course of events in all ages of the world, and which is produced by the revolutions of our wheel, are of opinion that those refinements in police, those schemes for public improvement, and that noble system of political economy by which nations and communities are enabled to get over head and ears in debt, are the productions of the present age. But whoever compares the system of the Heer Piper, and his long-headed Counsellor Wolfgang Langfanger, with that commonly in operation at this time in our cities and states, will at once perceive it is nothing more than the same thing brought up again in the

revolutions of the great wheel, the *primum mobile* of human events. In detailing the various plans of Governor Piper, to make all the little bad boys good by means of teaching them their A, B, C; in his attempts to banish vice and poverty from Elsingburgh, by an ingenious mode of encouraging idleness; and in various other philanthropic schemes, which we shall from time to time develop, it will appear to demonstration, that he anticipated the present age by at least a century and a half. The evolutions of our wheel demonstrated their inutility in a few years; but the lessons of experience are ever forgotten when their effects cease to be felt, and another turn of the world brought these schemes uppermost again; whence they will again fall, after having given their impulse to the wheel, as the water falls out of the buckets, runs away to put some other power in motion, or is exhaled in clouds, whence it falls in dews and showers, and once more replenishes the brook that turns the wheel.

CHAPTER II.

It was reveal'd to Master Scruple Strong,
The pestilence last year did take its rise,
Not from foul air, but foul iniquities;
From wicked laughter in the public streets;
From teaching sinful parrots to swear oaths;
From wicked children spending all their pence
In luxuries of cakes and gingerbread;
But above all, from making sinful men,
Sheriffs, and such like dignitaries.
These loud crying sins did cause dry summers,
Make the sickness rage, and people die of fevers.

Balaam's Ass; or, the Lecturer turned Hectorer.

The Heer Piper, as we have seen in the preceding details, was principally influenced, in his political designs, by the advice of Counsellor Langfanger; but he intrusted the administration of his ecclesiastical affairs to Dominie Kanttwell, director of the consciences of the good people of Elsingburgh. The Dominie, though a follower of Martin Luther, had little of the liberality of that illustrious reformer, being somewhat intolerant in his principles, bigoted in his doctrines, sour in his humour, and a most bitter enemy to all sorts of innocent sports, which he represented as the devil's toys, with which that arch enemy seduced people from their allegiance to the church. He held all the surplus earnings of the poor, as well as all laying up for the future, to be little better than a distrusting of Providence; taking every opportunity to

assure his flock, that it was their duty to work hard all the week, shun all sorts of amusements and indulgences, and devote all they could earn to the good of the church, and the comfort of the parson. He pledged himself, if they would do this, they might be easy as to the wants of the future, since, in case of sickness, loss of crops, or any other accidents of life, some miraculous interposition would never fail to take place, by which their wants would be supplied. Beans and bacon would rain down from heaven, partridges would fly in at their doors and windows, and all their wants would be administered to, as a reward for their generosity to the parson.

Dominie Kanttwell was a great dealer in judgments and miracles. The direct interposition of Providence was always visible to him, in every little accident that happened in the village; and while he preached that this world was a mere state of probation, a furnace where good men were tried by fire, and subjected to every species of suffering, he took every opportunity of contradicting this doctrine, by converting every little good or ill accident that happened to his flock into a judgment or a miracle—a reward for going to church, and honouring the parson, or a punishment for neglecting both. On one occasion, the only child of a poor widow happened to be drowned in paddling a boat on the river, on the Sabbath morning. The Dominie immediately visited the afflicted parent,

and comforted her with the assurance of its being a judgment upon her for not sending the boy to church. In the afternoon he thundered forth from the pulpit, and contrasted this unhappy catastrophe, or signal judgment of Providence, with the miracle of the poor man, who, notwithstanding he was over head and ears in debt, with a family of eight young children, had bestowed a part of his earnings upon a fund for converting the Hottentots, and was rewarded by a miraculous shot, by which he killed a fat buck, a thing he had never done before in all his life. What was very singular, however, and would have excited some little suspicion, in any other case but that of the Dominie, he never gave any thing away himself, or trusted to any of these miracles in his own particular case, it being a maxim of his, that to cause others to bestow their alms in charity, was equivalent to giving them himself. In short, he held the consoling and comfortable doctrine, that he was perfectly justified in indulging himself in the good things of this life, provided he could only persuade the poor of his flock to appropriate a portion of their necessary comforts to the great objects he had in view.

The principal of these objects was, to put a stop to all sinful recreations, such as dancing, singing wicked ballads about love and murder, indulging in the abominations of puppet shows, reading plays, poetry, and such heathen productions, and, in short, all those relaxations with which the cheerful and

amiable feelings of our nature are so immediately connected. Hushed was the laugh, and mute the sprightly song, when Dominie Kanttwell went forth into the village; and nothing was heard but the nasal twang of voices bellowing forth volumes of burning wrath, and eternal fires, to those who dared to be happy, in a moment of cessation from toil. These, together with certain tracts, containing wonderful accounts of conversions of young sinners of five years old, denunciations of eternal punishment upon wicked laughers, who dared to smile, even while the bottomless pit was yawning to receive them, together with pious exhortations to pay the Dominie well, and contribute to the conversion of the Hottentots, were the only relaxations and amusements permitted in the village of Elsingburgh.

Aided by the influence of the Heer, the eloquence of aunt Edith, and the activity of Lob Dotterel, the merry little village of Elsingburgh, in process of time, became a dull, torpid, dronish hive, where nothing was thought of but the bottomless pit. People neglected their labours to sing psalms, and instead of paying their debts, gave their money to the Dominie, trusting to a miracle for support in case of accident. Lob intruded himself into every house, in search of old ballads, and such like enormities, and never rested till he had succeeded, either by persuasion, threats, or bribery, in displacing these ancient memorials. These were replaced

by tracts, such as we have before specified, which were printed on large sheets, to be pasted on the walls, in the room of the carnal and wicked legends of ballad poetry.

In a little while, there was not one of these to be seen, except in the shop of a heterodox cobbler, whose walls were decked with a numerous collection of old Swedish ballads, such as he had heard in his youth; and which were connected, and intertwined with all the delightful recollections which throng around the thoughts of our native home, when we have left it for ever. These venerable old legends were his choicest treasures, and constituted the source of his principal delights. He sung them while at work in his shop; and in the leisure of evenings sat at his door, chanting his ditties in an agreeable voice, that never failed to collect around him a crowd of little urchins, and sometimes seduced the hearers from an opposite house, where the Dominie and aunt Edith had instituted a society for celebrating the horrors of the bottomless pit.

These seductions of the old ballads were highly resented, and Lob Dotterel was directed to arm himself with a quantity of tracts, replenish his paste pot, and attack the ballads, tooth and nail. Crispin, who had some idea that nobody had a right to meddle with his ballads, resisted the high constable, at first, with argument; but finding that Lob was proceeding to displace his favourite ditty, very

discourteously seized him round the waist, threw him out of the window, and emptied the paste-pot upon Master Dotterel's head. But this outrage of the wicked cobbler was speedily punished, by a special judgment, according to the theory of Dominie Kanttwell; who wisely employed human means, however, to bring it about. The Dominie used all his influence, as well as that of the Heer Piper and aunt Edith, to persuade people their shoes would never prosper, if made, or even mended, by the wicked, ballad-singing cobbler. One, who persisted, notwithstanding, in employing him, had a new pair of shoes, made by poor Crispin, stolen from him, the very night they were brought home, by some heaven-inspired rogue. The influence of the Dominie, and his coadjutors, did not fail to bring another judgment on the cobbler, who gradually lost his custom, and with it, all heart to sing ballads. The judgment was completed in a most singular manner, by the destruction of his shop, ballads and all, by a fire; which, as nobody could tell how it happened, was set down by the Dominie, in his next Sunday's sermon, for a special interposition of Providence.

The cobbler departed from the village, and many years afterward, was discovered, as we shall relate in the sequel, in the person of the wealthy Burgomaster, or Alderman Spangler of New-York, who had risen to wealth and city honours, and loved old ballads as well as ever. But this did not

impeach Dominie Kanttwell's miracle, or diminish the confidence of the people of the village, in the aptitude of Providence to revenge any offence to that worthy person. Honest Spangler, however, died at a good old age, and directed the following epitaph to be graven on his tomb stone, in proof that he had preserved his respect for old ballads, to the last:

> Here underneath this pair of stones,
> Rest honest Wolvert Spangler's bones,
> Who, in this city, prosper'd right well,
> Spite of the d—l and Dominie Kanttwell.
> He with his latest Christian breath,
> Bears testimony until death,
> That he never knew since he was born'd,
> An honest man that ballads scorn'd.

Wolvert was the last person that maintained the legitimacy of old ballads in the village of Elsingburgh. From the time of the signal judgment that followed his contumacy, the sound of cheerful gayety, the merry laugh, and sprightly dance were no more heard or seen; and even the tinkling cow-bell, that homely music whose simplicity so charmingly accords with rural scenes and rural quiet, was banished, because the wicked cows disturbed the Dominie by tinkling them on Sabbath day.

The Dominie, and his zealous coadjutor aunt Edith, rejoiced mightily in their work, and predicted wonderful effects from the downfall of wicked ballads, profane singing, and the tinkling of the cow-bells. But it might be shrewdly observed, that the corruptions of human nature are like those

of the blood, that break out into little pimples, which, though they disfigure the face somewhat, produce no fatal results, unless they are forcibly driven in, when they are apt to occasion the most mortal diseases. Physicians should be careful how they tamper with the pimples; and reformers should beware, lest, like unskilful tinkers, in stopping one hole, they open half a dozen others. It was thus with the result of Dominie Kanttwell's reformations.

The worthy folks of Elsingburgh, being restrained in those little amusements and recreations, which, as it were, sanctify those hours of leisure, so dangerous to mankind in general, unless some license of this kind is allowed them, began to indulge in practices more fatal to the repose of society, and the happiness of mankind, than singing or dancing. The pimples disappeared from the surface, but the humours struck deeper within. The deep and dismal vices of gloom and superstition came in the place of cheerful amusements; and it was observed, that more instances of overreaching in bargains, more interruptions in social harmony, and more lapses from chastity, took place in one year, than formerly occurred in five. The ignorant seemed to think they obtained a license for certain worldly offences, by practising the outward forms of piety, and giving money to the Dominie; while the evil disposed made religion a cloak for their hypocrisy.

But these were not the only consequences of this system of coaxing the poor out of the surplus of their little earnings, for pious purposes, and trusting to miracles in time of need, backed by the proscription of smiles and song. Instead of laying up something for rainy days, and providing against those ebbs of fortune which occur so frequently in the tide of human affairs, they parted with these little nest-eggs, trusting to the assurances of Dominie Kanttwell, that if the worst came to the worst, they would be fed like the prophet, even by the ravens. But when these trying seasons came, when the mildew spoiled the harvest, or sickness unnerved the arm of the lusty tradesman, it often came to pass, that the bitter effects of neglecting worldly means fell heavily upon them. The partridge did not fly in at the window, nor the unskilful marksman always hit his deer. Poverty, the inevitable consequence of relying on miracles for relief, at least in these latter days, came to be the portion of many.

To meet these visitations, the Dominie, with the aid of aunt Edith, instituted a society for the relief of these unfortunate people, thus suffering for their faith in miracles. Those who chanced to have preserved that little surplus, so essential to the welfare of the labouring classes, were induced to part with a portion of it, and thus to prepare themselves for becoming objects of charity in turn, by placing their future wants at the mercy of the rubs

and accidents of life. Those who found it more agreeable to live without labour, at the expense of others, seeing they could now indulge their wishes, without suffering the consequences of idleness, gradually remitted their labours, both of earning and saving. Thus recruits poured in on every side; idleness increased; extravagance spread abroad; and, in no long period of time, the little industrious community of Elsingburgh, where a beggar had hitherto never been seen, became a nest of paupers. The busy Dominie, together with his zealous assistant, then set about instituting societies of other kinds, for the relief of these growing miseries. But the more societies they formed, the more beggary and idleness increased. Counsellor Langfanger was then consulted, as to the best remedy for these crying evils; and accordingly, advised a society for the encouragement of industry. But this plan unluckily failed, owing to the extraordinary fact, that so long as the other societies offered relief without working, nobody applied for employment, to the society for encouraging industry. So easy is it to make people worse, in trying to make them better!

CHAPTER III.

There was a madman, mad as a March hare could be,
And people swore that no man could madder be than he;
But the madman was resolved, even with them to be,
So he swore that all the world was mad, excepting only he.

Our youthful readers may perhaps be inclined to suspect that we have forgotten our heroine, and lost sight of the principal object of every history of this kind, which ought always to be that of throwing as many obstacles in the way of the happiness of lovers as possible. But the suspicion is entirely groundless. The fair Christina is not an object to be so easily overlooked; and though we may occasionally turn aside from her affairs, to graver matters of state, it is only with a view of giving our lovers an opportunity of enjoying, without interruption, those innocent, and never-to-be-forgotten delights, that accompany the early dawnings of affection; and to which the aged always look back as the happiest period of existence.

The blue-eyed maid, and the fair tall youth, were left pretty much to themselves, during the progress of the autumnal season, the governor and aunt Edith being both, as we have before stated, busily employed, the one in public improvements, the other reforming mankind. The youthful pair sung, and read, and rambled together; and every pass-

ing day added to the strength of those ties, which were gradually uniting their hearts for ever. Koningsmarke, although his actions and looks expressed all the feelings of a devoted attachment, never made any explicit declaration on the subject, for both seemed satisfied with the sweet consciousness of mutual attachment. Christina had no rivals in the village, and Othman Pfegel treated her with a sort of pouting indifference, seldom intruding on their lonely rambles, or disturbing their domestic enjoyments.

But Christina was far from being happy. She could not deceive herself with the hope, that her affection would be sanctioned by her father's approbation; and every new feeling that developed itself in the progress of her affections, served to convince her that a time would come, when a more intimate union would be necessary to her happiness. Besides this, certain indefinable and vague suspicions, which, ever as she chased them from her mind, returned again to haunt her lonely musings, gave her many a heartache. These suspicions were kept alive by the sudden and unaccountable changes in the expression of Koningsmarke's eye, which occasionally indicated a wild ferocity, as well as by the mysterious warnings of the Snow Ball, who took every opportunity of uttering most fearful oracles, that Christina could not comprehend, but which excited vague apprehensions.

She became gradually fond of solitude, and often

indulged herself in long and lonely walks, usually following the course of the little stream, whose windings led to the forests, which spread their endless shades towards the west, the haunt of Indians and their game.

These neighbouring Indians were, for the most part, on friendly terms with the whites at Elsingburgh; but occasionally, took little miffs, and committed depredations on the cattle and fields.

On the banks of this stream, about a mile, or perhaps a mile and a half from the village, resided a singular being; a white man, who came there about fifteen years from the period of which we are treating, and had ever since lived alone on that spot. His dwelling consisted of dry sticks, supported on one side by an old log, on the other by the earth, and covered over with leaves. It was neither sufficiently high to allow him to stand upright, nor long enough to permit him to lie at full length. He possessed no means for lighting or preserving fire, but, in the coldest weather, contented himself with crawling into his hut, stopping the mouth of it with leaves, and remaining there till hunger drove him forth. Yet he appeared to delight in this miserable mode of existence, which no persuasion could induce him to forsake, to join in participating in the labours and enjoyments of social life. He enjoyed perfect health, and never asked charity, except when neither nuts nor apples could be procured in the woods and

orchards. Then he would appear in the village, uttering certain unintelligible sounds, which the people understood as expressive of his wants, and relieved him accordingly. For fifteen years this solitary being had never been heard to speak a single word that could be understood, either from a natural dumbness, a derangement of mind, or a wish to escape all questioning, as to who he was, or whence he came, two things that nobody ever knew. He seemed, however, a harmless being, and when the people got a little used to him, he ceased to excite either curiosity or apprehension.

Christina often walked that way, without thinking of the hermit, or fearing any outrage; although there had been rumours in the village, that he was once or twice seen, about the full of the moon, in a paroxysm of raving insanity.

One afternoon she stole away from Koningsmarke, to take a solitary walk along the brook-side, and strolled as far as the hut, which happening to be untenanted at that moment, she sat down near to it on the bank of the stream. It chanced that a little popular song of her own country, which turns on a breach of constancy on the part of a young woman, came over her mind, and she was humming it to herself, when a wild and horrible laugh alarmed her fears. She started up, and looking round, beheld the hermit, coming towards her with the look and action of a maniac.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed; "have I found you

at last, faithless, inconstant girl! Thou art she—I know thee by thy song."

Thus saying, he rushed towards the affrighted maid, and attempted to drag her towards his hut. Christina struggled, and begged him for God's sake to release her; but his violence only increased with opposition. His eyes flashed fire, he gnashed his teeth, and foamed at the mouth in horrible ecstacy.

"O! for pity's sake—for the sake of Heaven, my father, all those who have been kind to you, let me go—I am not her you think; my name is Christina."

"False, deceitful woman," cried the maniac; "did I not hear thee sing the song—the very song! do I not know thee by thy soft blue eye, thy curling flaxy hair, thy voice, thy very breath, whose sweetness I once used to inhale? Thou hast sought me, to laugh at my misery and triumph in my wrongs. But come—come in," added he in a hurried tone—"come in; the bridal bed is made; I have waited for you many long wintry nights, when the wolves howled, and thought you'd never come. In—in—we shall be happy yet."

So saying, he again attempted to force her towards the door of his wretched hut. The poor girl shrieked and struggled with all her might, and the fury of the madman increased with her resistance. He dragged her forcibly along, and when she caught by the young trees, to enable her to resist more effectually, cruelly bruised her tender

hands, to force her to let go her hold. Gradually her powers of resistance gave way to a fainting, deadly languor. Again she shrieked; and at that moment a man with a gun darted from the woods towards them. The maniac let go his hold, and, ere the stranger could point his gun, darted forward and seized it with both hands. A mortal struggle ensued. The maniac, with a desperate effort, snatched the gun from the other; who, springing forward, seized him round the waist, and forced him to drop the weapon in order to defend himself. They fell, the stranger uppermost; but in the act of falling, the maniac seized him by his ruff, tore it off, grappled his neck with his long nails, and, burying his teeth in his flesh, seemed to enjoy the sucking of his blood. Koningsmarke, for it was he, turned black in the face, and his eyes became gradually almost shrouded in darkness, when, with a convulsive effort, he placed his knee on the breast of the maniac, drew himself up on a sudden, and loosed his hold. Both started up; but Koningsmarke had a moment's advantage, which he employed in seizing the gun and running a few steps from him. The other followed.

"Stand off," cried Koningsmarke. "Were I alone, I would give you a fair chance; but the life and happiness of an angel is at stake. Stand off—or—"

The maniac advanced—one—two steps. The third was the step to eternity. The piece went

off with a true aim; he uttered a yelling laugh, jumped into the air, and fell without sense or motion. Koningsmarke, after satisfying himself that all was over with the poor wretch, hastened to Christina, who was lying insensible, with her hair dishevelled, her garments torn, and her cheeks as white as the pure and snowy bosom, whose modest covering had been displaced in the struggle. He called her his dear Christina; he ran to the brook for water to sprinkle her face; and kissed the drops as they rolled down her pale cheeks. At length she opened her eyes, gazed for a moment as if bewildered, and shut them again. By degrees, however, she recovered a recollection of her situation—adjusted her dress, and essayed to express her gratitude. But her voice failed her. She saw the blood running from the neck of her deliverer, wiped it away with her hair, and wistfully gazing on the wound, cried out with an expression of horrible and sudden despair—"The scar! the scar!" Covering her face with both her hands, she groaned in the agony of conflicting emotions, and throwing herself to the earth, was relieved from distraction by a shower of tears.

It was now evening—the youth raised her up, placed her arm within his, and pressed it tenderly to his heart. Christina shuddered, and looked up in his face with an expression so tender, yet so wretched, that had not his conscious heart told him it was now impossible, he would have asked her to

be his for ever. They walked home without uttering a word, and were received with a very bad grace by the Heer, who did not much like their walking so late by moon-light. But when he heard the story of Christina's deliverance from the blue-eyed maiden herself, he wept over her like an infant, and, grasping the Long Finne in his arms, blessed the youth, and called him his dear son.

A long illness followed this adventure, on the part of Christina, and when her health was apparently restored, her innocent sprightliness, her buoyant step, rosy cheek, laughing eye, and all the bright hopes which youth delights to cherish, seemed gone for ever. From this time forward, the character and deportment of the poor girl seemed to have undergone a great change. Violent bursts of gayety, followed by instantaneous gloom and despondency; laughter and tears; listless acquiescence, or obstinate opposition to the wishes of all around her, bespoke either an unsettled mind, or a heart torn by contending feelings. It was believed that the fright of her late adventure had unsettled her nerves, and all the wise old women of the village prescribed for her in vain.

But her deportment towards the Long Finne was marked by the most sudden and extraordinary inconsistencies. Sometimes she would silently contemplate his face, till the tears gushed from her eyes; and at others, when he came suddenly into her presence, utter a scream of agonized feel-

ing, and flee from his presence with a look of horror. She would sometimes consent to take the arm of the youth, and walk along the river side, and then, as if from a sudden and irresistible impulse, snatch it away, and recoil from him, as from the touch of a serpent. In short, every passing day made it more and more apparent, that she was struggling with powerful and contending emotions, that obtained an alternate mastery, and governed her actions, for the moment, with unlimited sway.

Koningsmarke, though he saw, and appeared to lament this change in her character, never essayed to draw from her the cause. He seemed deterred by a secret consciousness, that a full explanation would do him at least no good, and continued his attentions as usual.

Bombie of the Frizzled Head acted a conspicuous part at this time, and became more incomprehensible than ever. She seemed to know the secret of all these wonders, but would tell nothing of what she knew; contenting herself with a more than usual quantity of mysterious warnings, too well now understood by Christina, but incomprehensible to her father. The Heer often cursed her in the bitterness of his perplexity, exclaiming—"why dost thou not speak out, thou execrable Snow Ball." But Bombie only shook her head, and replied as usual: "I have seen what I have seen—I know what I know."

One day as Koningsmarke had taken a solitary

walk, and was seated on the bank of the stream, close by the hut of the solitary stranger, reflecting painfully on matters that deeply concerned himself, he was roused from his reverie by the well-known voice of the Snow Ball, calling out "Koningsmarke!"

"I am here," he replied.

"Thou art here, when thou shouldst be far away," cried the Snow Ball. "Art thou not satisfied with the mother's fate, that thou hungerest for the ruin of the daughter's happiness? Go thy ways, or I will tell what I have seen, and what I know."

"Who will believe thee?" replied the Long Finne. "Thou art a slave, and canst not witness against him that is free. I have been long enough a wanderer, without a resting place; I have found a home at last, and I will not go hence. Tell what thou wilt; I care not."

"Ay," cried the sibyl, "thou hast found a home, at the price of misery to those who afford thee a shelter; thou hast turned viper, and stung him that warmed thee at his fire; thou hast nestled thyself into an innocent bosom, to destroy its repose, or corrupt its innocence, and tortured the heart that would, ay, and will yet, die for thee, if thou lingerest here. Depart, I say, and let this one act towards the daughter atone for thine acts to the mother."

The Long Finne wrung his hands, and the tears

rolled down his cheeks, as he exclaimed, "Woman! woman! whither shall I go? I would remain here, where none but thou and ——— know who I am, and atone for the past, by devoting myself to the happiness of Christina and her father. This is my only chance; for if I go hence an outcast, I shall become—what I once was. The fate of mine immortal soul turns upon this cast."

"It is too late," replied the other; "SHE KNOWS IT NOW. Dost thou not see it in her tears, her struggles, her pale cheek, and wild and hollow eyes? It is too late; if thou stayest she dies—if thou goest speedily, she may yet live. Hence, then, and never let her see thee more."

"Away, old raven," answered the youth, resuming his obduracy. "If SHE should rise from the dead, and motion me with her fleshless finger, to the north or the south, the east or the west—nay, if I saw the hand of fate pointing to the destruction of myself and all around me, I would stay."

The sibyl dropped her horn-headed cane, raised her bent, decrepit figure, till she stood upright as the tall pine, threw her hands and eyes towards heaven, and cried out, in the bitterness of her heart—

"Stay then—and may the curse of the wicked come swiftly upon thee. May the sorrows thou hast caused unto others recoil tenfold upon thy blasted head. May the malediction of the father, who opened his house to thee, crush the spoiler.

May the forgiveness of her who will die forgiving thee, be but the forerunner of thine eternal condemnation to that fire which is never quenched and never consumes."

Again Bombie relapsed into her usual stooping attitude, picked up her stick, and disappeared, leaving the youth with a load of consciousness on his heart, but with a determined purpose not to depart from Elsingburgh.

CHAPTER IV.

"Cold and raw the north winds blow,
Bleak in the morning early;
All the hills are covered with snow,
And winter's now come fairly."

WINTER, with silver locks and sparkling icicles, now gradually approached, under cover of his north-west winds, his pelting storms, cold, frosty mornings, and bitter, freezing nights. And here we will take occasion to express our obligations to the popular author of the PIONEERS, for the pleasure we have derived from his happy delineations of the progress of our seasons, and the successive changes which mark their course. All that remember their youthful days in the country, and look back with tender, melancholy enjoyment, upon their slippery gambols on the ice, their Christmas pies, and nut-crackings by the cheerful fireside, will read his pages with a gratified spirit, and thank him heartily for having refreshed their memory, with the half-effaced recollections of scenes and manners, labours and delights, which, in the progress of time, and the changes which every where mark his course, will in some future age, perhaps, live only in the touches of his pen. If, in the course of our history, we should chance to dwell upon scenes somewhat similar to those he describes, or

to mark the varying tints of our seasons, with a sameness of colouring, let us not be stigmatized with borrowing from him, since we only copy from the same original.

The holydays, those wintry blessings, which cheer the heart of young and old, and give to the gloomy depths of winter the life and spirit of laughing, jolly spring, were now near at hand. The chopping-knife gave token of goodly minced pies, and the bustle of the kitchen afforded shrewd indications of what was coming by and by. The celebration of the new year, it is well known, came originally from the northern nations of Europe, who still keep up many of the practices, amusements, and enjoyments, known to their ancestors. The Heer Piper valued himself upon being a genuine northern man, and consequently, held the winter holydays in special favour and affection. In addition to this hereditary attachment to ancient customs, it was shrewdly suspected, that his zeal in celebrating these good old sports was not a little quickened, in consequence of his mortal antagonist, William Penn, having hinted, in the course of their controversy, that the practice of keeping holydays savoured not only of popery, but paganism.

Before the Heer consented to sanction the projects of Dominie Kanttwell for abolishing sports and ballads, he stipulated for full liberty, on the part of himself and his people of Elsingburgh, to

eat, drink, sing and frolic as much as they liked, during the winter holydays. In fact, the Dominie made no particular opposition to this suspension of his blue laws, being somewhat addicted to good eating and drinking, whenever the occasion justified; that is to say, whenever such accidents came in his way.

It had long been the custom with Governor Piper, to usher in the new year with a grand supper, to which the Dominie, the members of the council, and certain of the most respectable burghers, were always bidden. This year, he determined to see the old year out, and the new one in, as the phrase was, having just heard of a great victory gained by the bulwark of the Protestant religion, the immortal Gustavus Adolphus; which, though it happened nearly four years before, had only now reached the village of Elsingburgh. Accordingly, the Snow Ball Bombie was set to work in the cooking of a mortal supper; which, agreeably to the taste of West Indian epicures, she seasoned with such enormous quantities of red pepper, that whoever ate, was obliged to drink, to keep his mouth from getting on fire, like unto a chimney.

Exactly at ten o'clock, the guests sat down to the table, where they ate and drank to the success of the Protestant cause, the glory of the great Gustavus, the downfall of Popery and the Quakers, with equal zeal and patriotism. The instant the clock struck twelve, a round was fired from the

fort, and a vast and bottomless bowl, supposed to be the identical one in which the famous wise men of Gotham went to sea, was brought in, filled to the utmost brim with smoking punch. The memory of the departed year, and the hopes of the future, was then drank in a special bumper, after which the ladies retired, and noise and fun became the order of the night. The Heer told his great story of having surprised and taken a whole picquet-guard, under the great Gustavus; and each of the guests contributed his tale, taking special care, however, not to outdo their host in the marvellous, a thing which always put the governor out of humour.

Counsellor Langfanger talked wonderfully about public improvements; Counsellor Varlett sung, or rather roared, a hundred verses of a song in praise of Rhenish wine; and Othman Pfegel smoked and tippled, till he actually came to a determination of bringing matters to a crisis with the fair Christina the very next day. Such are the wonder-working powers of hot punch! As for the Dominie, he departed about the dawn of day, in such a plight, that if it had not been impossible, we should have suspected him of being, as it were, a little overtaken with the said punch. To one or two persons who chanced to see him, he actually appeared to stagger a little; but such was the stout faith of the good Dominie's parishioners, that neither of these worthy fellows would believe his own eyes sufficiently to state these particulars.

A couple of hours sleep sufficed to disperse the vapours of punch and pepper-pot; for heads in those days were much harder than now, and the Heer, as well as his roistering companions, rose betimes to give and receive the compliments and good wishes of the season. The morning was still, clear, and frosty. The sun shone with the lustre, though not with the warmth of summer, and his bright beams were reflected with indescribable splendour, from the glassy, smooth expanse of ice, that spread across, and up and down the broad river, far as the eye could see. The smoke of the village chimneys rose straight into the air, looking like so many inverted pyramids, spreading gradually broader, and broader, until they melted away, and mixed imperceptibly with ether. Scarce was the sun above the horizon, when the village was alive with rosy boys and girls, dressed in their new suits, and going forth with such warm anticipations of happiness, as time and experience imperceptibly fritter away, into languid hopes, or strengthening apprehensions. "Happy New Year!" came from every mouth, and every heart. Spiced beverages and lusty cakes, were given away with liberal open hand; every body was welcomed to every house; all seemed to forget their little heart-burnings, and disputes of yore—all seemed happy, and all were so; and the Dominie, who always wore his coat with four great pockets on new-year's day, came home and

emptied them seven times, of loads of new-year cookies.

When the gay groups had finished their rounds in the village, the ice in front was seen all alive with the small fry of Elsingburgh, gambolling and skating, sliding and tumbling, helter skelter, and making the frost-bit ears of winter glad with the sounds of mirth and revelry. In one place was a group playing at hurley, with crooked sticks, with which they sometimes hit the ball, and sometimes each other's shins. In another a knot of sliders, following in a row, so that if the foremost fell, the rest were sure to tumble over him. A little farther might be seen a few, that had the good fortune to possess a pair of skates, luxuriating in that most graceful of all exercises, and emulated by some half a dozen little urchins, with smooth bones fastened to their feet, in imitation of the others, skating away with a gravity and perseverance worthy of better implements. All was rout, laughter, revelry, and happiness; and that day the icy mirror of the noble Delaware reflected as light hearts as ever beat together in the new world. At twelve o'clock, the jolly Heer, according to his immemorial custom, went forth from the edge of the river, distributing apples, and other dainties, together with handsful of wampum, which, rolling away on the ice in different directions, occasioned innumerable contests and squabbles among the fry, whose disputes, tumbles, and occasional buffetings for the prizes,

were inimitably ludicrous upon the slippery element. Among the most obstreperous and mischievous of the crowd was that likely fellow Cupid, who made more noise, and tripped up more heels that day, than any half a dozen of his cotemporaries. His voice could be heard above all the rest, especially after the arrival of the Heer, before whom he seemed to think it his duty to exert himself, while his unrestrained, extravagant laugh, exhibited that singular hilarity of spirit which distinguishes the deportment of the African slave from the invariable gravity of the free red man of the western world.

All day, and until after the sun had set and the shadows of night succeeded, the sports continued, and the merry sounds rung far and near, occasionally interrupted by those loud noises, which sometimes shoot across the ice like a rushing earthquake, and are occasioned by its cracking, as the water rises or falls. All at once, however, these bursts of noisy merriment ceased, and were succeeded by a hollow, indistinct murmur, which gradually died away, giving place to a single voice, calling, as if from a distance, with a voice growing feebler at every repetition, "Help!—help!—help!"

Presently it was rumoured, that a traveller, coming down the river on the ice, had fallen into what is called an air-hole, occasioned by the tide, which was stronger at this spot, in consequence of the jutting out of a low, rocky point. In places of

this sort, the ice does not cease all at once, but becomes gradually thinner and weaker towards the centre, where there is an open, unfrozen space. The consequence is, that if a person happens to be so unfortunate as to fall into one of these places, which are, in fact, hardly distinguishable at night from the solid ice, it is next to impossible to escape by his own efforts, or to be relieved by those of others. As fast as he raises himself upon the ice, it breaks from under him, and every effort diminishes his strength, without affording him relief. Thus the poor wretch continues his hopeless struggles, and becomes gradually weaker and weaker, until, finally, his blood is chilled, his limbs become inflexible, he loses his hold, and sinks to rise no more.

The same cause that forbids his relieving himself, operates in preventing others; since, if any one were to approach sufficiently near to reach his hand, the ice would break under him, and both would perish together. In this situation was the poor man whose cries were now heard, at intervals, growing weaker and weaker. All the village was out, and many hardy spirits, actuated by feelings of humanity, made vain and desperate attempts to approach sufficiently near to afford assistance. But although several risked their lives, none succeeded; and at length the conviction that his fate was inevitable, was announced in a dismal groan from the by-standers. At this moment the Long Finne approached, with two boards upon his

shoulder, which he brought as near to the opening as was safe to approach. Standing exactly at this line, he threw one of the boards upon the ice before him, and, dragging the other after, proceeded cautiously along to the end. Then he drew up the other board and threw it before him, walking steadily and cautiously on that, dragging the other after him as before. In this manner, while the by-standers watched in breathless silence, he gradually approached the opening, encouraging the poor man to hold out, for God's sake, a few moments longer.

At last he came near enough to throw him a cord, which he had brought with him. The perishing wretch caught it, and while Koningsmarke held the other end, essayed to raise himself out of the water by its assistance. But the effort was beyond his strength, the ice again broke under him, and he disappeared, as all thought, for ever. He arose, however, with a desperate effort. "Tie the cord around your waist," cried the youth. "My fingers are stiff with cold," replied the other, "and if I let go the ice, I am gone." Koningsmarke now crawled on his hand and knees on one of the boards, and pushing the other before him, cautiously crept to the end of the advanced board. He was near enough to reach the hand of the drowning man, and to fasten the cord about his arm. Then receding in the manner he had advanced, he threw the other end of the cord to the

people, who dragged the poor wretch out of the water, with a shout that announced the triumph of courage and humanity.

During the whole of the scene we have just described, the anxiety of Christina had been excited in the most painful manner. At first, the situation of the poor perishing traveller monopolized her feelings; but when it was told her, that the Long Finne was risking his life for the stranger, her apprehensions rose to agony; she wrung her hands, and, unconscious of the presence of any body, would exclaim, "he will be drowned, he will be drowned!" The hollow voice of the Frizzled Head answered, and said, "be not afraid; the race of him for whose safety thou fearest, is not destined to close here. He will not perish by water."

"What meanest thou!" exclaimed the apprehensive girl.

"He will go upwards, not downwards, out of the world," replied the Frizzled Head, and glided out of the room.

Now was heard the noise of many footsteps, and many tongues, approaching, and Christina summoned her fortitude to go down stairs, for the purpose of offering her assistance, should it be necessary. The body of the stranger, now almost stiff and frozen, was brought in, laid in a bed with warm blankets, and every means taken to restore the waning circulation. Slowly, these applications had the desired effect: the stranger gradually re-

covered. He announced himself as from Coaquanock, and as being on his way down to the Hoar Kill, having taken the ice, as the best and most direct path thither. The worthy Heer, whose generous feelings never failed to conquer his antipathies, treated the stranger with the greatest kindness, during his progress to a perfect recovery; praised and caressed the Long Finne, for his gallant presence of mind; and finally observed, "I would give twenty rix-dollars, if the *galgen schivenkel* had been any thing save a Quaker.

CHAPTER V.

"Bonny lass! bonny lass! will you be mine?
Thou shalt neither wash dishes, nor serve the wine?
But sit on a cushion, and sew up a seam,
And dine upon strawberries, sugar and cream."

Mother Goose's Melodies.

Fortune, or fate, or call it what you will, seemed to have ordained that the struggles of the fair Christina, between filial piety and youthful love, should be perpetually revived, and become more painfully bitter by the conduct of the Long Finne. He had saved her from the violence of the maniac, and thus excited her everlasting gratitude; and soon after performed an act of daring humanity, that called forth all her admiration. Thus every effort she made to drive him from her heart, was met by some action of his, that only riveted him more strongly there.

Gradually, during the long winter, she withdrew herself as much as possible from the society of the youth, and avoided all private interviews, or solitary walks. She was one of those rare females, the rarest and the most valuable of all the blessed race of women, who never suffer the weakness of their nerves, or the intensity of their feelings, to interfere with filial, maternal, or domestic duties. She was aware that this was little else than the indul-

gence of an overwrought self-love, and that employment in the discharge of one's duties, is twice blessed—blessed in the happiness it communicates to those within the sphere of its influence, and blessed in the balm it administers to our own sorrows. She became even more unremitting than ever, in attending upon her father, administering to his little infirmities, and anticipating all his wants. She never willingly subjected herself to the dangers of idleness, but sought, on all occasions, to force her mind from painful contemplation, by the performance of her domestic duties. Still there were long hours of the night, when she could not be busy, and when, in silence and solitude, her woes clustered around her like shadowy demons, destroying the blessed comfort of a quiet sleep, by awakening recollections of the past unaccompanied by pleasure, and anticipations of the future destitute of hope. The paleness of her cheek, the languor of her figure, and her eye, gradually became more and more apparent, until at last the good Heer began to observe, and to be alarmed at her looks.

In the mean time, the Long Finne passed whole days in the woods, with his dog and gun, either to relieve Christina from his presence, or to hide his own feelings in the depths of the forest, where the axe of the woodman, or the voice of a civilized being, had never been heard. Sometimes he crossed the river on the ice, and penetrated into

the pines, which reared their green heads into the heavens, and presented, in their dark foliage, a contrast to the white snow, that, if possible, added to the wintry gloom. At other times, he turned his steps westward, where, save a little cultivated space about the village, one vast and uninterrupted world of forest tended, as it were, to the regions of the setting sun. Here he roamed about, immersed in thoughts as gloomy as the black wintry woods over his head, and unconscious of his purpose, until the whirring partridge, suddenly rising and thundering among the branches, or the barking of his dog at a squirrel, or occasionally at a bear, roused his attention. He seldom brought home any game, and numerous were the jests which the Heer cracked on his want of skill in the noble sports of hunting. The Long Finne would often have been lost in the woods, had it not been for his dog, who, with unerring sagacity, always showed him the way home.

One day, we believe it might have been towards the latter end of February, Koningsmarke set forth on his customary ramble, with his gun on his shoulder, his tinder-box, flint, and steel, the indispensable appendages in those pathless woods. He whistled, and called for his dog, but the animal had been seduced away, in the pure spirit of mischief, by that likely fellow, Cupid. Koningsmarke, therefore, proceeded without him, with a friendly caution from the Heer, to look which way he went,

not to wander too far, and, with an arch wink, to be sure and bring home a fat haunch of venison. The Long Finne soon forgot the advice, and the joke, and before noon, had wandered so far into the forest, that he could see none of his usual landmarks, nor any object which he recognised. Towards one o'clock it became overcast, raw and chilly, and every thing presaged a storm. The youth thought it high time to retrace his steps; but without some path, or some guide, to direct his course, a man in a great forest only walks in a circle. He heard that dreary, dismal howl, which is caused by the wind rushing among the leafless branches of the trees, gradually increase, and swell, and sharpen, till it became a shrill whistle that made his blood run cold. In a little time the snow began to fall in almost imperceptible particles, indicating not only intense cold, but a long-continued and heavy storm. The Long Finne had just made a discovery that he had lost his way, and that if he did not speedily find it, the chances were ten to one, that he perished that night in the snow. Now, though he had, in the course of his day's ramble, twice come to a resolution to put an end to his miserable perplexities by shooting himself through the head, he felt not a little startled at the dangers of his present situation. There is a great difference between a man dying of his own accord, and dying because he cannot help it. The one is an act of free will, whereas the other smacks

of coercion; and men no more like to die, than Jack Falstaff did to give a reason, upon compulsion.

Our hero, accordingly, tacitly agreed with himself to postpone dying for the present, and make use of the few remaining hours of daylight to seek his way home. But in his perplexity, he wandered about in the labyrinths of the forest until near dark, without recognising any object that could assist in deciding where he was. He hallooed, and fancied he heard the barking of a dog, but when he approached it nearer, it turned out to be the howling of a wolf. At another time he heard, afar off, the long echoes of a gun, but, in the depths of the woods, could not distinguish the direction in which it was fired.

The dusky shadows of night began to gather around, and reminded him that if darkness overtook him before he had prepared some kind of shelter, he would never see the morning. In looking about, he observed a large pine tree that had been blown down, to the roots of which was attached a quantity of earth, which afforded some shelter in that quarter. The snow had drifted against the windward side of the fallen trunk, and, as frequently happens, left a bare space on the leeward. By scraping under the snow, he gathered a quantity of dry leaves, with which he made a bed; and contrived a sort of covering, by breaking off the branches of the fallen pine, and laying them with one end on the ground, the other resting

on the trunk of the tree. He then collected a quantity of brush, dry wood, and leaves, with which to keep fire during the night, for such was the intensity of the cold, that without the aid of artificial warmth, he must have inevitably perished before morning. By the time these preparations were finished it was quite dark; the wind whistled louder and louder through the leafless branches, that cracked in the onset, and the storm every moment increased in violence.

In painful anxiety the Long Finne prepared his implements for striking fire, and collected some of the driest leaves and sticks, for the purpose of lighting them with his tinder. In his eagerness to strike fire, the flint flew from his benumbed hand, and he could not find it again in the obscurity that surrounded him. He then unscrewed the flint from his gun; but, just at the instant the sparks had communicated to the tinder, a sudden puff of wind blew it out of the box, and scattered it in the air. A moment of irresolution and despair, and he bethought himself of one more chance for his life. He replaced the flint in his gun, which he fired off against the trunk of the fallen tree; the burning wad fell upon the dry leaves placed there, and by carefully blowing it with his mouth, a little flame was produced, which at length caught the leaves, and relieved his breathless anxiety.

He carefully placed the wood over the leaves, until a blazing fire illuminated the dismal gloom of

the forest; and then proceeded to collect a sufficient quantity of fuel to last through the night. The fire was kindled just at the mouth of his little shelter, into which he crept with a determination to watch carefully, and keep up his fire, well knowing that if he suffered it to go out, he would probably never wake again. But the fatigue he had gone through during the day, the intense cold he had endured, and the weakness occasioned by long fasting, all combined to produce an irresistible drowsiness, and long before morning he fell asleep. How long he slept he knew not, but when he revived to some degree of consciousness, he was without the use of his limbs; the fire was almost extinguished, and he was unable to raise himself up, or move hand or foot. A horrible apprehension came over him, and the sudden impulse it communicated to the pulsation of the heart, probably saved his life. By degrees he was able to crawl to the fire, which he raked together, and replenished with fuel; and then, by violent exercise, restored the circulation of his blood. In a little while the day broke, the clouds cleared away, and the sun rose bright and clear. By the aid of this sure guide, he was enabled to shape his course towards the river, which having once gained, he could easily find his way back to the village.

It being usual for the Long Finne to stay out all day on his hunting excursions, his absence excited no anxiety until it became dark. The

intense cold had gathered the good Heer and his family close around a blazing hickory fire, where, at first, they began to wonder what had become of the youth. By degrees, as the evening advanced, and the storm grew louder and louder, their apprehensions became painful, and each furnished a variety of suggestions, to account for his non-appearance, none of which, however, were satisfactory. As bed time drew near and he came not, the fair and gentle Christina could no longer conceal those keen anxieties which virtuous timidity had hitherto enabled her to smother in the recesses of her heart. "He will perish in the snow," cried she in agony; and she besought her father to alarm the village. Accordingly, a party was collected, some carrying lights, and others guns, to go into the woods in search of the lost Koningsmarke. They hallooed and fired their guns to no purpose: no answer was received, except from others of the party; and about midnight they had all returned, with a full conviction that the youth had already perished in the snow. The good Heer shed tears at the thought of his melancholy fate; but the eyes of his fair daughter were dry, while her heart wept drops of blood.

She retired to her chamber, and gave vent to her feelings in exclamations of despairing anguish. "He has perished alone; he is buried under the cold snows, and the wolves will devour his dead corse!" "Better," answered the voice of the

Frizzled Head—"better that he should perish alone, than that others should die for him! better that the wolves should devour him, than that he should devour the innocent lamb! Heaven is just."

"But to perish thus!" exclaimed Christina, wringing her hands.

"It may serve to expiate his crime," answered the Snow Ball. "Better to perish unseen in the depths of the forest, than dangle in the air, a spectacle for the multitude to scorn, and the vultures to peck at!"

"It may be so—it may be so," replied the maiden; "but oh! righteous Providence, would that I had been spared this dreadful, dreadful struggle!"

"Remember," answered the Snow Ball, "remember what he who saved thy life caused to her who gave thee thy life: her spirit watches thee." So saying, she glided out of the room, and poor Christina threw herself on the bed, where she lay till morning, a prey to the most bitter and conflicting emotions.

As the Long Finne was bending his weary course towards the rising sun, he heard the barking of a dog at a distance, which he answered by halloing aloud. Presently the barking came nearer, and in a few minutes he saw his faithful fox-hound speeding towards him. The poor animal crawled at his feet, wagged his tail, and whined his joy at seeing his master. He then licked his hand, looked up wistfully in his face, and proceeded onwards, every

moment turning back, as if to see whether he was followed. Koningsmarke understood all this, and trudged wearily on after, until the sagacious animal led him directly in a straight line to the village.

A hundred shouts from the good people of Elsingburgh hailed his return. The Heer Piper fell on his neck and blessed him; while his pale daughter, after rushing half way into the room, as if to welcome him, suddenly recoiled, and fainted away. For the first time, did the Heer begin to suspect the state of his daughter's heart; for, although the mysterious hints of the Snow Ball, together with certain occasional sly innuendoes of his long-headed counsellor, Wolfgang Langfanger, had sometimes set him thinking on the subject, he was always called off to the more weighty affairs of state, before he could come to any conclusion on the subject. But the truth flashed upon his mind at once, and his conviction was followed by the exclamation of "*der teufel.*"

Now the Heer was a warm-hearted little man, that came to his conclusions somewhat suddenly. He liked the Long Finne, was accustomed to his society, and, in looking around the village, could see no one worthy the hand of his daughter, or of being son-in-law to the representative of majesty. After reflecting a moment on these matters, he slapped his hand smartly on his thigh, and pronounced, with an air of decision, "It shall be so."

"Long Finne," quoth the Heer—"Long Finne, dost thou love my daughter?"

"She knows I do," replied the youth, "more than my life."

"Christina, my daughter, my darling, come hither," said the Heer. Christina approached her father, pale as a lily, and trembling like the aspen leaf.

"Christina, art thou willing to be the wife of this youth? Remember he saved thee from death, and worse perhaps than death. And moreover, he has convinced me that he is nephew to my old friend, Caspar Steinmets."

"And caused the death of—" muttered Bombie to herself, indistinctly, and without being noticed.

The poor girl struggled almost to dissolution; the paleness of death came over her; she trembled, and sunk on a chair, her head resting on her heaving bosom. The Heer approached, took her cold hand, and said, "Answer me, my daughter; wilt thou be the wife of this youth?"

"I will," replied she, gasping for breath.

"Then join your hands," said the good Heer, the tears starting from his eyes, "and receive the blessing of a father."

"And the curses of a mother!" exclaimed Bombie of the Frizzled Head, as she hobbled away.

Christina snatched her hand from the eager grasp of Koningsmarke, and rushed out of the Heer's

presence, exclaiming in agony, "Oh, God! direct me."

"*Der teufel hole* that infernal black Snow Ball," cried the irritated Heer; "what means the old hag, Long Finne?"

"She means—she means—that I am—what I pray God thou mayest never be," answered the youth, and rushed out of the room.

"*Der teufel* is in ye all, I think," muttered the Heer Piper, and proceeded to eat his breakfast, out of humour with every body, and particularly with himself. It will generally be found, that a person in this state of mind, at length concentrates his ill humour upon some particular object; and accordingly it happened that the Heer, by tracing up effects to their causes, discovered that all the mischiefs of the morning originated in Cupid's having, as we before stated, enticed away the Long Finne's dog. Whereupon, he ordered him a sound flogging, at the hands of Lob Dotterel. As the stripes of Boadicea whilome produced a rising of the ancient Britons, so did those of Cupid bring forth results which were long afterward felt by the good people of Elsingburgh.

BOOK FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

Teaching the true art of genteel writing.

As HISTORY receives a great portion of its dignity and importance, not from the magnitude of those events which it records, but from the rank and consequence of the personages that figure in the great drama of the world, so in like manner doth every work of fiction depend upon the same cause for its interest. Every word and action of a legitimate monarch, for instance, is matter of infinite moment, not only to the present age, but to posterity; and it is consequently carefully recorded in books of history. If he takes a ride, or goes to church, it is considered, especially the latter event, such a rarity that nothing will do but it must be set down in the chronicles.

Hence the vast advantages accruing to an author from a discreet choice of his characters, whose actions, provided they are persons of a proper rank, may be both vulgar and insignificant, without either tiring or disgusting the reader. The hero, provided he is right royal, or even noble, may turn his palace into a brothel, or commit the most paltry

meannesses, without losing his character; and the heroine, if of sufficient rank, may, by virtue of her prerogative, swear like a fishwoman, without being thought in the least vulgar. The most delicate and virtuous female, properly imbued with a taste for the extempore historical novel, does not mind being introduced, by a popular author, into the company of strumpets, pimps, and their dignified employers, whose titles and patents of nobility give them the privilege of doing things that would disgrace the vulgar, who, poor souls, have no way of becoming tolerably respectable, but by conforming to the common decencies of life. So also, a Buckingham, a Rochester, or a Sir Charles Sedley, or any other distinguished person, historically witty, may be made by an author as coarse, flat, and vulgar in his conversations, as the said author himself, who puts the words into his mouth, and, ten to one, the reader will think he is banqueting on the quintessence of refined wit and humour. Not to multiply particular instances, we may lay it down as a general rule, that the dignity of actions, the refinement of morals, and the sharpness of wit, is exactly in proportion to the rank and quality of the characters to whom they appertain.

For the reasons above stated, we here take special occasion to remind the reader, that most of our principal characters are fully entitled, by their rank and dignity, to the privilege of being dull and vulgar, without forfeiting his respect or admiration.

The Heer Piper, though not actually a king himself, is the representative of a king. He also held, or at least claimed, sovereign sway over a space of country as large at least as Great Britain, and was as little subject to any laws, except of his own making, as the most mortal tyrant in Christendom. We see, therefore, no particular reason why he may not be allowed to swear, without being thought indecent, as well as Elizabeth, Harry the Fourth, or any other swearing potentate on record.

We also claim the benefit of sublimity for the effusions of Bombie of the Frizzled Head; who, as before stated, was the wife and daughter of an African monarch, superior in state and dignity to any European legitimate; because he could actually sell his subjects, whereas the latter are only entitled to pick their pockets. If it be objected that she is a slave, we would observe, that this misfortune, this reverse of fate, only renders her the more interesting, as exhibiting in her person an awful example of the uncertainty of all human grandeur. Kings and queens have often been bought and sold; and, as a king of Cyprus was once publicly exhibited for sale in the market of Rome, so may it possibly happen, before some of our readers die, that others, of the race which has so long domineered over mankind, may be made to exhibit examples equally striking, of the mutability of fortune. We caution our readers also to bear in mind, that that likely fellow Cupid has

also a portion of the blood royal in his veins, the effects of which, we trust, will be strikingly exemplified in the course of this history.

If, after all, the reader should object that this is mere secondhand royalty, and be inclined to pronounce the awful condemnation of vulgarity upon us and our book, we here take this opportunity to pledge ourselves, in the course of a few succeeding chapters, to introduce some genuine legitimate monarchs, full-blooded, and with pedigrees equal to that of an Arabian horse, or the renowned Eclipse himself, meaning not, however, to detract either from the merits of Mr. Van Ranst or his horse, by this latter assertion.

CHAPTER II.

Sudden a rush of kings came down like rain,
Made a long speech and then went back again.

Now the laughing, jolly spring, began sometimes to show her buxom face in the bright morning; but ever and anon, meeting the angry frown of winter, loath to resign his rough sway over the wide realm of nature, she would retire again into her southern bower. Yet, though her visits were at first but short, her very look seemed to exercise a magic influence. The buds began slowly to expand their close winter folds; the dark and melancholy woods to assume an almost imperceptible purple tint; and here and there a little chirping bluebird hopped about the orchards of Elsingburgh. Strips of fresh green appeared along the brooks, now released from their icy fetters; and nests of little variegated flowers, nameless, yet richly deserving a name, sprung up in the sheltered recesses of the leafless woods. By and by, the shad, the harbinger at once of spring and plenty, came up the river before the mild southern breeze; the ruddy blossoms of the peach-tree exhibited their gorgeous pageantry; the little lambs appeared frisking and gambolling about the sedate mother; young, innocent calves, began their first bleatings;

the cackling hen announced her daily feat, in the barn-yard, with clamorous exultation; every day added to the appearance of that active vegetable and animal life, which nature presents in the progress of the genial spring; and finally, the flowers, the zephyrs, the warblers, and the maidens rosy cheeks, announced to the eye, the ear, the senses, the fancy, and the heart, the return and the stay of the vernal year.

But the sprightly song, the harmony of nature, the rural blessings, and the awakened charms of spring, failed to bring back peace or joy to the bosom of our blue-eyed maid. Every heart seemed glad save her's; and the roses grew every where but on the cheek of Christina.

Yet, however interested we may be for the repose and happiness of that gentle girl, we are compelled to lose sight of her for awhile, in order to attend to matters indispensable to the progress of our history.

At the period of which we are writing, the whole of both banks of the Delaware, from the Hoarkill, now Lewiston, to Elsingburgh, was in a state of nature. The country had been granted by different monarchs to different persons, who had, from time to time, purchased of the Indians large tracts of country, of which but a very inconsiderable portion, just about their forts, was cultivated. Above Elsingburgh was the settlement of Coaquanock, on the same side of the Delaware; and

higher up was Chygoos, and the Falls settlement, where Trenton now stands. Beyond this, establishments had been formed, and small villages built, at Elizabethtown, Bergen, Middletown, Shrewsbury, Amboy, and perhaps a few other places. With little exceptions, all the settlers dwelt in villages for their security against the Indians, having their farms scattered around, which they cultivated with arms in their hands.

In the intermediate spaces, between these distant settlements, resided various small tribes of Indians, who sometimes maintained friendly relations with their new neighbours, at others committed depredations and murders. The early settlers of this country were, perhaps, as extraordinary a race of people as ever existed. Totally unwarlike in their habits, they ventured upon a new world, and came, few in numbers, fearlessly into the society and within the power of a numerous race of savages. The virtuous and illustrious William Penn, and his followers, whose principles and practice were those of non-resistance, and who held even self-defence unlawful, trusted themselves to the wilds, not with arms in their hands, to fight their way among the wild Indians, but with the olive branch, to interchange the peaceful relations of social life. There was in these adventurers, generally, a degree of moral courage, faith, perseverance, hardihood, and love of independence, civil and religious, that enabled them to do with the most limited means, what,

with the most ample, others have failed in achieving. We cannot read their early history, and dwell upon the patient endurance of labours and dangers on the part of the men, of heroic faith and constancy on that of the women, without feeling our eyes moisten, our hearts expand with affectionate admiration of these our noble ancestors, who watered the young tree of liberty with their tears, and secured, at the price of their blood, to themselves and their posterity, the noblest of all privileges, that of worshipping God according to their consciences.

The character of the Indian nations, which inhabited these portions of the country, and indeed that of all the various tribes of savages in North America, was pretty uniform. Like all ignorant people, they were very superstitious. When the great comet appeared in 1680, a sachem was asked what he thought of its appearance. "It signifies," said he, "that we Indians shall melt away, and this country be inhabited by another people." They had a great veneration for their ancient burying-grounds; and when any of their friends or relatives died at a great distance, would bring their bones to be interred in the cemetery of the tribe. Nothing, in after times, excited a deeper vengeance against the white people, than their ploughing up the ground where the bones of their fathers had been deposited. When well treated, they were kind and liberal to the strangers; but were naturally reserved, apt to

resent, to conceal their resentment, and retain it a long time. But their remembrance of benefits was equally tenacious, and they never forgot the obligations of hospitality.

In these early days, an old Indian used to visit the house of a worthy farmer at Middletown, in New-Jersey, where he was always hospitably received and kindly entertained. One day the wife of the farmer observed the Indian to be more pensive than usual, and to sigh heavily at intervals. She inquired what was the matter, when he replied, that he had something to tell her, which, if it were known, would cost him his life. On being further pressed, he disclosed a plot of the Indians, who were that night to surprise the village, and murder all the inhabitants. "I never yet deceived thee," cried the old man; "tell thy husband, that he may tell his white brothers; but let no one else know that I have seen thee to-day." The husband collected the men of the village to watch that night. About twelve o'clock they heard the war-whoop; but the Indians, perceiving them on their guard, consented to a treaty of peace, which they never afterward violated.

Their ideas of justice were nearly confined to the revenging of injuries; but an offender who was taken in attempting to escape the punishment of a crime, submitted to the will of his tribe, without a murmur. On one occasion, a chief named Tashyowican lost a sister by the small-pox, the

introduction of which by the whites was one great occasion of the hostility of the Indians. "The Maneto of the white man has killed my sister," said he, "and I will go kill the white man." Accordingly, taking a friend with him, they set upon and killed a settler of the name of Huggins. On receiving information of this outrage, the settlers demanded satisfaction of the tribe to which Tashyowican belonged, threatening severe retaliation if it were refused. The sachems despatched two Indians to take him, dead or alive. On coming to his wigwam, Tashyowican, suspecting their designs, asked if they intended to kill him. They replied, "no—but the sachems have ordered you to die." "And what do you say, brothers?" replied he. "We say you must die," answered they. Tashyowican then covered his eyes, and cried out "kill me," upon which they shot him through the heart.

Previous to their intercourse with the whites, they had few vices, as their state of society furnished them with few temptations; and these vices were counterbalanced by many good, not to say great qualities. But, by degrees, they afterward became corrupted by that universal curse of their race, spirituous liquors, the seductions of which the best and greatest of them could not resist. It is this which has caused their tribes to wither away, leaving nothing behind but a name, which will soon be forgotten, or, at best, but a miserable remnant

of degenerate beings, whose minds are debased; and whose forms exhibit nothing of that tall and stately majesty which once characterized the monarchs of the forest.

But the most universal and remarkable trait in the character of the red men of North America, was a gravity of deportment, almost approaching to melancholy. It seemed as if they had a presentiment of the fate which awaited them in the increasing numbers of the white strangers; and it is certain, that there were many traditions and prophecies among them, which seemed to indicate the final ruin and extinction of their race. Their faces bore the expression of habitual melancholy; and it was observed that they never laughed or were gay, except in their drunken feasts, which, however, generally ended in outrage and bloodshed. The little Christina always called them THE SAD PEOPLE; and the phrase aptly expressed their peculiar character.

It is little to be wondered at, if two races of men, so totally distinct in habits, manners, and interests, and withal objects of mutual jealousy, suspicion and fear, should be oftener enemies than friends. Every little singularity observed in the actions and deportment of each other, accordingly gave rise to suspicion, often followed by outrage; and every little robbery committed on the property of either, was ascribed to the other party, so that the history of their early intercourse with each

other, is little other than a narrative of bickerings and bloodshed. Thus they continued, until it finally happened in the new, as it hath always happened in the old world, that the "wise white man" gained a final ascendency, and transmitted it to his posterity.

About the period to which our history has now brought us, there existed considerable misunderstanding between the Heer Piper and the neighbouring tribes. A mill had been built near the mouth of the little river, which being dammed across, the shad and herrings, which formed the principal portion of their food at this season, could no longer ascend the stream into the interior of the country, where the Indians came in the spring to fish. The Indians had likewise drank up the liquor, expended the powder, and worn out the watch-coats they had received for a large territory they had sold to the Swedish government; and, as usual on such occasions, began to be sick of their bargain. The sachems also complained that Dominie Kanttwell had been tampering with some of their people, and, in attempting to teach them to be good Christians, had only taught them to drink rum, and made them bad Indians.

On the other hand, the Heer Piper charged them with trespassing on the rights of his Swedish majesty, by hunting on the lands ceded by them in fair purchase. He also hinted his suspicions of a design on their part to surprise the town of Elsing-

burgh, which suspicion he founded upon some mysterious hints of the Snow Ball, who of late had given vent to certain inexplicable obscurities. Dominie Kanttwell, too, was horribly out of humour, in consequence of having been sorely puzzled in argument, not long since, by a sly old sachem whom he attempted to convert to what he assured him was the only true faith. The old sachem listened till he had done, it being their custom never to interrupt any person in speaking, and then replied with great gravity :—

"Brother, you say your religion is the only true religion in the world. Good. I have been in Canada, and there they told me their's was the only true religion. Good. I have been at Boston, where they assured me the religion of the people of Canada was the religion of the bad spirit, and that their's was the only true one. Good. I have been at the Manhattans, where they called the white people of Boston bad people, and said they had no religion. Good. I have been at Coaquanock, among the *Big Hats*, and they told me the religion of the Manhattans was not the right sort. Good. I am here, and you say, brother, our's is the only good religion, and you must believe like me. Good. But brother, which am I to believe? You say, all of you, that the good book out of which you preach is what you all take for your guide, and that it is written by the Great Spirit himself, yet you all differ among yourselves. Now, brother, hear what

I have got to say. As soon as you shall agree among yourselves which is the true religion, I shall think of joining you. Good."

To explain these apparent contradictions to the capacity of a man of nature, was out of the question. Indians cannot comprehend metaphysical subtilties, and the religion calculated for a state of society like their's, must be composed of the most simple elements. However this may be, the Dominie resented the obstinacy of the old sachem, and actually talked of converting the savages with fire and sword. The Heer, however, preferred calling a conference with some of the chiefs, who were accordingly summoned to meet the representative of the Swedish majesty, at a spot about four miles from Elsingburgh, on the bank of the little river to which we have so often alluded in the course of this history.

The place selected for this meeting was a little flat in a curve of the river, which was here about twenty yards wide, clothed with majestic elms and sycamores, standing at various distances from each other, and without any underwood. The greensward extended to the edge of the stream on one side, and on the other rose a lofty barrier of rocks, clothed with gray mosses, and laurel bushes now just exhibiting their pale pink blossoms. The precipice was crowned, at its summit, with a primeval growth of lofty oaks that waved their broad arms beyond the rocks, and partly overshadowed

the stream, which, a little onward, wound between two high hills and disappeared.

To this sequestered spot came the Heer Piper, accompanied by the Long Finne, Dominie Kanttwell, the trusty counsellors of Elsingburgh, together with divers men, women, and children, drawn thither by curiosity, and whom the indefatigable Lob Dotterel kept in order, by dint of making more noise than all the rest. Here, too, came ten or a dozen of the monarchs of the new world, whose names and titles, translated into English, equal those of the most lofty and heaven-born kings of the east. There came the Big Buffalo, the Little Duck Legs, the Sharp Faced Bear, the Walking Shadow, the Rolling Thunder, the Iron Cloud, the Jumping Sturgeon, the Belly Ache, and the Doctor, all legitimate sovereigns, with copper rings in their noses, blanket robes of state, and painted faces. These were accompanied by a train of inferior chiefs and warriors, who seated themselves in silence, in a half circle, on one side of the little plain. On the right of these sat the kings, their bodies bent forward in a posture to listen, and their blankets drawn closely around their shoulders, which, when occasionally opened, disclosed the deadly tomahawk and scalping knife.

On the opposite side, upon a little natural platform, was placed a bench, or tribune, for the Heer Piper and his suite. The Heer on this occasion was dressed in his uniform as a Swedish officer,

which he were under the great Gustavus, and had on a sword, given him, as he affirmed, by that bulwark of the Protestant faith, as a reward for certain great services, which Governor Piper declined to enumerate, except on new-year's eve, and other remarkable epochs. The Rolling Thunder produced a long pipe, ornamented with dyed horse hair, porcupine's quills variously coloured, and many enormous devices. Having lighted it, he took a whiff or two, handed it to the next, and thus it passed completely round the circle, till both white men and red men had partaken in the solemn rite of peace. The Rolling Thunder then bowed gracefully to the Heer, and waved his hand in token that they were ready to hear him. Governor Piper rose, and his speech was from time to time translated by an interpreter.

"Delawares, Minks, Mingoes, Muskrats, and Mud Turtles, listen!" said the Heer, feeling all the dignity of his situation as the representative of a king, addressing an assemblage of kings.

"You have behaved badly of late; you have sold lands, and taken them back again, after you had shot away your powder, emptied your tobacco-boxes, and drank your rum.

"Delawares, Minks, Mingoes, Muskrats, and Mud Turtles, listen!

"You grow worse every day, notwithstanding the trouble we take to make you better; you get drunk and fight each other with knives, instead of

embracing like brothers. This is wicked, and the Great Spirit will punish you. Before many moons are passed away, people will ask what has become of the Delawares, the Mingoes, and the rest of the red men? and the answer shall be, they have been consumed in liquid fires.

"Delawares, Minks, Mingoes, Muskrats, and Mud Turtles, listen!

"You have refused to hear those whom I sent amongst you, to teach you the worship of the true Great Spirit, who is angry with you, and has sent the small-pox to punish your obstinacy. You have hunted on the white man's ground, and broke down the dam I caused to be built across the river, that we might grind our corn, and saw boards to build our houses. These are some of the things I wished to talk to you about. The Great Spirit, I tell you, is angry, and your great father, across the big lake yonder, will take vengeance. Let me hear what you have to say."

The red kings heard this harangue in dead silence, and waited a little while to see if the Heer had done speaking. The Rolling Thunder then rose, and, throwing back his blanket, so as to bare his shoulder and red right arm, spoke as follows, beginning in a low tone, and gradually becoming more loud and animated:—

"Long Knife! The strong liquor was first brought among us by the Dutch, who sold it to us, and then told us we must not drink it; they

knew it was for our hurt, yet they tempted us to buy it.

"Long Knife! The next people that came among us was the English, who likewise sold us strong liquors, which they blamed us afterward for drinking. The next that came were the Swedes, your people, and they too sold us strong drinks. All of you knew they were hurtful to us, and that if you let us have them, we would drink them, and become mad. We drink, abuse one another, and throw each other into the fire. Six score and ten of our people have been killed by their own brothers, in these mad fits of drinking. Who is to blame for this?

"Long Knife! You say, that after we have made away with the price of our lands, we come there and hunt on them as if they were our own. We sold you the land, and the trees upon it, but we did not sell the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the forest. These belong to those who have courage and skill to catch them. The Long Knives don't know how to hunt any more than women. You say, too, that we have destroyed the dam which you made across the river to grind your corn. This spring, when we were looking out for the fish to come up the river as they used to do, none came, and our women and children were near starving. We came down to see what was the matter, and found the fish could not get up your dam, so we destroyed it. You tell us that men

should do as they would be done by. Why then did you deprive us of fish, that you might grind your corn?

"Long Knife! We have listened to the Dominie's talks, and tried to understand them, but we cannot. The Great Spirit has given the red men one mind, and the white men another. When you bargain with us for three beaver skins, you will not take one for three; yet you want us to believe that three Great Spirits make but one Great Spirit. We can't understand this. Is that our fault?

"Long Knife! You say we grow worse and worse every day, and that the Great Spirit will, in his anger, sweep us from the face of the earth. We know this, for already our numbers are growing less and less every day. The white man is the fire which is lighted in the woods, and burns up the leaves, and kills the tall trees of the forest. We shall perish, or be driven before it, till we come to where the sun sets in the great salt lake of the west, and when we can go no farther, there will soon be an end of our race. If such is the will of the Great Spirit, we cannot help it; if it is not his will, you cannot make it so.

"Long Knife! I have answered you; now, hear me. You came here as strangers, but few in number, and asked us for a little piece of land for a garden—we gave it you. By-and-by, you asked for more, and it was given. When we were tired of giving, you purchased of us great tracts of

country for tobacco-boxes and rum. The tobacco-boxes and rum are gone, and you have the land. Is it any wonder that we are angry at being made fools of, and wish to have our lands back again? Every day the white man comes, and pushes the Indian farther and farther back into the woods, where there are neither fish nor oysters to eat. Is it any wonder that, when we are hungry, we fall into bad humours and hate the white men? The Dominie tells us that you have a right to our country, because we don't make fences, plough up the ground, and grow rich and happy, like your people, in their own country. If they were so happy at home, I don't see why they came here.

"Long Knife! We would like to be friends with you, but you are a bad people; you have two faces, two hearts, and two tongues; you tell us one thing, and you do another: a red man never lies, except when you have made him drunk; what he says, he will do; he never crosses his track. You came here as friends, but you have been our worst enemies; you brought us strong drink, small-pox, and lies: go home again, and take these all back with you. We would, if possible, be as we once were, before you came amongst us. Go! leave us to our woods, our waters, our ancient customs, and our ancient gods. If the Great Spirit wishes us to plough the land, sell rum, and become Christians, he can do it. But the means you take will only bring these things about, when there will

be nothing left of the red men but their name, and their graves."

When the Rolling Thunder ceased, Dominie Kanttwell arose and made a speech, which, however zealous and well meant, only served to exasperate the red kings. He treated their ancient belief with scorn; insulted their feelings of national pride; scoffed at their modes of thinking and acting; and drew a mortifying contrast betwixt the ignorant barbarian roaming the woods, and the white man enjoying the comfort and security of civilized life. The surrounding Indians began to murmur; then to gnash their teeth, and finally many of them, starting up, seized their tomahawks, and uttered the war-whoop. The Heer and his party were now in imminent danger of falling victims to the fury of the moment. But the *Rolling Thunder* arose, and, waving his hand for silence, spoke as follows:—

"Red men!—hear me! The Long Knives came here in peace, so let them depart. Let us not imitate their treachery, by taking advantage of their confidence to destroy them. Behold! I here extinguish the pipe of peace; I break the belt of wampum, that was the symbol of our being friends, and dig up the buried tomahawk. We are friends no more. Long Knife, go hence in peace to-day, but to-morrow count the red men thy mortal foes. Before another moon is past, look to see me again." He then bared his arm, and, drawing his knife,

stuck it into the fleshy part. The blood spouted forth as he exclaimed, "For every drop that now falls to the ground there shall be counted one, two, three, ay, four victims, from the nest of the serpent."

The red kings then slowly moved off, followed by their people, who gradually disappeared, yelling the war-whoop, and chanting bloody songs, till at length their voices died away in the recesses of the forest. The alarmed and irritated Heer muttered to himself "*Verflucht und verdamt sey deine schwarze seele*," and, together with his train, returned gloomy and dissatisfied to his village of Elsingburgh.

CHAPTER III.

"The spit that stood behind the door,
Threw the pudding-stick down on the floor;
Odsplut! says the gridiron, can't you agree?
I'm THE HEAD CONSTABLE, bring 'em to me."
Mother Goose's Melodies.

LIKE the old war-horse, when he snuffs the scent of powder, hears the shrill fife, the braying trumpet, and the thrilling drum, the Heer Piper now felt the spirit of the ancient follower of the great Gustavus reviving within him, even as the snuff of an expiring lamp or candle; the latter being rather the most savoury comparison. He inspected his palisades, scoured his pattereroes, victualled his garrison, and exercised the villagers in practising the deadly rifle. Every day he invested himself in his cocked-hat, invincible sword, and tarnished regimentals, and strutted about with a countenance so full of undaunted valour, that the very women and little children slept soundly every night, save when a troop of howling wolves approached the village under cover of darkness, and waked them with the apprehension of an attack of the Indians, led on by the Rolling Thunder himself, whose very name was enough to alarm a whole regiment of militia.

One of the most provoking things which mortal

man encounters in this spiteful world, is taking a vast deal of trouble to provide against a danger which never arrives. Yet nothing is more common than to see people laying up treasures they never live to enjoy; providing against exigencies that never happen; and sacrificing present ease, pleasure, and enjoyment, only to guard against the wants of a period that they never live to see.

It would almost seem that fate delights to mortify the pride of human wisdom, by exhibiting daily examples, how often the most watchful prudence is either idly employed in guarding against evils that never come, or in vainly attempting to evade the consequences of those that do; while, on the other hand, the most daring disregard to calculations of the future is often coupled with the most prosperous success. We would give that world of fancy, which is the only world to which we heroes of the quill can lay any positive claim, to be able to decide the question betwixt the relative prospects of a person of extraordinary prudence, and no prudence at all. Possibly, however, the course of our history may throw some light upon this matter.

More than a fortnight elapsed, amid the din of preparation, and the vigilance of watchful alarm, without any appearance of the Rolling Thunder and his painted warriors. Every day the Heer talked and strutted more loftily than the day before, and boasted more confidently of the sound drubbing he would give these *galgen schivenkels*, if they

dared to attack his fortress of Elsingburgh. But, alas! that man should always be passing from one extreme to another, from the fearfulness of apprehension, to the fool-hardihood of unbounded carelessness. Finding the Indians did not come as soon as he expected them, the good Heer at length persuaded himself they would not come at all, though he ought to have known that the race of the red men come like death, when least expected. He accordingly remitted his vigilance by degrees, and put his fortress upon the peace establishment, in spite of the singular and mysterious warnings of the Frizzled Head. That declamatory oddity was now more vehement than ever in her incomprehensible denunciations, never meeting the Heer without uttering some dismal raven's note.

"Sleep on, till thou wakest no more," cried she; "dream till thy dreamings end in waking woes; and believe that what is not, will never be."

"What meanest thou, thou eternal mill-clapper?" would the Heer reply; "away with thee, and either speak what thou knowest, or hold thy tongue. What knowest thou? *der teufel hole dich.*"

"I know what I know—I could tell what I will not tell—I could save those I love, at the risk of losing those that I love still better."

"Confound thee for a muddle-pated, crack-brained Snow Ball," quoth the Heer; while Bombie of the Frizzled Head would go in search of that likely fellow Cupid, her grandson, who every day became

more moody and ungovernable, and now spent more than half his time wandering about with his dog in the woods. These two were observed to have frequent conferences together, in which Bombie sometimes seemed greatly agitated; but the subject of their discussions was not known, as they excited little interest.

Whitsuntide came, and with it a hundred rural sports, and sprightly merry-makings. The buxom lasses, with gayest gear, and cheeks redder than the rose, accompanied by many a rustical and barbarous Corydon, hied forth to the woods, in search of *Pinckster apples*, or to play at hide-and-seek among the blossoms. The boys, and lads who were yet too young to think of sweethearts, were gathered together in a large level common, just without the village, pursuing such various sports as inclination led them to prefer. In one place, a party of lusty lads were playing at ball, having for audience some half a dozen black fellows, who applauded with obstreperous admiration any capital stroke or feat in running. Elsewhere, a party not quite old enough to be admitted among the others, were amusing themselves in pairs, by striking their balls from one to the other. A third set were shooting marbles; a fourth firing little lead cannons; a fifth setting off *ascotches*, as they are 'yclept in boyish parlance; a sixth was playing at chuck-farthing, with old buttons without eyes; a seventh rolling in the dirt; and an eighth, making

dirt pies. In short, there was no end to the diversity of sports; it was holyday, and all were happy as noise and freedom could make them.

The only drawback upon the pleasures of these merry and noisy wights, was the presence of that busybody Lob Dotterel, the high constable of Elsingburgh, who never saw a knot of people, great or small, making merry together, that he was not in the thickest of them, causing mischief, and spoiling sport, by what he was pleased to denominate keeping the peace. We should have mentioned before, that among the plans adopted by the Heer and his trusty counsellors for improving the police of Elsingburgh, was that of passing ordinances for the prevention of various amusements, which children have practised from time immemorial, and which are as much their right, as any of the immunities which men enjoy under the common law. If Lob Dotterel, who was always on the look-out, brought information that a horse had thrown his rider in consequence of being frightened by a paper kite, a law was forthwith enacted to forbid that dangerous and unlawful practice; if an old woman chanced to have her petticoat singed by the explosion of an ascotch, an ordinance was straightway fulminated against these pestilent fireworks; and so on till the urchins of the village were gradually so hemmed in by laws, that, if they had paid any attention to these enactments, the little rogues would hardly have had an amusement, or a play

that was not unlawful. Like many modern legislators of the present time, a single fact was sufficient ground for passing half a dozen great wordy laws, which, after all, nobody obeyed. These, for the most part, lay dormant, like a great spider in the recesses of his web, until the zeal of some Lob Dotterel would sally out upon some little buzzing fly of a boy, who had chanced to get entangled in their mazes.

It was amazing to see the bustling activity of *Lob*, on this occasion of the sports of Whitsuntide. If two little fellows happened to fall out in playing at marbles, or chuck-farthing, and proceeded to settle the dispute, by an appeal to the law of nature; or if a hubbub was raised in any part of the field, that indefatigable officer dashed in among them; and wherever he came, there was an awful silence, till he was called to some other quarter, to quell another riot, when his departure was announced by a renewal of the fight and noise. Never was poor man in such a worry; and never did poor man get so little for his pains, as Lob Dotterel, who might be said to be in the predicament of certain great conquerors, or rather, of certain legitimate monarchs, of the present day, who, the moment they have quelled an insurrection in one part of their territories, are straightway called to another for the like purpose. Various were the tricks put upon the high constable. At one time, they pinned a dishclout to the skirt of his coat, with

which he marched about for a time, unknowing of this appendage to his dignity; at another, they exploded an ascotch under his tail; and at a third, they pelted him behind his back with a shower of dirt and missiles of various kinds. It was in vain that he turned round to punish the delinquent, for at the instant, the fry dispersed like a flock of birds, and others attacked his rear with some new annoyance. Never man in authority was so baited and worried in the exercise of his office as Lob Dotterel, who finally quitted the field, disgusted with official dignity, leaving the small fry of Elsingburgh to play at ball, shoot marbles, fly kites, chuck-farthings, roll in the dirt, and fight rough and tumble, uninterrupted, all day long.

Towards sunset, the Heer, who had a certain mellowness about him that caused his heart to curvet and caper at the sight of human happiness, came out with honest Ludwig Varlett, who sympathised in such sports as these, to renovate his age with a sight of the lusty gambols. While thus employed, he was assailed by the Frizzled Head, who hovered near him, and poured forth a more than usual quantity of incomprehensibilities. Sometimes she addressed the Heer, and at others, turning towards the sportive groups, she would apostrophize them in seeming abstraction.

"Yes," muttered she, "yes, sport away, ye grasshoppers, that die dancing and singing! The cricket chirps in the hearth when the house is on

fire; the insect sports in the noonday sun, and dreams not of the coming midnight frost that lays him stiff and cold."

Then, turning to the governor, she would exclaim, with earnest energy—

"Heer! Heer!—Thou seest the sun going down yonder in the west; take heed lest you never see it rise again. Remember that danger comes like a thief in the night; and that the perils of sleep are greater than those of waking. To-morrow—who knows which of us shall see to-morrow?—to-morrow we may be, like yesterday, a portion of eternity. Remember, and despise not thy last warning!"

The sun went down; the chilly dews damped the grass and the hilarity of the sportful groups, that gradually broke away and returned to the village.

All that evening Bombie hovered about her master, as if impelled by some inscrutable impulse, and seeming to wish to say what she dared not utter.

"*Der teufel hole dich*," said the Heer at last; "What wouldst thou? I believe thou hast swallowed too much liquor, and art drunk."

"The spirit moves me," she slowly replied, "but it is not that spirit which is the curse of our race and thine."

"Then let it move thee to talk so as to be understood; say out, or say nothing, thou croaking raven."

"Yes—I am the raven whose notes forebode and forewarn: when the raven croaks, let the mortal at whose windows he flutters, beware; when Bombie croaks, do thou too beware, Heer."

"Of what?"

"Of—I cannot tell. To save the blood of those who have been kind to me, at least sometimes, I should shed blood that runs in the veins of the only being that claims kindred with me in this wide world. Heer, I have warned thee, farewell. When thou hearest the murderous yell, the dying shriek, the shout of triumph, and the crackling flames, blame not me.—Farewell!"

So saying, she slowly retired, and he saw her no more. The Heer pondered for a moment on her strange warnings; but he had been so accustomed to her wild and wayward talk, that the impression soon passed away. He retired to rest, and was soon in his usual profound sleep, the result of good health and a good conscience.

CHAPTER IV.

The wolf and weasel roam at night,
Aye seeking bloody prey;
The ghosts come out in sheet of white,
But man is worse than they.
The Robbing of the Roost.

NIGHT, that gives to the honest man rest, and rouses the rogue, the wolf, and the owl, to their predatory labours, now held her quiet sway over the peaceful inhabitants of the village. The vigilant sentinels, whose turn it was to watch at the gates of the palisades, which surrounded the place, were fast asleep at their posts, like their legitimate successors, the trusty watchmen of New-York and Philadelphia; and nothing disturbed the repose of midnight but the barkings of some sleepless curs, baying each other from afar. Not a soul was awake in the village save the mysterious Frizzled Head, who wandered about from the kitchen to the hall, and back again, muttering and mumbling her incomprehensible, disjointed talk. Suddenly she stopped before the great clock, and, contemplating it for a moment, exclaimed, "The hour is almost come. Now is the time, or never. I may yet save my master and his child without betraying my own blood."

So saying, she hobbled up to the chamber of the Long Finne, and, shaking him till he awoke, ex-

claimed, "Arise, Koningsmarke; the wolves are approaching. Awake, or thy sleep will last for ever."

"What of the wolves?" answered he, rubbing his eyes; "are they abroad to-night near the village?"

"Yes, the wolves that carry the tomahawk and scalping knife, that devour not the innocent lambs, but drink the blood of thy race. Ere half an hour is passed away you will hear the Rolling Thunder rattling, not in the clouds, but at thy door. Quick, arm thyself, and awaken the people that sleep on the brink of the grave. Be quick, I say; the Indians are out to-night."

Koningsmarke dressed himself hastily, seized his sword and rifle, and sallied forth to alarm the village; while Bombie went and roused the Heer, who bestowed upon her his benediction, for thus disturbing his slumbers. When, however, he was assured by the Frizzled Head, who for once condescended to be explicit, that the savages were abroad, he hastily dressed himself in his cocked-hat and rusty regimentals, girded on his sword, and hastened to perform the duties of his station. But ere half the men of the village were dressed, the great clock in the palace-hall struck twelve, and at that moment a horrible yell that rose from every quarter, announced that the place was surrounded by the savage warriors. That yell, which the adventurous founders of the new world were,

alas! too well accustomed to hear, roused all but the dead. All now was confusion, noise, and horror; yet still the hardy spirits of the villagers did not yield to despair. Every man waited at his post, and even the women and children stood ready to load the guns, and hand them to their brave defenders.

The little village of Elsingburgh was built close to the river, so that one part of the entrenchment, which consisted of thick palisades, about fourteen feet high, with loop-holes at equal distances for firing upon assailants, and strongly fastened to two rows of beams in the inner side, with locust-tree nails, was immersed in the water four or five feet at high tides. Here the fishing boats belonging to the villagers were drawn in every night, to secure them against theft, or injury from any quarter. This side of the village being in some degree protected by the river, the Indians bent all their efforts to set fire to the palisades, and force the gate, which looked towards the country.

Led on by the Rolling Thunder, the Indians assailed the gate, where fought the valiant Heer, seconded by Koningsmarke, and others of the stoutest of his people, with all the arts with which their limited modes of warfare furnished them. They essayed to set the gate on fire, by piling dry brush and wood against the outside; but the women and children brought water, which was handed to those who ventured upon the upper

beams we have described, who threw it upon the flames, and extinguished them from time to time. Several times did the fire catch to the dry palisades, and as often was it put out, by the unremitting exertions of those inside. The valiant Elsingburghers kept up an incessant fire through the loop-holes; but the obscurity of the night prevented their taking deadly aim, although now and then a yell announced that a shot had taken effect.

Baffled in their attempts to fire the palisades, the savages now brought large stones, and, piling them up against the outside, attempted from thence to climb to the top, and thus jump into the area within. But the marksmen were on the watch, and the moment of the appearance of a head above the palisades, was the signal of death to the assailant. The Indians have little perseverance in war, and soon become discouraged by resistance. Their efforts now began to flag; when, all at once, an explosion from the little magazine where the powder was deposited, announced to the horror struck villagers, that their great means of defence was annihilated in one instant. A groan from within, and a shout from without the defences, announced the despair of the white men, and the triumph of the savages.

The gallant Heer, perceiving now that all was lost, and that the daylight, now just peering in the east, would witness the massacre of himself, his daughter, and his people, motioned to Konings-

marke to go and open the gate towards the river, prepare the boats, and embark the women and children, with all possible speed, while he himself attempted still to make good the defence of the western gate. With silent celerity these orders were obeyed, and Koningsmarke returned in a few minutes, to say that all was ready. "Go now," said the Long Finne, "while Ludwig Varlett, Lob Dotterel, and I, make a stand here, until you are safe." "*Der teufel*," quoth the Heer, "go thou —I must be the last man that deserts his post;— away." "Nay," said the other, "you are old, and cannot run like us; remember thy daughter, thy only daughter. If thou shouldst perish, who will protect her?" "Thou," said the Heer; "remember, if any thing happens to me, I leave her as my dying legacy. Farewell; we must lose no more time in disputing who shall go. When you hear a gun, come speedily."

The Heer and the rest now hastily pursued their way towards the boats, leaving Koningsmarke with his two companions, to make a last stand, for the safety of their poor villagers. The gate was now in a blaze, and, being battered with large stones, as well as weakened by the fire, began to creak and totter fearfully, when the signal was fired. At that moment the gate fell inward. The Indians gave a shout, and waited half a minute to let the burning cinders disperse. That half minute enabled Koningsmarke and his companions to gain

a decisive advantage. They fled, pursued by some of the foremost savages, one of whom seized the queue of Lob Dotterel, who luckily wore a wig, which he left in the hands of the astonished warrior as a trophy. The three fugitives jumped into the boat, where was the fair Christina and some two or three women and children, and pushed it off after the others, which had drawn off to some distance. A tall Indian rushed into the water after the last boat, and seized hold of the gunwale with his left hand, grasping his tomahawk in his right. Koningsmarke hastened to the bow with his sword, and with a well-aimed blow cut off the hand that detained the boat. The savage then seized her by the other, which was cut off at the same instant by Koningsmarke. The Indian yelled with rage and fury, and, as the last effort of despair, seized by the side of the boat with his teeth, where he maintained his hold, till his head was severed from his body, and he fell dead into the blood-dyed waters.

But his efforts were fatal to the party in the boat, by enabling several other Indians to rush into the river and seize her at various points. "Make no further resistance, and your lives will be spared; fight, and you die," exclaimed the voice of the Frizzled Head from the shore. Christina, in this moment of terror, threw her white arms around Koningsmarke, and conjured him to listen to the warning. Reluctantly he yielded; the boat was

drawn ashore, and the party made prisoners by the Indians, among whom appeared that likely fellow Cupid, who was now seen for the first time, during the whole of this eventful night. Bombie kissed the hand of her young mistress, while the tears rolled down her withered cheeks, and, turning to the Long Finne, exclaimed with solemn earnestness, "The lamb is committed to thee as its shepherd; prove not a wolf to devour it, but watch by day and by night; let not thine eye wink, or thine ear close for a moment, but watch, watch, watch, like the stars that never sleep. Be faithful, and the spirit of the sainted mother may yet forgive the preserver of the daughter." Koningsmarke placed his hand on his heart, lifted his eyes to heaven, and then bowing to the earth, replied in a low voice, "So help me God."

Scarce had the boats which held the fugitives of Elsingburgh rowed out of the reach of the savages, when a cloud of smoke rose on the bosom of the night, succeeded by an hundred rising wreaths of fire, that announced the swift destruction of the homes of the poor villagers. They sat in their boats, weeping and wringing their hands, as one by one the roofs fell in, and the blazing cinders flew aloft in showers of glittering atoms.

The good Heer, who was unconscious that a still heavier calamity had fallen on his aged head, viewed with silent sorrow the destruction of the little settling place, which, in his hours of proud

anticipation, he had pictured as the future capital of a vast empire, of which he would be hailed as the founder. When nothing remained of the village but the ruins, a wild, shrill whoop announced the triumph and departure of the savages, who, just before the rising of the sun, set forth, with exulting hearts, for their forest homes.

As the day advanced, the fugitives ventured to approach the place where their dwellings once stood. Slowly and cautiously they neared the shore, and, perceiving no traces of the Indians, ventured to land among the smoking ruins. Nothing remained of their homes but their ashes, and, like the Israelites, they only returned to weep. Each had suffered in common with the others, and while some uttered loud exclamations of grief, others stood stupified with overwhelming despair.

But the unfortunate Heer, on discovering, for the first time, when they came to the shore, that his daughter was missing, was like one distracted. He ran about in an agony of sorrow, blaming every body, accusing every one of negligence, and himself most of all. Striking his wrinkled forehead, he cried out—"My daughter! Oh, my daughter! my only, my beloved child, where art thou now? Alas! thy bones are now whitening in these smoking ashes; or thou art a wretched captive among cruel savages, who will not spare a hair of thine innocent head. And Koningsmarke too! they have

perished together, and would to God I had died with them."

"They are not dead," cried a voice, which announced the presence of the Frizzled Head; "they are not dead; they are carried into captivity, and one day thou mayest perhaps see thy daughter again."

"I shall die," replied the Heer, "long before she comes back to me;" and he tore his gray hairs, and would not be comforted, although aunt Edith assured him it was the Lord's doing, and therefore it was sinful to repine.

"Alas!" said the sorrowing parent, "the same being gave me an only daughter, and a father's heart to love her. It cannot be a sin to weep the loss of what he gave me." Aunt Edith called this blasphemy, and began to lecture him upon the wickedness of permitting poor Christina to dance and sing. But he heard her not—he stood half bent in the stupor of overwhelming grief, the image of withered, woful despair.

But that salutary necessity for exertion which was given to man, not as a punishment, but a solace and an eventual cure for calamity, did not permit the poor houseless villagers to indulge in the idleness of grief. Without food and shelter, and almost out of the reach of those kindly offices of good neighbourhood, which, in more thickly settled countries, soon help to repair the sudden calamities of life, they must depend on their own resources

to supply their wants. Accordingly, like the indefatigable hornets, who, when their nest is demolished by schoolboys, straightway set about rebuilding it again, our villagers began preparing some temporary shelter. They erected bowers of the branches of trees, and made their beds of leaves. Some employed themselves in fishing, others in hunting, and all were busy even unto the Dominie, who went about comforting the people with the assurance that the burning of the village and the loss of their friends was a judgment upon them for the unseemly sports they had permitted their children to indulge in at Whitsuntide. But it was observed, that those who most strenuously supported this doctrine when the judgments fell upon their neighbours, found it rather unpalatable, now that they themselves shared in the calamity.

Perceiving this to be the case, Dominie Kanttwell talked about turning misfortunes into blessings; the privations of the body to the fattening of the spirit, and the calamities of this world into rejoicings. The saints of old, he told them, fasted whole days, nay, sometimes weeks, in voluntary penance; and were accustomed to sleep in the woods or open fields, only to mortify the sinful lusts of the flesh. But for all this, the Dominie's house was the first that was rebuilt; the Dominie had always the fattest fish, and the choicest piece of venison; and before the village was half rebuilt, aunt Edith went

round with a subscription to purchase him a new gown, and a silver watch, that he might know when it was time to go to meetings.

The day but one after the burning of the village, the Heer was surprised by a visit from his old enemy, Shadrach Moneypenny, accompanied by a good number of *Big Hats*, in boats, bringing with them a supply of food, boards, timber, and other necessaries, together with mechanics to assist them in rebuilding their houses. All these were sent by the good William Penn, who, hearing of their calamity, had opened—no, his heart was always open—had sent them this timely relief. Shadrach was not quite so dry and stiff as at his former visit, and when he appeared in the Heer's presence, paid that respect to his misfortunes which he had denied to his prosperity, by coming as near to making a bow as his canons of courtesy would permit.

"Friend Piper," quoth Shadrach, and the term friend, which had formerly sounded so uncouth, was now grateful to the ear of the broken down parent—"Friend Piper, I come from thy neighbour William Penn, who hath heard of thy misfortune, and sent thee the little he can spare for the relief of thy people."

"But I cannot pay for these, and thy people are said to expect payment for every thing."

"Friend Piper," replied Shadrach, "it may be

that when our people make bargains in the way of business, they are earnest for payment; but when they administer to the sufferings, or contribute to relieve the calamities of their fellow creatures, they expect not to be repaid in this world. William Penn freely bestows upon thee what I have brought; and moreover, bids me say he will send to the Indians, by the first opportunity, to seek, and, if possible, recover thy lost child."

The ancient prejudices of the Heer against his peaceable neighbours of Coaquanock now rushed to his heart, and were there buried for ever in a flood of gratitude. The mention of his daughter, combined with the generous gifts and never broken promises of William Penn, overpowered the old father, and he wept aloud. When his emotions had somewhat subsided, he took Shadrach's hand and said, "Friend, I cannot thank thee." "There is no need, friend Piper. All that William Penn asks of thee, is that thou wilt believe that men were not made, like the beasts of the forest, only to shed each other's blood." The Heer stood corrected, for he remembered the sneers he had thrown out against his peaceable neighbours, the *Big Hats* of Coaquanock.

Aided by these good people, whom the spirit moved to second zealousy the exertions of those of Elsingburgh, that village was renewed, and swarmed again like a bee-hive. The Heer and

his subjects long retained a grateful recollection of the kindness of the good William Penn, with the exception, however, of the Dominie and aunt Edith, who were accustomed to flout all good works, and to despise the kind offices of all, save those whom they were pleased to denominate the *elect*.

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

Of demonology and witchcraft in writing.

NOTWITHSTANDING the testimony of King James the First, Cotton Mather, and divers other unquestionable authorities, backed by the opinions of a good portion of mankind, in all time passed, there are a vast many philosophers of this unbelieving age, who affect to doubt the existence of witchcraft, or diabolism, in the affairs of this world. There is no use in arguing with such sturdy unbelievers. We will therefore content ourselves with expressing a firm conviction, that this influence does exist even at this present time; and that its effects are every day to be seen, more especially in certain highly gifted persons being thereby enabled to perform tasks, which in the ordinary limits of the human faculties, would be quite impossible.

In no instance does this diabolical, or magical power, this direct influence of what Sir Walter Scott calls "gramarye," appear so evident to us,

as in the ease with which certain great authors produce those immortal works, that succeed each other with the rapidity of the discharges of a repeating gun. Indeed, if we look back to the first invention of printing, an art which may be said to be the parent of authorship, we shall trace it to this diabolical influence, in the case of the renowned Doctor Faustus, whose power of multiplying books was universally ascribed to the direct agency of gramarye, and who to this day is familiarly coupled with the spirit of darkness. Nay, the doctor, according to unquestionable tradition, was finally carried away, in consequence of a compact, the conditions of which every body is acquainted with. This origin of the art is commemorated in the singular fact, that a certain class of persons employed in the printing-offices are to this day familiarly called printer's devils, indubitably with reference to this diabolical origin of the art. The name of this mischievous and evil disposed familiar, or bad spirit, who inspired Doctor Faustus, was Mephostophilos, as we learn from old Christopher Marlow.

That this same Mephostophilos still exercises great influence in the affairs of authors and printers, and occasionally contracts to lend his assistance on certain conditions, is, we think, sufficiently apparent in the case of various great writers now living, who, not to be profane, certainly write as

if the d—l were in them. Some we behold committing the most foul offences against our mortal enemy, common sense; others exhibiting unquestionable proofs of the inspiration which animates them, by attacking and tearing to pieces, the characters of men, women, and little children, and thus committing the most wanton depredations on the scanty stock of human happiness. But if the truth must be ventured upon, in no class of writers do we see this diabolical spirit so clearly evinced, as among the critics, who, not to speak irreverently of these dispensers of fame, do certainly display a most horrible propensity to wickedness, in mauling and cutting up innocent authors, with as little remorse as if they were so many cabbages or pumpkins.

The gentle and courteous reader has, doubtless, long before this, discovered that we ourselves deal in no such wicked compacts, and that we lay claim to no inspiration but what is honestly come by at least. No motive of profit or convenience can possibly induce us to make any covenant with Mephostophilos or any other evil disposed enormity, or to introduce our readers to a fellowship with any being more mischievous than an author. So far from this, we will for the present take our leave of him, with an honest, old-fashioned benediction on his house and all within it, which, in truth, may not be altogether superfluous, seeing

there be so many evil spirits abroad now-a-days, both in prose and poetry.

"Saint Francis and Saint Benedight,
Blesse this house from wicked wight,
From the nightmare and the goblin,
That is hight Good Fellow Robin;
Keep it from all evil spirits,
Fairies, weasels, rats, and ferrets,
From curfew time
To the next prime."

CHAPTER II.

"Through untrack'd woods, a weary way,
They wander'd with great pain;
And some that went forth on that day,
Never return'd again."

After the savages had completed the plundering and burning of the village, they departed with their prisoners towards the river, on whose banks the principal part of them resided. Besides the fair Christina and Koningsmarke, the captives consisted of Counsellor Ludwig Varlett, Lob Dotterel, a poor man named Claas Tomeson, his wife and child, and that likely fellow Cupid, who, for some cause or other, seemed rather to accompany them voluntarily than by compulsion.

They shaped their course to the westward, passing through deep forests, where the sound of the axe had never been heard, and where the wild animals had hitherto maintained undisturbed possession. Poor Christina was soon so worn down with grief and fatigue, that she was incapable of keeping up with the rest of the party, and had not the Long Finne sometimes taken her in his arms and carried her through the swamps, she would have been murdered by the savages, who several times turned back and threatened her with their tomahawks. At the end of the first day's journey,

the luckless wife of Claas Tomeson, whose infant was scarcely a month old, was so worn down, that the Indians debated whether they should not put an end to them both. Finally it was resolved upon, and they were despatched, in spite of the shrieks of Christina, and the agonizing cries of the husband, who was first tied to a tree, and thus he witnessed, without being able to make a single effort to prevent it, the fate of his helpless wife, and still more helpless infant.

Three days more they journeyed in this manner, Christina every day becoming more weak, and every moment expecting to meet the fate of the poor woman and her child. Towards the evening of the fourth, they approached the banks of the river on which dwelt the tribe of the Rolling Thunder, and gave the war-whoop, which was answered by the women, children, and old men, that had remained at home. One of the warriors had been previously sent to the town to inform them of the success of the expedition, and prepare them for a frolic. Accordingly, the party was met about half a mile from the town, by an infuriated rabble, armed with guns, clubs, and tomahawks, hallooing and whooping with horrible exultation, mixed with cries of vengeance, from the kindred of those who had been slain in the attack upon Elsingburgh.

Poor Claas Tomeson was selected, on this occasion, for the object of their infernal merriment. He

was stripped, painted black with charcoal, and apprized that if he gained the door of the council-house, which was pointed out to him, he would be safe. They then gave him the start about six paces, and Claas ran for his life, followed by the yelling crew, who assailed him with every ingenuity of torture they could devise; beating him with clubs, cutting at him with their tomahawks, and sometimes putting the muzzles of their guns close to his naked skin and firing powder into it, powowing and beating their rude drums all the while. Poor Claas, although wounded and maimed in a cruel manner, animated by a last hope, exerted himself to the utmost, and at length succeeded in gaining the door of the council-house, that sanctuary even among barbarians. He seized the door post, and at the same instant fainted under his tortures and exertions. A dispute now arose, whether he had fairly entitled himself to the condition upon which his life was to be spared, and it was with great difficulty the old men could restrain the infuriated youth from despatching him. At length it was agreed to spare the victim, at least for the present, and he was carried to a wigwam, where a doctor or conjurer was sent to attend upon him.

The first thing the doctor did, was to mumble to himself a parcel of unconnected jargon, which poor Claas as little comprehended as a civilized patient does a civilized doctor, when he describes his symptoms. He then caused a large fire to be

made, and the door to be shut, and thereupon began to cut capers and shout aloud, until he was in a glorious perspiration; it being his opinion, that whenever a patient could not take sufficient exercise to produce this effect upon himself, the next best thing was for the doctor to do it for him. So, also, if it was necessary to take medicines, or fast, the practice of the Indian doctor was to take the physic, and undergo the penance himself; all which equally redounded to the benefit of the sick man—provided the doctor was well paid. Without that indispensable preliminary, this mode of cure was divested of all its efficacy. After capering himself into a fine perspiration, and swallowing a dose of something, the doctor inquired of Claas how he felt himself. The poor fellow, who was soon recovered to the use of his senses, thought it most prudent to compliment the doctor by saying he was much better; for he was apprehensive that if he lost all hope of finally curing his patient, he might cut the matter short and save his credit, by recommending an *auto de fe;* so he professed himself marvellously benefitted.

The next day the doctor came again, cut a few more capers, talked a little jargon, and took a drink of strong liquor, or rum, in order to strengthen his patient, who, as before, declared the great benefit he received from the prescription. The third time, the doctor brought with him his great medicine, as he called it, which was to perfect the cure. He

began with making the most diabolical faces imaginable; then he puffed, and strained, and struggled, as if contesting with some invisible being with might and main. Presently he ceased, crying out, at the same time, "Mila-mila-kipokitie koasab," which, in the learned language of the Indians, means, "give, give me thy breeches." This being explained to Claas, and he at the same time assured that the success of the great medicine depended upon complying with the requisitions of the doctor, he was fain to give up his breeches. The doctor then commenced another great contest with the invisible Maneto, whom he again tumbled on the floor with a mighty effort, exclaiming at the same time —"Mila-mila-capotionian," which means, "give me thy coat." With this also poor Claas complied. Hereupon the doctor began a struggle more desperate than the preceding, which terminated in his crying out aloud—"Mila-mila-papakionian," which means, "give me thy waistcoat." Claas parted with his red waistcoat, gorgeously bedecked with round metal buttons, with a sore heart. In this way the doctor gradually divested his patient of all his valuables, and at length, looking round to see if there was any thing left, he took from his leathern pouch an eagle's feather, and, pulling some of the down, blew it in the face of his patient, crying out—"*Houana! houana!—magat! magat!*" "'T is done—'t is done—he is strong, he is strong." Then carefully gathering together the various items

of his fee, he marched with astonishing dignity and gravity out of the wigwam. In process of time honest Claas actually recovered, furnishing a pregnant example of the excellent effects resulting from the doctor's taking his own prescriptions, instead of administering them to the patient.

In the meanwhile a council had been held for the purpose of deciding the destinies of the other prisoners. Agreeably to the customs of these people, the relatives of an Indian killed in battle have the choice, either of adopting a prisoner in the room of the friend they have lost, or of putting him to death by torture. Accordingly, Christina, Koningsmarke, Counsellor Varlett, Lob Dotterel, and Claas Tomeson, the latter scarce recovered from the effects of the gauntlet he had run, were brought forth in front of the council-house, to receive their doom of death or adoption.

The mothers of three warriors slain at the attack upon Elsingburgh came forth, howling, and tearing their long black hair, like so many furies thirsting for the blood of their victims; while the young children, taught from their infancy to banquet on the tortures of their enemies, stood ready to assist, if necessary, in executing the judgment. After examining the prisoners for a few minutes, as if debating whether to yield to the suggestions of policy or vengeance, a young squaw came forward, and taking the hand of Christina, exclaimed—"Five moons ago I lost a sister, who was carried

away by the Mohawks; thou shalt take her place, and be unto me as a sister." The old men signified their acquiescence, and the Indian girl led her white sister to her wigwam.

The wife of the chief who was slain in attempting to detain the boat, as we have heretofore stated, then stepped forth, after having for awhile contemplated the face and form of the Long Finne, and addressed the old men—"My children have lost a father, I a husband—revenge is sweet—but who will hunt for us, and supply us with food in the long winters, if I should say, let us sacrifice this white man who killed a red chief? No—let him be my slave, and hunt for me, as he did who is now gone to the land of spirits." Her choice was in like manner sanctioned by the sages, and Koningsmarke was given to the Indian widow as her husband, or slave, as she should ultimately decide.

Next came the turn of Lob Dotterel, whose bald pate excited in no small degree, the wonder of the forest kings, who had heard the story of his scalp coming off in such a miraculous manner. A grand council had been held upon his wig, but they could make nothing of it. The prevailing opinion was, that it was a great medicine, by the virtue of which Lob had escaped all damage from an operation so fatal to others, and that the high constable was a sort of wizzard, whom it would be somewhat dangerous to meddle with. After a long talk among

the old men, it was at length decided to spare him, for the present, with a view to his instructing them in the method of compounding this great medicine, so important to the safety of the Indian warrior.

Counsellor Varlett and Claas Tomeson now only remained to be adjudged, and the assemblage of women and children began to murmur at the thoughts of losing what is considered a high frolic among them, in like manner as civilized women and children delight in seeing a man hanged. The mothers of two of the warriors slain at Elsingburgh, came forward, and clamorously demanded their victims; a demand, which, according to the sacred customs of the savages, must not be denied. Their doom was accordingly pronounced, and hailed by the dismal scalp halloo, the signal of torture and death. The two victims were accordingly seized, stripped, and painted black, and beaten with sticks by the women and boys. Claas Tomeson's hands were then tied behind his back with a rope, the other end of which was fastened to a stake about fifteen feet high, leaving sufficient length to admit of his going round it two or three times, and back again. A chief then addressed the multitude, urging every topic calculated to excite their ruling passion of revenge, and was answered by a yell that made the vast forest ring.

Then began a scene of horror which has been often witnessed by the dauntless spirits who marched in the van, to the exploring and settling of this new

world, and which may, perhaps, in some measure, serve to excuse their harshness to that unhappy race, by whom their friends and brothers have so often suffered. The Indian men first approached, and fired powder into his naked skin. Then they lighted the pile, composed of sticks, one end of which was previously charred by fire laid around the post, at the distance of five or six yards. A party of these exasperated and inhuman beings, then seizing the burning brands, surrounded the wretched victim, and thrust them into his naked body. Presenting themselves on every side, which ever way he ran, he met the fiends with their burning fagots, and if he stood still, they all assailed him at once. The squaws then threw the hot ashes and burning coals upon his bare head, which, falling upon the ground, in a little while he had nothing to tread upon but a bed of fire. Claas called them cowards—women—and begged them to shoot him like men and warriors. But they only answered him with laughter, shouts, and new tortures. Claas then, in the agony of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have compassion upon him, and permit him at once to die. "Hark!" cried the warriors; "he is a woman, he is no warrior, he cries out like a coward." Exhausted, at length, with pain and exertion, he laid himself down upon his face, gradually losing all acuteness of sensation, and apparently becoming almost insensible. But from this blessed apathy he was roused by an old

hag, who, placing some burning coals on a piece of bark, threw them upon his back, which was now excoriated from head to foot. The poor victim again started upon his feet, and walked slowly round the post, gazing with a vacant look on those about him, and appearing hardly to know what was going forward. Perceiving that he was no longer susceptible to suffering, a chief came behind him, and buried his tomahawk in the back of his head. He fell, and yielded his tortured spirit without a groan.

It now came to the turn of Ludwig Varlett, who had witnessed this scene with a degree of firmness, peculiar to that class of people who march in the van of civilization, in our woody progress, and whose daily toils, dangers and exposures, gradually render them almost insensible to fear or suffering. Perceiving his fate to be inevitable, he resolved to meet it like a man; at the same time a thought came over him, that he might possibly escape the tortures of his poor comrade. By means of some little smattering of their language, which he had acquired as a trader, he managed to make the chiefs comprehend that he was in possession of a great medicine, so powerful, as to render those acquainted with the secret, invulnerable to a rifle ball. The chiefs shook their heads, with a sort of incredulous chuckle, and asked him if he were willing to try the experiment in his own person. Ludwig said yes, and desired that five or six of them would

load their guns, while he placed himself about ten yards distant. They did so, and the crowd stood in breathless anxiety to witness the virtues of the great medicine. "One—two—three—fire!" cried he; and the next instant he lay stretched a corse. The Indians ran up to him, and then, for the first time, comprehending the whole affair, they became mad with rage and disappointment. They tore his body into pieces, scooped up his blood with their hands, and drank it smoking hot, and finally tossed his limbs into the flames. But the brave Ludwig felt it not, and escaped, by his presence of mind, the sad and lingering tortures of Indian cruelty.

This horrible festival was concluded by a drinking match, which they were enabled to carry to the most extravagant excess, by means of a quantity of spirits they had taken at the village of Elsingburgh. The two tribes, who had been jointly engaged in that expedition, first separated, the one crossing the river, in order that the remembrance of former injuries, which is the first impulse of intoxication in the mind of an Indian, might not produce hostilities between the two. They then appointed persons to secrete their arms, and maintain order during the scene which was to ensue. The debauch then commenced, by pouring a keg of spirits into a large kettle, and dipping it out with wooden ladles. A scene ensued which baffles all description. The shoutings, hallooings, whoopings,

and shrieks, of each party, were heard at intervals, during the whole night, and the morning presented the wretched bacchanals, dejected, worn out, and melancholy in the extreme. Some had their clothes torn from their backs, some were wounded, others crippled, and three dead bodies marked the bloody excesses to which barbarians are prone, when their dormant passions are excited by that most pernicious foe of savage and civilized man, strong drink.

CHAPTER III.

"I have some little smattering of Greek,
Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Egyptian,
Welsh, Irish, Dutch, and Biscayan;
Indeed, all the tongues of Europe,
Asia, and Africa, are tolerably familiar—
But in America, and the new-found world,
I very much fear there be some languages
That would go near to puzzle me."

In the meantime Christina was taken home by the Indian girl, who was called Aouetti, which signifies Deer Eyes, from their resemblance in wildness and brilliancy to those of that animal. Aouetti was considered the beauty of the village, having, in addition to her fine eyes, a profusion of long black hair, a pretty, round, graceful figure, and an expression of tender seriousness in her countenance, peculiarly interesting. The family consisted of Aouetti's mother, an aged widow, and the *Night Shadow*, her only son, one of the most distinguished warriors and hunters of the tribe. Night Shadow was upwards of six feet high, straight as a pine, active as the deer, and brave as a lion. He could turn his face towards any point of the compass, and march a hundred miles through the forest without deviating to the right or to the left; he could follow the track of man or beast upon the dry leaves, with the sagacious instinct of a hound;

and in hunting he disdained to pursue any but the noblest beasts of the forest. The wigwam inhabited by this family was of the better sort, having two rooms, partitioned off from each other by strips of bark.

Christina became an inmate of this simple habitation, and was treated in all respects as if she were the daughter of the same mother. Aouetti was very fond of her, and gave her the name of *Mimi*, which, in her language, signified the Turtle Dove. The mother addressed her as daughter, the young people as sister. Among the savages, all women, whatever be their rank, work, if they are capable of employment. With the exception of a few slaves, who were sometimes reserved from among their prisoners, the labours of the field and of the household, were all performed by the females. Poor Christina, whose education had little qualified her for this mode of life, made but an awkward hand at planting corn, and little Deer Eyes often laughed at her bringing up, as quite ridiculous for a woman. Christina was therefore indulged in the performance of less laborious duties, such as bringing water from the spring, just in the centre of the village; gathering cranberries, and preparing their daily meals; to which last she soon became adequate, as their art of cookery was extremely simple. In this manner the time passed away, heavily indeed; but although her thoughts perpetually recurred to her home in the village of Elsingburgh,

and to the kindness of her father, now dead perhaps, or if living, mourning her absence in all the anxiety of perfect ignorance whether she were living or dead; still Christina did not sink under her misfortunes. Perhaps the secret consciousness that her lover was near, and shared her fate, contributed not a little to support her in these hours of trial.

The Long Finne, whose life, as we have before stated, was reprieved by the widow, became her slave, according to the Indian custom. For a time he was narrowly watched, and never suffered out of sight of the village. But perceiving that he preserved a cheerful countenance, and seemed by degrees to become reconciled to his situation, they gradually relaxed in their vigilance, and sometimes took him out hunting with them.

The first time this happened, the Long Finne, anxious to distinguish himself, shot so well that the savage hunters became not a little jealous; for they are extremely tenacious of their superior skill, not only in war, but in hunting. Perceiving this to be the case, Koningsmarke designedly missed several shots, and they became highly pleased to think that his first success was merely owing to chance. By degrees, as he gained their confidence, they suffered him to go into the woods by himself to hunt, so that, if he could have endured the thought of deserting Christina, he might, in all probability, have escaped. He often debated whether it would not be better to attempt returning

to Elsingburgh with a view to apprize the Heer of his daughter's situation, in order that measures might be taken to ransom her; but the fear that the savages might perhaps revenge his desertion by the sacrifice of his fellow prisoners, deterred him from putting this project into execution.

In the intervals of his labours, and in the evening, the Long Finne, when he had become sufficiently acquainted with the Indian language, was amused with the conversation of an aged Indian warrior, the father of his mistress, who resided in the family. Ollentangi, as he was called, had been in his day a great warrior, statesman and hunter. But he was now nearly seventy years old, and, being subject to rheumatism, the common malady of the old Indians, lived a life of leisure, and passed his time principally in smoking. Ollentangi was considered as one of the wisest men of his tribe, and, indeed, so far as the light of nature could carry him, was justly entitled to the appellation of a sage. Had his opportunities been equal, he might perhaps have been a Solon or a Socrates. With this old man Koningsmarke often discussed the comparative excellence of the Indian religion, customs, laws, and modes of society, contrasted with those of civilized nations, and was frequently surprised at the ingenuity with which he maintained the superior happiness and virtue of the savages.

It was Ollentangi's opinion, that the Great Spirit had made the red men for the shade, and the white

men for the sunshine; the former to hunt, the latter to work.

"Your black gowns," would he say, "tell us to believe as they do, and live as they live. They say we must set about dividing our forests, putting up fences, and ploughing with horses and oxen. But who is to say what shall belong to each man, that we may put up our fences accordingly? Where are we to get oxen and horses? We have nothing but furs to pay for them, and if we leave off hunting before we have become farmers, we shall neither have furs to barter, nor meat to support us. As to our religion," continued he, "we think we can understand it, but that is more than we can say of yours. Our religion is fitted for our state of nature; it is incorporated with our habits and manners, and we must change these before we are fit to become Christians. You may in time make us bad Indians, but you will never make us good white men. Be certain that so long as we have plenty of game, we shall never become farmers, nor send our children to school, nor believe in your Gods."

"You talk of our Gods, Ollentangi," said Koningsmarke—"we acknowledge but one."

"Yes, but then you have a Good Spirit and an Evil Spirit, and your Good Spirit is, according to your own account, not so powerful as your Bad one, who not only causes your world to be overrun with evil, but actually carries off a vast many more

people than your Good Spirit. It would seem, from this, that he was the more powerful of the two. Besides, your black gowns have assured me that their Good Spirit is composed of three Good Spirits, all equal; therefore, you must have more Gods than one."

Koningsmarke endeavoured to explain the mystery of the Trinity to Ollentangi, but without effect. It was beyond the comprehension of the man of nature, who continued obstinately to affirm, that if the Great Spirit was composed of three Great Spirits, they must have a plurality of Spirits, and that if it was not so composed, then his doctrine could not be true. Such is the utmost extent to which human reason can carry the man of nature.

One day Ollentangi came, and with much gravity informed Koningsmarke that he had a great project in his head, for the benefit of the white men.

"Listen," said he: "That you are a miserable race in your own country, appears certain, or you would not have come hither to disturb us. Now our wise men have just determined to send some of our best conjurors out to your country to convert your people to our belief; to teach them to hunt the deer, and to live without cheating one another in making bargains: what think you of this?"

"But," said Koningsmarke, "your conjurors don't understand our language."

"Oh that is easily got over. They shall teach your people ours," replied Ollentangi.

"Well, but the state of society is so different among us, that your conjurers could never teach us to live as you do—besides, we have so little game that if we all became hunters we should be likely to starve."

"Oh but we shall soon remedy that—we shall plant acorns, and they in time will grow into great forests of trees, and game will increase accordingly."

"Yes, but what shall we do while the trees are growing? We have a saying, that while the grass grows the steed starves. It will take five thousand moons for the forest to become like these."

"Well, and how long will it take for an Indian to become a white man? A little tree, if let alone, will grow into a great one within a certain time. It takes longer to change men than trees. But let us proceed; our conjurers shall teach you, among other things, to believe in all our great medicines, to make an eagle's feather protect you from a bullet, a fish-bone ward off the lightning, and a tobacco-leaf secure you from all the dangers of the forest. They shall teach you all these things."

"But we can't be taught such things, Ollentangi; we shall not be able to comprehend, or believe that a fish-bone can be made to keep off lightning. 'T is contrary to all our experience, and, to say the truth, is too foolish for the most ignorant among us to believe. If it is a mystery, we can't comprehend it; if it is no mystery, 't is no better than nonsense."

"Very well—you tell me our religion is too foolish for your wisdom, and yours is too wise for our folly. We shall teach you a little of our ignorance in these matters, that you may comprehend us; and you shall teach us some of your wisdom, that we may comprehend you. This will be proper and neighbourly. We shall in time make men of you. I don't think your case quite desperate."

"But you will not be able to teach us ignorance, as you call it. The mind never goes backwards."

"You have just acknowledged what I want you to believe, namely, that we Indians are wiser and happier than you. I have known several white men become Indians, but I never saw an Indian turn white man. Therefore, if the human mind never goes backwards, 'tis a proof that the state of nature is better than the civilized state."

One evening Koningsmarke undertook to prove to Ollentangi, that a people who cultivated the ground had a right to take it away from those who only hunted upon it, because it was the will of the Great Spirit that the human race should increase to the greatest possible number in all parts of the world. "Now you red men pretend to occupy the whole country for a hundred miles round," said the Long Finne, "though there is but two or three hundred of you, and it is large enough, if properly cultivated, to support five hundred times as many."

"Very well," replied Ollentangi; "you say it is the will of the Great Spirit that men should increase

and be happy. You told me the other day, I remember, that your countrymen came here to look for land, because there were too many people and too little land in their country. People then, by your account, can increase too fast for their happiness. Now this never happens to us red men, therefore we are happier than you. Besides, you tried to persuade me not long since, that hardly one in a hundred of the white people were happy when they returned to the region of souls. It is plain, therefore, that the more people there are in this world, the more they will want land, and the greater will be the number of the miserable in a future state. How is this?"

Koningsmarke undertook to explain all these matters, but they were beyond the reach of the old man's philosophy, although one of the most acute Indians of the new world. Among other things, Ollentangi laughed, a thing he very seldom did, when Koningsmarke impeached the right of the Indians to the forests, which they had possessed for several generations.

"Listen to me," said he—"More than twenty thousand moons ago, a female pappoose was found, only a month old, in the waters of a lake, lying in a little canoe of rushes. When this pappoose grew up, she became a great prophetess, and before she disappeared she foretold the coming of the white man. She performed many strange and wonderful things, such as turning night into day, and water

into dry land. As our people increased, she made this continent, which was at first but a little island; and told us to remove hither, for we lived a great many month's journey towards the rising sun. Though our people were as yet but few, we wanted room to hunt; so the squaw went to the water side, and prayed that the little island might grow bigger, for the use of her chosen people. The Great Spirit hereupon sent a great number of tortoises and muskrats, that brought mud, sand, and other things, so that, in time, the island became a great continent. In memory of this service, our tribe was divided into two parts; one of which is called the Mud Turtle, the other the Muskrat. Now, as our great grandmother made this country for our own use entirely, and on purpose that we might have plenty of room to hunt in, it is plain that you white men can have no claim upon it, but that you tell us great lies about your Great Spirit having made it for you."

At another time, Koningsmarke took occasion to treat Ollentangi's philosophy and religion with very little ceremony, affirming that it was nothing but the light of nature, which only served to lead people astray.

"Very good," replied Ollentangi—"I see every day the bears, beavers, and all other animals, pursuing their natural impulses, by which they attain to such a degree of happiness as they are capable of enjoying. The beasts that live in the woods

follow, then, what you call the light of nature. Now which is the happiest, a dog that is chained up all day, whipped, and kicked into the knowledge of white men, to snarl and bite, and point with his nose, or a deer that runs wild in the forest, and pursues what you call the light of nature?"

"I should think the deer," replied Koningsmarke.

"Very well, then," said Ollentangi; "is it not the same with men? You white men are the dogs that are chained up, and taught to bite each other; and we are the deer, that run free and wild in the woods."

Koningsmarke would then undertake to explain the distinction between man and all other animals; the former being governed by reason, the latter only by instinct, and therefore of an inferior race by nature. But Ollentangi stoutly denied that there was any difference of this kind, since, if any thing, the animals were wiser a great deal than men.

"The beaver," said he, "builds better houses than we Indians, and the fox is better lodged in winter than we. Had we been naturally as reasonable as they, we should have made our habitations under ground, at least for the cold season. You white men, it is true, build better houses than the beavers, and are better lodged than the foxes, but in attaining to this you have become a miserable, degenerate race of slaves, who do nothing but work all day long, and buy and sell every thing, from your Maker, down to the smallest article that

you possess. You see, therefore, that you have not such good reason as you think, for running down the light of nature, since, according to your own account, it must have guided you at first to all your early and fancied improvements."

Koningsmarke then strove to convey to the mind of the poor savage, some definite idea with respect to the distinction between reason and inspiration, the latter of which he told him was the source of the Christian religion. Ollentangi shook his head.

"Yes!—this is what our jugglers and conjurers tell us. They pretend that the Great Spirit sends his messages by them. But we don't believe it, because it is certain that if the Great Spirit had any messages, he would send them to the chiefs of the tribe, and not to such contemptible fellows."

The more, in fact, that Koningsmarke conversed with the old Indian, the more he became sensible that it was impossible to make him comprehend the most simple elements of our social and religious systems. Long before the winter set in, the Long Finne became unalterably convinced that all religions must be accommodated to the state of society, as well as the progress of intelligence; that religion is an integral portion of both; and that the attempt to propagate a system of faith at war with either, must necessarily entirely fail, or, if partially successful, be productive of great *moral evil.*

Many other discussions took place between Ollentangi and Koningsmarke, but we have already

detailed sufficient to give some little idea of the confined views and opinions of an Indian sage. Besides, it is high time to return to the fair and gentle Christina, whom, though sometimes we seem to lose sight of, we never for a moment forget.

During the first weeks of their captivity, such was the watchful jealousy of the savages, that Koningsmarke had no opportunity of speaking either to Christina, or honest Lob Dotterel, who, being neither hunter nor warrior, and having no little boys to keep in order, sunk into a personage of very little consequence, in his own opinion. The miracle of his wig, however, caused him to be still wondered at by the Indians. The Long Finne sometimes met Christina at the spring, without daring to talk but with his eyes. In time, however, he was less watched, and besides occasionally conversing, he sometimes met her in the forest gathering cranberries. On these occasions the desolate condition of the poor girl, thus alone in the pathless wilderness without a friend but him, caused the gentle Christina to forget the scar on his neck, and the warnings of Bombie of the Frizzled Head. A flood of tender emotions rushed on her heart at these times, and, as the tears trickled from her eyes, which she turned up towards him like an infant looking to its parent for protection, she sometimes forgot to resist when he kissed them away. The Long Finne occasionally came to the wigwam where Christina resided, and where his visits were

not discouraged, more especially by the blue-eyed Swede and the dark-eyed Indian maid, the latter of whom, in a little while, learned sufficient of their language to make herself understood on various little occasions. She was particularly importunate with Christina to teach her how the Indian word *kisakia*, which signifies "I love," was pronounced in her native language.

It was not long, in fact, before the gentle Christina and the Deer Eyes, with that quick-sighted instinct common to their sex, discovered, or rather began to suspect, that they were, or would soon become, rivals. At least it was so with Christina; for the ignorance of Aouetti in the modes and customs that restrain the exhibition of certain feelings on the part of civilized women, kept her for a long time from knowing the state of Christina's heart. The Indian women are as remarkable for the tenderness and warmth of their affections, as the Indian men are for their coldness and indifference. They become suddenly and strongly attached, especially to white men; and, being entirely governed by the feelings of nature, do not hesitate to take upon themselves those advances, which, among civilized people, are the province of men alone. The gentle and tender simplicity with which the Indian girls of the better sort do this, is peculiarly affecting, and takes from their advances all appearance of indelicate forwardness.

The progress of this new sentiment in the heart

of Aouetti, was indicated in the increasing languor of her eyes; her carelessness in the performance of domestic duties; her solitary walks, and her hanging about Christina's neck, kissing her, and whispering, "I love him—O how I love him!" She was accustomed, in her ramblings, to compose little extemporary songs, and hum them to wild tunes of her own fancying; one of which Christina caught, and translated, or at least imitated, in the following lines:

My love's like the deer in the forest that skip,
Like the cranberry's hue are his cheek and his lip;
His spirit sits by me at night when I sleep,
But when I awake it is gone, and I weep.
I love him—Oh how I love him!

But his bride, his *own* bride, I never shall be,
He loves, but he loves not, he loves not poor me;
When he's near me I'm sad, and wish him away,
And when he is gone, I could bless him to stay.
I love him—O how I *do* love him!

When Christina discovered the state of the Indian girl's heart, it did not weaken her affection for her adopted sister, or diminish her grateful recollection of the obligations which she owed to that kind-souled being. True, she did not perhaps think her a dangerous rival, or it is possible her feelings might have been somewhat different. As it was, she returned her caresses, and complied with her request to sing some of those songs that were favourites with Koningsmarke, that she too might learn them, and sing his heart away, as she expressed it in her

figurative language. Though we firmly believe that Christina was capable of feeling and exercising as much generosity as ever fell to the lot of woman, still we will not pretend to say, that her sympathy for the Deer Eyes, would have continued unshaken, or survived the shock of her successful rivalship. As it was, however, it happened that circumstances and events occurred about this time, that united the two maidens in one common cause of jealousy and apprehension.

The Indians among whom our hero and heroine were now domesticated, had long been on ill terms with a tribe dwelling on the banks of the Ohio. There was a world of forest between them, it is true; but the hunting excursions of the savages, like the commercial pursuits of civilized men, often made tribes who lived at a distance from each other, neighbours and rivals. Some hundred years before, one of the Ohio tribe had been killed by an Indian of the Delaware, and the vengeance of a savage never sleeps or dies. The former, not long previous to the period to which our history has now arrived, had sent a petticoat to the latter, accompanied by a most insulting message, that "they were women, and no warriors—and that they would shortly come, and make them run into the hollow trees like woodchucks." Such banters were not uncommon among the savages, and this message was considered a declaration of war.

This war message, with the reflection which it

contained, enraged the Rolling Thunder and his warriors to such a degree, that they resolved, with the approbation of the old men, to convince the Ohio Indians they were not women, by undertaking an expedition against them forthwith. Preparatory to setting out, however, they held a war dance.

This dance was accompanied by vocal and instrumental music. The latter was produced by a drum, made from a piece of hollow tree, cut off so as to leave one end closed by the wood, to hold water in the bottom. Over the other end was drawn a piece of dried skin, somewhat resembling parchment, and which, when beaten upon with a stick, produced a sound somewhat similar to a muffled drum. The party which was to go on this war expedition, collected round an aged Indian, who now began to sing, accompanying himself by striking upon the drum at regular intervals. Each of these warriors, armed either with a tomahawk, war-club, or spear, began to move forward in concert towards the west, the direction in which they were going to war. When they had advanced about fifty or sixty yards, they pointed their weapons, in a furious and threatening manner, towards their enemy, and, turning round, with a terrible shout, danced back in concert as before.

They then began the war song, which was sung by one person at a time, and consisted in relating, in a sort of recititavo, the exploits of the warrior

himself, or what he was resolved to perform in the expedition.

These promises are similar to the vows of knight errantry; to shrink from their performance, is considered an indelible disgrace, and the warriors often sacrifice themselves rather than fail. At the end of the relation of every past exploit, the warrior struck a post with his tomahawk, and those who had witnessed what he related, testified to its truth by crying out—"Huh! huh!" On the contrary, if he related any thing that was doubtful, they shook their heads, and were perfectly silent. The whole ceremony was concluded by a loud shout, and many young men who had declined going to the war, were so animated with the scene, that they immediately signified their intention to join the expedition.

They next proceeded to the ceremony of adopting Lob Dotterel, whom it was their intention to admit into a participation of the glories of the expedition; he having at length gained their confidence, by his apparent cheerfulness, and the readiness with which he accommodated himself to their habits and customs. Koningsmarke was already considered as belonging to the tribe, in virtue of the widow's choice.

The first part of this ceremony consists in pulling out all the hair, except what grows just upon the crown of the head, which is left to be dressed after the Indian fashion. As, however, Lob Dotterel

had no hair upon his head, they proceeded, in lieu thereof, to infringe upon his beard, which, by this time, had grown to a considerable length. In order to proceed the more expeditiously, the person who officiated in this matter ever and anon dipped his fingers into some ashes, placed on a piece of bark, that he might take the better hold. The high constable winced at every twitch, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, to the great amusement of the spectators. This being finished, they proceeded to bore his nose and ears, into which they hung certain rich copper rings, and jewels, of unknown price, having cost them whole kingdoms.

The high constable was then handed over to three or four squaws, who led him to the river side, bidding him plunge in head-foremost. To this Lob Dotterel demurred, it being his firm belief that they intended to drown him. Upon this they laid hold of him, and, spite of his sturdy resistance, dragged him into the water, where they rubbed and scrubbed him till he had scarcely any skin remaining. He was then led to the council-house, where he was gorgeously decked with a new pair of leggins and moccasins, beaded garters, porcupine quills, hair dyed red, and finally, accommodated with a magnificent cap, made of the skin of a buffalo's head, with the horns on. Then seating him upon a bear skin, they gave him a pipe, a tomahawk, and a pouch containing the herb called killekenico, which they sometimes used instead of tobacco, and

materials for striking fire. After this, they painted him in their best style, and with all the colours they had in their possession. This important ceremony being concluded, an aged chief arose and made him a long speech, the substance of which was as follows:—

"My son—You have just had all the white blood washed out of your body, and are now a red chief. You are a great man, among a great nation of warriors, and are from this day called the Jumping Sturgeon, after a mighty Mingo chief, who fell many moons ago fighting with the Five Nations. My son, you are now of our flesh and bone—your heart is our heart—our hearts are your hearts—and as you fight in our quarrels, so will we defend and protect you as our son and brother!"

The Jumping Sturgeon was then solemnly introduced to his new kinsmen and kinswomen, and invited to a great feast, where he ate boiled corn with a wooden ladle, and got mortal tipsy; which last ceremony completed his initiation into the Muskrat tribe. Early the next morning, the painted warriors, accompanied by Koningsmarke and the illustrious Jumping Sturgeon, set forth upon their expedition to the Ohio. Koningsmarke was followed by the tears of Christina, the hopes of Aouetti, and the encouragement of the widow, who comforted him with the assurance, that if he conducted himself like a brave warrior, she would, on his return with a reasonable number of scalps,

make him sole lord of herself and her pewter work. The warriors left the village at the dawning of day, chanting their *marching song*, of which the following is a sort of translation:

To battle! to battle!
Hurrah! to battle!
Let them not see us!
Let them not hear us!
Let them not fear us!
Till they shall feel us!
March! march!

Hush! hush! hush!
We're on the track;
Yon fire at the bush
Has warm'd their back!
Crawl on the earth,
Smother your breath,
Be silent as death!
Hush! hush! hush!

They are near, they are near!
'T is their last, last day!
Their death song I hear;
And now it dies away!
So shall they die;
Ere they hear our war-cry,
Low shall they lie!
Hark! they are near!

Halt! level your guns!
Your tomahawks lift,
Swift as the deer runs—
Swift, swift, swift!
Spare none, not one!
Let the hot blood run;
'T is done—'t is done!
They are dead!

Nevermore, nevermore,
  Shall they lift their head;
Nevermore, nevermore,
  Shall they wake from the dead!
    The dead shall sleep,
    While the living weep.
Let them mourn, mourn, mourn;
The dead, the dead will return
    Nevermore, nevermore!

END OF VOL. I.

KONINGSMARKE,

OR,

OLD TIMES IN THE NEW WORLD

"This affair being taken into consideration, it was adjudged that Koningsmarke, commonly called the Long Finne, deserved to die; yet, in regard that many concerned in the affair being simple and ignorant people, it was thought fit to order that the Long Finne should be severely * * * * * * * * * * *."

Fragment of Minutes of Council in New-York.

NEW EDITION REVISED AND CORRECTED.

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KONINGSMARKE.

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER IV.

"Then straight they seiz'd their tomahawks, and fast (not very
They on their cruel business all silently did go, [slow)
Until they came to where the gentle stream did flow;
And then with blood did quickly run the river Ohio."

Western Boatman's Ballad.

The war party, accompanied by Koningsmarke, and the new chief, the Jumping Sturgeon, dressed in the manner before described, proceeded with great celerity on its march towards the Ohio. The savages never encumber themselves with baggage, and generally fight in a breech-cloth, leggins and moccasins. Although there is no punishment but that of disgrace among them, they act in concert on their war expeditions, and obey the orders of the chief warrior with cheerfulness and punctuality. The officers lay the plan of attack, and conduct the operations until the battle commences, when every man fights for himself, as if the victory depended on him alone. The order to advance or retreat is generally given with a yell or a shout, which is readily understood and obeyed. No

corporeal punishment was permitted or practised among these tribes, either in peace or war, except in retaliation for similar outrages; and such was their abhorrence of stripes, that they never even chastised their children. On one occasion, a chief beat his son, a boy of about ten years old, during the absence of its mother, who, on her return, was so indignant at the outrage, that she took the boy with her, and departed, like another Hagar, to the wilderness. Her husband traced her to a distant tribe, and, being unable to persuade her to return, remained with her, and never joined his friends afterward. The only punishment inflicted on children, is that of ducking, which accounts for a saying among them, that their pappooses are always better in winter than in summer, as they do not mind a ducking in warm weather.

The party proceeded with that silence and celerity, so characteristic of the red men of the western hemisphere, until they arrived within about half a day's journey of the village inhabited by their enemies. Each man was then forbidden either to make a noise, or fire a gun, and they remained lying on the ground, in the thick woods, until dark, when they commenced their march, with even greater caution and swiftness than before. Their object was to effect a complete surprise, by approaching the village without even alarming the dogs, those watchful guardians of the night. About two hours before day they arrived at the little town.

There was not a fire burning, and every soul in it seemed fast asleep. Not a sound was heard, except the owl and the wolf, the former screaming, the latter howling his dismal notes at a distance. All at once, and just before the Muskrats and Mud Turtles had made their final dispositions for the onset, a deep-mouthed hound yelled forth the signal of alarm, which was answered by a hundred others in an instant.

At the sound of this well-known signal, the sleeping warriors of the village started up, and, seizing their arms, rushed out, while the assailants as suddenly came upon them. The village fronted close on the river's bank, which consisted of two steps, or terraces, rising one above the other, the uppermost receding fifteen or twenty paces in the rear of the other. These are generally denominated, at the present time, the first and second banks of the rivers of the west. Below ran the Ohio, with a deep and somewhat rapid current.

An Indian battle is like one of Homer's, and consists, for the most part, in a series of personal contests. Each one singles out his adversary, and personal strength and prowess carry the day. Dire was the yelling and shouting which succeeded the alarm in the village. The warriors of the Ohio, though taken by surprise, fought manfully, and the various feats of arms performed that morning, might throw into the shade the splendid acts of tilt and tourney. Among those who most dis-

tinguished themselves on this occasion, was the Jumping Sturgeon, who, making a virtue of necessity, and not daring to run away, fought right valiantly, from pure instinct, to save his life.

He was singled out by a tall Indian, just about daylight, who, watching the moment when he had discharged his gun, and before he could load again, quickly advanced upon him with his lifted tomahawk. The Sturgeon clubbed his musket, and both slowly approached, cautiously eyeing each other. At length the tall chief let fly his tomahawk, which his adversary watching, presented his buffalo cap with such surprising judgment, that the weapon was received upon one of the horns, and fell innocuous to the ground, doing the Sturgeon no other damage than that of setting his head to ringing bob-majors. Taking advantage, however, of the temporary confusion created by this said ringing, the tall chief suddenly rushed upon the ci-devant high constable of Elsingburgh, before he could make a blow with his musket, and a mortal contest of skill and strength took place. They fell, the tall Indian uppermost. In this situation the Indian began to yell horribly, and to feel for his knife; but, luckily for the Jumping Sturgeon, his adversary wore, by way of ornament, that day, a woman's apron, which he had bought from a French trader, and, in the hurry of surprise, tied on over his knife. This prevented his getting it out as quickly as he otherwise would have done, and

enabled Lob Dotterel, alias the Jumping Sturgeon, to get one of his thumbs into his mouth. This not only disabled one of the Indian's hands, but embarrassed the operation of the other, by the pain it occasioned. At length the Indian got hold of the blade of his knife, just below the haft, at the moment the other found an opportunity to seize the handle, chewing the Indian's thumb all the while with great vigour. As the Indian pulled the knife out of the scabbard, Lob gave his thumb a terrible screw between his teeth, and, at the same moment, jerked the knife through his hand, cutting the fingers to the bone. This disconcerted the Indian, so that he relaxed his hold, and, by a sudden effort, the other threw him off and jumped on his feet, just as the Indian did the same. The valiant Sturgeon, however, continued to hold fast the Indian's thumb between his grinders with singular tenacity, and thus maintained a decided advantage over his antagonist, to whose ribs he was at length enabled to apply the knife he had wrested from him. The moment he felt the application, although it was arrested by the said ribs, the Indian gave a yell, and, with a violent start, drew part of his thumb from betwixt the high constable's grinders, a portion of it remaining behind, and retreated with great precipitation, leaving his adversary master of the field.

In the meantime the battle raged with great fury in the village, and along the river's bank. The

Long Finne having, in the confusion of the fight, followed a stout chief to the edge of the first bank, the latter suddenly turned about, seized, and drew him down on the beach, just at the edge of the water, where was hid an Indian boy, of about fourteen or fifteen years of age. The Long Finne fell uppermost, but during the struggle to keep him down, the warrior said something to the Indian lad, who ran up the bank like a deer, and almost instantly returned with a tomahawk. On perceiving his approach, the large Indian put his arms about Koningsmarke, and held him fast with all his strength, while the other approached with his lifted tomahawk. Thus pinioned, the youth had no other resource but to watch the blow of the Indian lad, which he opportunely arrested by a kick, that knocked it from his grasp to some distance. At this, the large Indian uttered an exclamation of contempt for the lad, who immediately ran and picked up the tomahawk, with which he again approached, but with great caution, making various evolutions and pretended blows to deceive Koningsmarke, till he got an opportunity to give the fatal one. Such, however, was the vigilance and activity of Koningsmarke, that he escaped this time, with a wound in his arm, that failed in disabling him. Perceiving the lad was returning again to repeat the blow, and being conscious that this mode of warfare must result entirely to his disadvantage, he made a sudden, violent, and unexpected effort,

escaped from the embrace of the large Indian, gained his feet, seized his musket, which he had dropped in falling down the bank, and shot the Indian boy through the heart, as he ran up a third time with his tomahawk.

The large Indian was now on his feet also, and, suddenly seizing Koningsmarke by the leg, pitched him heels over head into the water. The same impulse carried the Indian down the slippery bank after him; and now a desperate and deadly struggle ensued, each straining every nerve, and exerting every art and effort to drown his adversary. Sometimes one would be under, and sometimes the other, until, half strangled, Koningsmarke had the good fortune to seize the Indian by the only lock of hair he wore on his head. By this means he was enabled to force his head under water, and to keep it there. This appeared to decide the conflict. The efforts of the Indian seemed gradually to relax, and to become apparently unpurposed, as if he was fast sinking into insensibility. Koningsmarke relaxed his grasp, and discovered too late the wily stratagem. The moment he let go his hair the Indian was on his feet again, and the contest was renewed, until, as they by degrees pushed each other into the stream, they were borne by the current beyond their depth.

The instinct of self-preservation soon took another direction. Each, as if actuated by one impulse, now let go of the other, and made for the

shore, to seize the weapons which were lying there, consisting of the tomahawk and two guns, one of which, belonging to the Indian, had not been discharged. The Indian was the better swimmer of the two, and succeeded in gaining the shore first. He ran to the loaded musket, and almost at the same moment Koningsmarke seized the tomahawk. The Indian raised the gun, took a sure and deadly aim, and drew the trigger. The gun snapped, and before the savage warrior could cock her again, the active youth sprung upon him, and buried the tomahawk in his burning brain. He uttered a horrible yell; but even in the agonies of death, remembering the point of honour, which among the sons of the forest, consists in not leaving their dead bodies in the hands of their enemies, with a dying effort he plunged into the stream, where he was carried down the current, beyond the reach of his enemies.

By this time, the resistance of the Indian villagers had ceased. They had fought long enough to enable their wives and children to escape beyond the river, and having lost many of their best warriors, besides others that were wounded, the survivors took an opportunity, at a well-known signal, to plunge into the stream, where, by dexterously diving at every discharge of their enemies, and other evolutions, they finally gained the opposite bank, and disappeared. The victors then set fire to the village, after plundering it; yelled,

danced, feasted, and sung, during the rest of the day, and at night departed in triumph to their homes.

But we ought not to omit mentioning, that, after all, the success of the expedition of the Muskrats and Mud Turtles, was, in no small degree, owing to that great medicine, Lob Dotterel's wig. The wig had been solemnly consigned to the custody of the principal priest, or conjurer, who clapped it on his head, and accompanied the party. When the battle commenced, the conjurer danced, sung, cut capers, and made such an intolerable noise, as to excite the particular attention of one of the hostile chiefs, who immediately advanced to silence him. The conjurer retreated—the warrior followed—and, coming up with him, seized his queue, which, to his utter dismay, came off, leaving the pate of the conjurer perfectly uninjured. The simple warrior of the forest was dismayed at this strange wonder; and it was soon whispered about that the enemy were in possession of a great medicine, which preserved their heads at the expense of their hair. This discouraged the Ohio warriors, so that they did not fight with a good heart afterward. On such trifles do the fate of villages, cities, and empires turn!

BOOK SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

Of the vulgar, and in what it principally consists.

Lounging the other day into a bookseller's shop, I was somewhat astounded at hearing a fashionable and exceedingly well dressed young fellow, affirm that Fielding was an exceedingly vulgar writer. Nay, he went so far as to say the same of Swift, Pope, Smollett, Arbuthnot, Steele, and even Addison, and that as to the early English dramatists, with Shakspeare at their head, not one of them was fit to introduce into genteel company. He concluded, by giving it as his decided opinion, that until the present enlightened age, there had been no such thing known, as a truly refined and well bred literature.

We felt a strong disposition to contest this point with the gentleman, but on comparing the material and cut of his coat with our own, we were struck with such a humiliating sense of inferiority, that we were fain to retreat to our attic story, lest we might be guilty of the violent indecorum of contradicting so well dressed a person. Reflecting in

retirement on these matters, we gradually groped our way, at last, to the probable origin of this theory of the well dressed critic, which is, we believe, pretty generally received in all fashionable society. With a considerable portion of romance readers, every thing, not fashionable, is of course vulgar. A worthy farmer, or mechanic, in a clean white frock and thick-soled shoes, is vulgar, and therefore ought not to be introduced into a genteel novel. The picture of a village group dancing, is of necessity vulgar, because they are not fashionably dressed, dance with most unseemly zeal, vigour, and activity, as if they actually enjoyed themselves, and above all are egregiously ignorant of the waltz, the gallopade, and the mazourka. In short, with this class of readers and critics, every trait of nature, and every exhibition of character or manners, or dress, which does not come up to the standard of fashionable elegance, is necessarily low and vulgar.

Compared indeed with a masquerade, where all the mysteries of intrigue are practised, or a fashionable ball, where nakedness stares us in the face, the country hop may be perfectly innocent and pure; but still it must be low, vulgar, and indecent, as a matter of course, because the dancers are not fashionable people, nor the dances, decorations, and music, such as would be tolerated by a fashionable amateur.

If we trace this vulgar error, for vulgar it seems to us, in the highest degree, we shall find it in

general, flowing from a false opinion with respect to what really constitutes gentility and refinement. In the general estimation, these, as opposed to vulgarity, consist not in moral or intellectual superiority, but in mere outward dress, and certain advantages of equipage, title, or wealth. With some, gentility consists in eating with a silver fork, instead of a knife; with others, it consists in dining by candle, instead of daylight; with others, in talking bad French instead of bad English; with others, in a constant and enthusiastic attendance on Italian operas, which they cannot understand, in preference to English plays, which they can; in short, the most trifling peculiarity, either natural or affected, is sufficient to stamp a person as genteel in the estimation of the votaries of fashion. Such opinions are generally, if not always, the offspring of ignorance and vulgarity combined; and accordingly we shall for the most part find, that those who declaim against books for being vulgar, and are most afraid of their contamination, are the vulgar themselves, or at least those pretenders to refinement who graduate gentility by the scale we have just mentioned.

The ridiculous impression which the vulgar of the class we are sketching, entertain with respect to the indissoluble connexion of outward splendours, and above all, rank and title, with refinement and good breeding, is perhaps stronger in this country than in any other. The imagination of the youthful

American reader is early inflated with high-wrought delineations of the splendours and the refinements of royal and noble phantoms; and the books from which he receives his first impressions prepare him for a false estimate both of himself and others. He becomes accustomed to graduate his respect to persons by the standard of rank and title, without regard to any other criterion.

This early impression remains unimpaired by subsequent experience, because here we seldom have an opportunity of correcting it, by comparing the gorgeous phantom of our imagination with the real being we have been so long accustomed to regard with such unqualified admiration at a distance. Hence it is that we are too much accustomed to consider every thing said or done by the higher orders of society, such as kings, princes, and nobles, as perfectly genteel, and all that emanates from the lower orders, as necessarily low and vulgar. For this reason too, it is absolutely indispensable that every heroine or hero of romance, as well as all the principal actors, should be of a certain rank, in order to escape the imputation of vulgarity, than which nothing is more fatal to an author and his book. Unfortunately for us republican writers, we have neither kings or nobility to render our literature genteel, except among the Indians, and such have been the disadvantages of this deficiency, that many of our young men are actually obliged to go abroad to acquire a little

smattering of gentility. Until we can supply our own domestic product of this sort, our less fortunate writers must be content to remain subject to the imputation of vulgarity, unless some other standard can be found by which to regulate our opinions.

That there is such a standard, and that it is the only true one, is, we think, quite incontrovertible. If we come fairly to put the matter to the test, it will be found after all, that the essence of vulgarity consists more or less in its approximation to what is vicious. It is, in fact, much more nearly allied to morals, than to manners. Whatever partakes of vice, or whatever leads the imagination by a natural connexion, towards impressions allied to it, is in a similar degree low and vulgar, without any reference to rank, wealth, or station.

Thus when we read in the memoirs of the Margarine of Bareith, of a King of Prussia getting drunk, and beating his wife and daughter, whatever may be the rank of the parties, the scene is as essentially vulgar and indecent, as if it were laid in the kitchen of a country tavern. So also when, as in a late popular work of a justly celebrated author, the reader is introduced to a court, and presented with pictures the most immoral and corrupt; with titled pimps and prostitute duchesses; with a parent seeking to compass the purposes of revenge, by placing an only daughter in the power of a systematic seducer and voluptuary —not the rank of the actors, the splendours of a

court, nor the false glitter thrown around the whole, by the genius of the writer, can rescue the picture from the imputation of sheer vulgarity.

What is called the world of fashion, for the most part, presents little variety. The dress, the manners, modes of speech, and of existence, being all formed on the same model, exhibit so little variety of character, and so circumscribed a field for a writer, that he is obliged to resort to other sources for his materials, if he wishes to avoid the imputation of dulness and uniformity. A fashionable lady, or a standard dandy, represents the whole species, and it is only among that class of human beings, who are free from the restraints of established manners and conventional modes of speech, that we can find sufficient variety of humour and character to give zest to a work of fiction.

It is for this reason, and not from any intrinsic difficulty in delineating fashionable life, or any leaning towards vulgarity, that the best delineators of life and manners, those who have been most successful in establishing a wide spread and lasting reputation, have sought a large portion of their materials among the middle and lower classes of mankind. It is there that all the varieties of human character are seen, as it were, displayed without hypocrisy, and free from the restraints of an inexorable code of fashion, that while it makes actors of all, obliges them at the same time to appear all in the same character. We do not

hesitate to say, that the absurd squeamishness, so common now-a-days, which, while it shrinks from vulgarity, tolerates vice in the disguise of fashion, is in our opinion no evidence of delicacy or refinement in manners or in morals. The most corrupt state of society is that in which people are content to "dwell in decencies forever," where every breach of the decalogue may be atoned for by outward polish and outward decorum, and where people are afraid of nothing so much as the imputation of not being genteel. We may also add, that the dullest age of literature is that in which authors are more apprehensive of being called vulgar, than of being convicted of downright stupidity. A fashionable book is very apt to be as dull as a fashionable party, simply because neither of them have any approximation to nature.

CHAPTER II.

"Death! what is it?
It may be, 'tis—hum—
It may be, 'tis not too."

The Muskrat and Mud Turtle warriors returned to their homes, bringing with them the body of one of their chiefs, who had died of his wounds on the second day of their journey. On coming within hearing of the village, they uttered the death-howl, as was their custom, to signify that they had lost one of their number. This howl was perfectly understood by the wives and mothers of the tribes, who rushed forth, with dismal shrieks, to meet the train, each one not knowing but that she had lost a son or a husband. The body of the chief was then placed on the shoulders of four of the most distinguished warriors, and carried in procession to the village, followed by the women and old men, the former tearing their hair and uttering shrieks, that echoed in the recesses of the forest. The near relations of the deceased, however, followed in profound silence, without exhibiting any marks of affliction, it being considered unworthy of the fallen chief for his kindred to weep over his fate.

They dressed the corpse, seated it on a mat, in the posture to which the warrior was most accustomed when alive, and, sitting in a circle around

him, pronounced his funeral eulogy, by relating, one by one, his exploits in battle, as well as those of his ancestors. When these were finished, they chanted a sort of funeral hymn, something to the following effect, as nearly as it can be rendered from their native language:

Thou art here, and yet thou art gone!
  Thou look'st as thou didst before;
Thou seemest a man, yet art none;
  Thou art gone, to return no more.

Thou art, yet hast ceased to be;
  Thy form and thy face appear;
Thou hast eyes, yet thou canst not see;
  Thou hast ears, yet thou canst not hear.

Was it thou that talk'd with us erewhile?
  Was it thou that went with us to fight?
Was it thou that shared battle and toil?
  Was it thou that wert with us last night?

Yes! thou art here, and yet art away;
  We see thee, and yet thou art not;
Thy life is like yesterday—
  And nothing remains but what's nought.

That something which made thee alive,
  Where is it—what was it—where, where?
'T was a spirit—that still must survive
  In the stars, or the sky, or the air.

To that spirit these honours we pay—
  That spirit which still hears us mourn—
That something which ne'er shall decay,
  That something which ne'er shall return.

The body of the red chief was then carried to a hut prepared for the purpose, where it remained

twenty-four hours, during which time the tribes were engaged in feasting and dancing. It was then carried to the grave, and buried, sitting upright, with the face to the rising sun. The friends and relatives threw the arms of the dead warrior into the grave, with pipes, tobacco, corn, and some pieces of wampum. The grave was then closed, and the name of the deceased, from that time, never uttered by either his relatives or friends.

During the absence of Koningsmarke on the war expedition, Christina and the Indian maid did little else but ponder upon the dangers to which he was exposed, and weep. They still continued to love each other, although the secret consciousness of rivalry, that gradually arose in the bosom of each, prompted them to seek in separate solitudes the indulgence of their feelings. At times, Aouetti, after an absence of several hours, during which she wandered in the woods, or along the bank of the river, would return and weep on the bosom of Christina. "I love you," she would say—"I love you; but I know that you will be the cause of my unhappiness. Sometime or other you will go home, and he will follow you. I shall then be left alone; I shall lose my love, and there will be none left even to pity me." Christina, safe in the consciousness of her love being amply returned, could afford to pity her rival; and she did pity her, although she could not help feeling a certain awkward sensation, that sometimes caused her to re-

turn the caresses of the Indian maid with a coldness that did not always escape her notice. "I tire you," would Aouetti exclaim, and retire to weep, and sing her melancholy songs.

How long the mutual friendship of these two innocent girls would have continued to withstand the jealousies of love, it is impossible to tell, for now a more formidable rival announced herself, and diverted their mutual fears to one object. The Indian widow, who had saved the life of Koningsmarke by claiming him as her slave, being smitten with the relation of his prowess in the late battle, and his desperate encounter with the two Indians, made known to the chiefs and sages her intention of choosing him for a husband, in the room of the one she had lost. This proposal was received with approbation by all, and preparations were made accordingly to celebrate the wedding with great pomp.

This news came like cold steel to the hearts of the two young women, who could now fully sympathize with each other. "We shall now mourn together," exclaimed Aouetti; "we shall both be wretched. Let us never part." Koningsmarke, however disinclined to this match, knew that if he discovered any unwillingness, the insult would be felt by all the tribe, and resented with the most inflexible severity. He therefore appeared highly sensible of the happiness and honour that awaited him, resolving, at the same time, to lose not a mo-

ment in concerting with Christina the means of immediate escape. Watching an opportunity, while she was taking a solitary walk, and when she was out of the reach of observation, he met her, shedding tears alone by the side of the stream.

"Christina, why do you weep?" exclaimed the youth. Christina started, and hastily wiped her eyes.

"I have lost my home, my father, and all that I loved, or that loved me. They have forgotten me too, or they would, ere this, have sought me until I was found. I shall never see them again. Is it any wonder that I weep?"

Koningsmarke sat down by her side, took her hand, and kissed it. "Thou hast yet one friend who will never desert thee. I have been as the son of thy poor father; I will be as the brother of his child; dearer and nearer than a brother, if thou wilt give me leave."

"Nearer and dearer thou canst not be," replied the gentle maid, withdrawing her hand. "The husband of another can be no nearer to me than a brother. Thou wilt become a savage in thy heart, and the parent of savages."

"Nay, give me thy hand," he replied; "I swear by the gratitude I owe thy parent, by the love I bear to thee, by all my hopes here and beyond the grave, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

"But thou wilt wed with another; and—and"—

Here she hid her face with her hands, and wept on his shoulder.

"Hear me, Christina," cried the youth. "Were the stake and the fagot the alternative, as I have reason to believe they are, I would not wed any but thee. I sought you to tell you so—to concert means for our escape—to place all on one cast—to live for thee, or to die with thee. Darest thou flee with me to-night, and risk the chance of being retaken and tortured at the stake?"

"I can dare all," replied Christina, "but only to see thee in the arms of another."

Koningsmarke held her to his breast for a moment, with a feeling of unutterable tenderness and gratitude, and then proceeded to explain his plan for escaping. By occasionally questioning the savages, he had, without exciting their suspicions, gained sufficient information, as he supposed, to enable him to shape his course, so as to strike the Delaware somewhere in the vicinity of Elsingburgh and Coaquanock. In pursuance of this plan, it was arranged, that, while the Indians were feasting and carousing, as they proposed to do that night, in honour of his approaching nuptials, they should, separately, as soon as the savages became intoxicated, as was their custom, repair to the spot where they now sat, and from thence pursue the route that Koningsmarke supposed would lead them the nearest way home.

"Christina," said the youth, solemnly, "I cannot disguise from thee the toils thou wilt be obliged to sustain, and the imminent danger of our being overtaken, and tortured to death by slow degrees. To me all this is nothing—but for thee—O God!—to see thy snow-white skin blackened in the fire—thy beauteous limbs the sport of barbarous cruelty—thy precious blood—thy life, dearer than all this earth—dearer than Heaven itself—wasting—wasting away, by drops—breath by breath! Think ere thou shalt decide."

"If," said Christina, "the fatigue should bear hard upon me, I will call to my aid the hope that I shall meet my poor father ere long. If we are overtaken, I will try not to despair; and if we are placed together at the stake, I will endeavour to support the torture, by thy example, and God's help."

"Let us part, then, at once," replied the youth; "and Heaven prosper us this night. Farewell. Should you chance to come hither before me, wait, and be not afraid."

He kissed her cheek, and they returned, separately and at different times, to the village, where, luckily, owing to the preparations for the feast, which occupied the attention of all, their absence had not been noticed.

CHAPTER III.

"But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could n't find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never look'd behind him."
Mother Goose's Melodies.

THE night sat in with rout and revelry, with drinking, feasting, dancing, and shouts, that rent the solitudes of the forest, and silenced the very howlings of its hungry tenants. On these occasions it is usual to appoint persons to guard the arms of the warriors, and keep themselves sober, lest, in the mad excesses of drunkenness, the barbarous bacchanals should get possession of them, and maim or murder one another. Koningsmarke, at his particular request, was appointed to this station, and Lob Dotterel, much against the wishes of the youth, appointed his assistant. The latter part of this arrangement embarrassed Koningsmarke not a little, since the company of the high constable of Elsingburgh rendered his secret departure much more difficult, and he did not dare to associate him in his plan of escape, for fear of being betrayed.

As the night waned away, the scene of savage debauchery became more disgusting and horrible. Some were howling an unintelligible jargon, some rolling upon the earth like drunken swine, and others venting their excited passions in struggles,

in which the madness of rage was contrasted with the imbecility of beastly intoxication. By degrees, one after another, they sunk into a deep sleep, and all remained quiet. Now was the eventful hour; but the presence of Lob Dotterel, whom Koningsmarke had vainly attempted to persuade to retire, and leave him to watch alone, restrained his departure. At length his patience became exhausted, and, desiring that trusty officer to await his return a few moments, he seized a gun, a tomahawk, and a knife, having previously provided himself with ammunition, and hastily departed.

Approaching the appointed spot, his heart beat with uncontrollable apprehension at not seeing Christina. He pronounced her name, and he saw her white figure glide from behind a tree. "I thought you would never come," said the trembling girl, as she panted in his arms.

"To hold thee thus," whispered Koningsmarke, "is a happiness I could wish to last for ever; but there is not a moment to be lost; let us away, and God be our guide."

They struck into the forest, in the direction marked out by the Long Finne, and had proceeded about half a mile, when they thought they heard footsteps behind them.

"We are pursued," cried Christina—"We are lost."

"Hush!" whispered the youth—"perhaps it is only some wild animal."

"Heaven grant it may be," said Christina; "the wolf or the bear would be more welcome than man."

They stopped and listened in breathless anxiety. Some one was heard trampling slowly through the bushes, but whether man or beast could not be discerned, as the moon had just gone behind a cloud. Presently it emerged, and they could see the figure of a man, at a little distance, watching them.

"He must be quieted," cried Koningsmarke, and grasping his gun, advanced a few steps towards the figure.

"Oh don't kill him," cried Christina; "perhaps it is some friend."

"I will know soon," he replied. "Whoever you are, speak, or die."

"A friend," exclaimed the figure, in the well-known voice of honest Lob Dotterel. "I watched you," said the high constable, coming up, "for I observed you had something in hand. You would not trust me—but I will be true as steel. I mean to go with you, and share your fate, be it what it may."

"Thou art right welcome, Lob," quoth the Long Finne—"but every moment is a life to one or all of us. Let us on."

Alternately assisting, supporting, and sometimes carrying Christina, they passed rapidly on their way, and, by the dawn of the morning, had pro-

ceeded several miles, without meeting with any interruption, except what nature presented. Christina complained of fatigue, and it was agreed to rest a little while, as they supposed the savages would sleep late that morning, from the effects of the night's debauchery. They accordingly sat down, and partook of some dried venison, with which Koningsmarke had supplied himself. In a few minutes they heard the report of a gun, and, an instant after, a wounded deer bounded past them, and fell dead within a few yards of where they sat. Koningsmarke and the high constable started on their feet at once, and stood ready for what might follow. A few moments elapsed in this state of suspense, when they observed two Indians, armed with guns, approaching among the trees. Quick as lightning, on observing the two white men, they darted each behind a separate tree, and, in almost as little time, the others did the like, Koningsmarke snatching Christina, and placing her behind him, under cover of the tree.

Each party now remained, with their guns cocked, watching till the exposure of some part of the body of an adversary should give them an opportunity of firing with effect. It has been observed as a characteristic of the Indians, that they never willingly come to a personal contest with a white man, or engage, in fact, in any way, if they can avoid it, till some advantage presents itself. In this state of awful suspense, Konings-

marke seized an opportunity to motion to the high constable to follow his example. He then took off his hat, and waved it, as sportsmen do when they wish to decoy a duck, alternately holding it out from behind the tree, and snatching it back again. His example was promptly followed by Lob, with his buffalo cap. In the dense obscurity of morning, in a deep forest, the two Indians were deceived by this stratagem, and, believing it to be their antagonists thus peeping from behind their covert, fired at the same instant. Both hat and cap fell to the ground, and the two Indians rushed out, to use the tomahawk and scalping knife on their fallen foes. As they came on heedlessly, the two white men took a deliberate aim, one at each, and fired. The foremost fell dead; the other bounded into the woods, uttering the howl of pain and baffled rage, and disappeared.

Instantly loading their guns, they proceeded on their journey, with the increased apprehension, arising from the possibility that the wounded savage might reach the village, and alarm the warriors into immediate pursuit. In passing by the dead body of the savage, Christina, influenced and impelled by that fascination which horror exercises over the human mind, involuntarily turned to look at it, and recognised the features of Aouetti's brother, who she now recollected had been out several days on a hunting expedition. "Poor Aouetti!" she mentally exclaimed, "I was born to

be your bane"—and Christina at that moment forgot her dangers, in thinking on the sufferings of her kind-hearted sister.

Little occurred during the rest of the day, except increasing toils and difficulties in the march, accompanied by increasing weariness. They made a sort of litter of the branches, and, from time to time, carried the weary girl upon their shoulders. But their progress, slow at first, became more slow as the day wore away, so that night overtook them before they had completed twenty miles, according to their best computation. The apprehension of pursuit, and the danger of being overtaken, now yielded to the demands of nature, and they were forced to take some rest. They formed a rude shelter, with the bark and branches of trees for Christina, while they laid down, one on each side of the entrance. Weariness soon closed their eyes, in spite of every motive for wakefulness. They slept for several hours, and, probably, would have slept till morning, had they not been roused by the knell of death. Starting up, the two white men found themselves, at the same instant, seized and pinioned, with their hands behind their backs, before they could possibly make any resistance.

The wretched Christina, whom the sight of the savage group, and the sound of their dismal yell, had struck into a temporary insensibility to all around her, was seized, and, sometimes dragged, sometimes carried, forced along with her unfortu-

nate companions, towards the village from whence they had attempted to escape. They passed by the spot where the affray of the morning took place, and pointing to the dead body of the chief, whirled their tomahawks in the air, over the heads of the two prisoners, giving them to understand at the same time, they did not sacrifice them on the spot, because they meant to torture them to death. Taking up the dead body, they then marched in procession to the village, chanting their death song by the way.

CHAPTER IV.

"Theye tyed hymme toe ye fatale tree,
And lyghted uppe ye pyle,
And daunc'd and sunge ryghte merrilie,
But he could'ent rayse a smyle."

On arriving at the village, the procession was met, according to custom, by a crowd of women and children, who, amidst yells and shrieks, denounced the most bitter imprecations upon the wretched fugitives, and were with difficulty prevented from putting them to instant death. Among the most violent of these, were the widow whom Koningsmarke was to have married, and the mother of Aouetti; the one maddened with jealous rage, the other, by the wild, unrestrained feelings of a savage mother, who had lost her only son. The Indian maid did not appear; whether detained by her own feelings, or from some other cause, we cannot tell.

The savages, however wild, and free from the ordinary restraints of civilized society, had yet some forms of justice. A council of the chiefs and old men was convened immediately, and the case of the three captives taken into consideration. After a grave debate, it was unanimously decided, that Koningsmarke and Lob Dotterel, having both been solemnly adopted into the tribe, and received

as brothers—having deserted them, and, in so doing, taken the life of one of their bravest chiefs, should perish by the torture that very day. With respect to the poor white maid, there was at first some doubts as to the degree of her participation in the guilt of her companions. While balancing on her fate, Aouetti rushed into the council room, with dishevelled hair, and frantic gestures. She threw herself, one by one, at the feet of the old men, embraced their knees, and claimed of them the pardon of her adopted sister. "She is innocent," cried the gentle maid; "she only sought to join her father. Which of you would blame your daughter if she tried to escape from the white men, and come to you? I have lost my only brother, and I am about to lose—but spare me my sister, that I may have some one to love."

The tears and supplications of the Indian maid fell upon the hard hearts of the old men, and with some difficulty, they consented that Christina should be given in charge to her adopted sister. The moment Aouetti heard their decision, she ran, with the lightness of a deer, to the hut where the three captives were confined, and, making her way in, threw herself into the arms of her poor Mimi.

"Thou art safe—thou art spared, my sister," she exclaimed. "And our friends?"—panted Christina, in almost unintelligible accents.

The Indian maid, as if struck with a sudden pang of recollection, slowly turned, looked at Kon-

ingsmarke, and then hid her face in the bosom of Christina. So expressive was her look and action, that each of the wretched prisoners understood what she could not speak.

"'Tis well," said Koningsmarke; "a life of wandering, wretchedness and poverty, in the old world, is now to be brought to a miserable end in the new. For myself—but you, Oh! you, my poor Christina, what will become of you? Thy pure and innocent life is redeemed; but who shall redeem thy body from this woful captivity?"

"Death," said Christina. "Dost thou think I can know of thy tortures—of the furies tearing thy flesh—of the flaming brands being thrust into thy body—the coals—Oh God!—the live coals being sprinkled on thy bare head, till madness, insensibility, and death relieve thee—dost thou think I can bear all this, and live? No, no—I shall die, if not with thee, but a little while after thee."

"But live, I beseech thee, Christina," said Koningsmarke, "for the sake of thy father, who"—

"My father! I shall never see him more. Perhaps ere this his gray hairs have been brought in sorrow to the grave. Perhaps—but it matters little to him or me. When you are gone, who shall guide me homeward? who risk his life to restore me to a parent, even if he lives? No, no—I shall never see him more? I have nothing to live for, since you are lost to me."

"My hours are numbered," replied Konings-

marke, as he heard a distant shout—"Come hither, Christina—nearer—yet nearer. My arms are pinioned," continued he, with a melancholy smile—"you need not fear me." She approached, and leaned her head on his shoulder.

"God bless thee, my dear one, for never blessing fell upon a more innocent head than thine. In this last hour, tell me one thing. Had we returned to Elsingburgh in safety together, wouldst thou have joined thy fate with mine in the presence of Heaven? wouldst thou have tried to forget the long-past time, and lived only in the future?"

"In the presence of Heaven, I would," replied Christina—"I would, had the shade of my mother haunted our bridal bed. My love and my gratitude should have conquered my remembrance of the errors of thy youth."

"Then seal it with a last kiss; and now, come what will, by the blessing of God, I stand prepared for whatsoever may happen. A little while, and we shall meet again—or I have been dreaming all my life."

"Aouetti," continued he, to the Indian maid, who had stood in a distant corner, with her face from them, weeping—"Aouetti, come hither."

She approached. "Take your sister's hand, and promise to be kind to her when I am gone."

The Indian maid shook her head. "What! will you not promise me this, Aouetti?"

"She must be kind to me," replied the Indian

maid, "for I shall be more wretched than Minni. She will remember thy love, but I shall only remember thy death."

"But you will promise to be kind to her?" repeated Koningsmarke.

"Yes, yes, if I can remember any one but thee and myself," said Aouetti.

At that moment the door flew open with violence, and a crowd rushed in. They seized Koningsmarke and the poor high constable, who, ever since his recapture, had been in a sort of stupor, and hurried them towards the river side, where, on a little level greensward, were placed two stakes, around which, at a distance of three or four paces, were placed piles of wood. In their progress to the funeral pyres, Koningsmarke and Lob Dotterel were harassed and beaten with sticks by the women and boys, who vented their rage in every possible variety of injury and insult. Among these, the widow, whose affections had been treated with such contemptuous ingratitude, was the most conspicuous. With dishevelled hair, and ferocious gestures, she followed him step by step, taunting him with the beauties of his white woman, alarming his fears by threats of terrible vengeance on poor Christina, and triumphing in the prospect of his approaching tortures.

"Look!" cried the virago; "yonder is the stake and the pile; I shall hear thee groan—I shall see the hot brands, the live coals scorch thee—I shall

see the knife and the tomahawk enter thy flesh—I shall see thy limbs tremble like a woman—and I shall laugh, when the drops of agony roll down thy forehead."

Arrived at the stake, they proceeded to strip the two victims, with the exception of their waists, and to paint them black with charcoal and grease. They were then fastened to the stake, and, all being ready, the horrible ceremony was about to begin, when Aouetti came running franticly to the spot. Christina had sunk into a temporary insensibility, when the crowd carried off Koningsmarke, and, on coming to herself, besought Aouetti to make one last effort to reprieve the unfortunate youth.

"It is too late now," said the Indian maid—"'tis too late; they will spurn me; they will beat me away. They are mad with rage and cruelty."

"Then I will go," hastily exclaimed Christina, starting up at the same time. "Perhaps they will pity my sorrows."

"Pity!" said Aouetti, despondingly—"Pity! they know it not. If you seek to stop them, they will tear you to pieces."

"No matter—no matter—my heart is torn to pieces already. Let them tear my flesh, I care not. Come, come—'twill be too late."

"'Tis too late already—the smoke begins to rise—nothing can save him now."

"But we can die too. Let us go—let us go, or I shall run mad."

"He killed my brother, and he loves not me," said Aouetti; "yet I will make one more effort, even though they do spurn me. Stay here, my sister, and I will soon return." Christina had again sunk into a temporary insensibility, which prevented her following.

"As the Indian maid approached, she called upon them to stay a moment, ere they lighted the piles. The noise was hushed, by the command of some of the sages who were presiding at this solemn ceremony, for so it was reckoned by the Indians. Aouetti then urged every motive she could think of, to induce them to spare the two victims. She stated the rewards that would be given, if they carried them to the *Big Hats* at Coaquanock, and the terrible vengeance the white men would take, when they heard of the sacrifice of their brothers.

"If you spare them," said she, "their friends will ransom them with great kegs of spirits, with tobacco, pipes, powder, shot, and every thing you want. If you put them to death, the white men will find you out one day or other, and then wo to the red men of the forest—wo to their wives and their children—to themselves and their posterity. Every drop of blood you shed this day, I prophesy, will be repaid with rivers of blood. Spare these white men, and let the tall youth be unto me the brother I have lost."

"Thou meanest a husband," exclaimed the Indian widow, who had listened with horrible impa-

tience to Aouetti's arguments. "Thou wouldst take to thy arms the white man whose hands are red with the blood of thine only brother! Shame of thy sex, and shame of the Indian name! I know thee and thy wishes; I have watched thy tears and thy sighs, thy lonely rambles, thy words, nay, thy very looks. I demand that the shade of my murdered husband, of this wretched girl's murdered brother, of all those who have fallen victims to the cursed arts and bloody policy of the white men, be appeased, by the sacrifice of these deserters from their adopted tribe. Else, may the wrath of the Great Spirit confound your tribe, and his malediction sweep you from the earth."

These words were answered by a shout of approbation from the crowd, and followed by the acquiescence of the old men present, who again decided that the ceremony should proceed. It was now one of those bright, clear, still afternoons, which are common in the month of September. There was not a breath of air to curl the river, or wave the leaves of the forest, nor a cloud to be seen in the sky. At this moment, when they were about to set fire to the funeral pile, a sudden burst of thunder, loud and sharp, arrested them. The eyes of all were turned upwards, with a sensation of awe and surprise. From the most enlightened philosopher, down to the most ignorant savage; from man, to the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, it would seem there is something in the great

operations of nature, such as tempests, earthquakes, and thunder storms, that excites the apprehensions, or at least the awe, of both reason and instinct. It is not alone a fear of the effects of these terrible demonstrations of irresistible power, that causes this cowering or elevation of the faculties; it is, that by a direct operation, the mind is led to a contemplation of an infinite Being, by witnessing the display of infinite power.

There was not a cloud to be seen in the sky, and this circumstance occasioned the thunderclap to have the appearance of something altogether supernatural. The fiends who carried the lighted brands to fire the funeral piles, involuntarily paused, and the Indian maid, taking advantage of the moment, cried out:

"Hark! the Great Spirit bears testimony against this deed. You heard his voice in the air. It came not from the clouds, for there is not a cloud in the skies. It is the great Master of life that cries out from above against his people that have offended him. In his name I command you to stop—in his name I command you to spare these white men!"

The figure of the little Indian maid appeared to dilate with the dignity of inspiration. Her eyes were turned in eager gaze towards the heavens, and she seemed as if she actually saw the visible form of the Being whose judgment she had invoked. The frantic rage of the women and boys yielded to the influence of a superstitious awe. The elders

consulted together for a moment, and then decided that the ceremony should be suspended till they could offer a sacrifice, and ascertain the will of the Great Spirit. The crowd then dispersed, disappointed, yet not daring to complain; and Koningsmarke, with his companion, were again remanded to the place whence they came, after being washed, and permission given to dress themselves. Here they were left, guarded without by sentinels, to await the result of the appeal to the Great Spirit.

CHAPTER V.

Farewell, farewell, my bonny maid,
Whom I no more shall see;
I die, but I am not afraid,
Because I die for thee.

* * * * *

"Then came Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego."

CHRISTINA passed the interval between the departure and return of the Indian maid, in that limbo of vague and indefinite horror, in which the human mind, as it were, takes refuge from its miseries. The events of the two preceding days had so harassed her mind, and worn down her strength, as to produce that state of moral and physical weakness, which diminishes the acuteness of suffering, by its very incapacity of resistance. The past, the present, and the future, offered themselves to her mind, rather as horrible visions than as cruel realities; and when she saw the return of Koningsmarke, she hardly comprehended the fact, that he had at least received a temporary reprieve. By degrees, however, the agitation of her mind yielded to an irresistible drowsiness, and supported in the arms of Aouetti, she sunk into a long and quiet sleep, from which she awoke perfectly restored to a distinct comprehension of her present situation.

In the meantime, the old men of the tribes had called their principal priest or conjurer, to take the usual measures for ascertaining the will of the Great Spirit, in relation to the fate of the two white men. A fire was kindled on the greensward, around which *Mackate Ockola*, or the Black Gown, danced and howled, and indulged in every possible contortion of visage, until he had exhausted his strength, and worked up his mind into a species of real, or imaginary, or pretended inspiration. From this he gradually fell into a trance, which lasted about half an hour, during which time the assembled old men sat in a profound and awful silence. At length *Mackate Ockola* seemed to awake, and remained for awhile, staring around, as if unconscious of his situation. Recovering by degrees, he started upon his feet, and cried out in a hollow voice—"I have seen the Great Spirit. He came to me in a dream, in the form of a bald eagle, and said, 'Listen to me, Mackate Ockola, and hear what I will. Many moons shall not appear and pass away, ere the white men will grow in numbers like the leaves on the trees. As they increase, my people will decay and disappear. They will go out like the embers of an almost extinguished fire, until they have no habitations but their graves; and even in these they will not be suffered to rest, for the white men, not content with what grows on the surface of the earth, will tear up her bosom, and lay your bones bleaching in the sun and the

wind, in search of riches and food. The deer will disappear from your forests; the fishes will be shut out from your streams, by these people, who build dams like the beavers; and you will starve on your hunting grounds. You cannot avoid your destiny, but you may delay it, by destroying those whose children, if they live, will destroy yours. Go and tell my people, that for every drop of the white man's blood they shall spare, their children and their children's children will pay a thousand fold.'"

This cruel message, the fabrication of the priest, decided the fate of Koningsmarke and the luckless high constable of Elsingburgh. It is impossible for us to tell what were the motives of Mackate Ockola, in thus urging the death of the two captives. But it may be observed here, that the early systems of religion, in all nations and countries with which we have any acquaintance, are more or less tinged with blood. Everywhere the priests have demanded victims to propitiate their bloody deities, and everywhere the altars have been funeral pyres. The Mexican priests demanded human sacrifices; in other places, the blood of animals sufficed; and even among the Bramins, whose religion forbids the shedding of the blood of brutes, human victims are encouraged by the priests, to expose themselves to every species of torture at the feast of the Juggernaut, and to offer up their lives on the altars of a cruel deception. Superstition and fanaticism, in truth, delight in blood; and

in all ages and nations their steps may be traced by that infallible mark. It was reserved for the mild and merciful system of religion under which we live, to banish all atonements of blood, all sacrifices of animals; to make the offerings of the heart a substitute for the torture of victims; and, had not the love of wealth, the lust of power, and the pride of opinion, marred the beautiful system, so as to wrest its precepts to the purposes of avarice and ambition, it had come down to us, even to this day, without its snow-white surplice being sprinkled with the blood of a single victim. But here, alas! as in all preceding systems of faith, the avarice, the ambition, the bigotry, and the pride of opinion, which seem the besetting sins of man, have exercised their pernicious influence, and, first and last, caused the shedding of more blood than has ever smoked upon all the Pagan altars of the world. Thus has the purest, the most mild, and the most perfect system of humanity ever propounded to mankind, been impiously made the pretext for every species of cruelty and bloodshed; and, what is perhaps still more to be lamented, its divine precept of love to all our fellow creatures, converted into a warrant, not to say a duty, to hate all those who do not think and believe exactly like ourselves.

But to return from this digression, which we hope the reader will pardon. Koningsmarke and his companions in affliction remained ignorant of the decision we have just recorded. We will not

say happily ignorant, since, perhaps, actual certainty would have been preferable to the doubts which harassed their minds. When Christina awoke from her long sleep, with mind and body both invigorated, it was some moments before she came to a full consciousness of her situation. "Where am I?" exclaimed she. "In the arms of thy sister," whispered the Indian maid.

Christina looked around the hut. By the dim light of an almost extinguished fire, she observed two figures in a sitting posture, leaning against the wall. "Who is that?" whispered she to Aouetti.

"It is *he*," replied the Indian maid.

"They have spared him then," shrieked poor Christina; "my sister has prevailed, and he is safe!"

"Safe till to-morrow," replied the other.

"No longer?"

"No longer. To-morrow I know not what may become of him. Our priest is to decide, and he never leans to mercy."

Koningsmarke, observing that Christina was awake, called out to her—

"Christina! wilt thou not come near me?"

"Come thou to me," replied she, preserving, even in this trying moment, that sentiment of delicate propriety which never forsakes a virtuous female.

"I cannot—I am fastened to this spot."

Christina approached, and by the light of the

fire, perceived he was bound to one of the posts that supported the simple edifice.

"He asks not for me," thought Aouetti, and wept in secret.

In this, which each seemed to have a presentiment was the last hour they should spend together, for the signs of day now began to appear, Koningsmarke and Christina preserved towards each other a deep solemnity of deportment, from which all the little outward endearments of love were banished.

"I have a conviction," said Koningsmarke, "that thou wilt yet live to be received to the arms of thy father."

"To the arms of my Heavenly Father," returned Christina, "for none other shall I ever behold. If the sun sees thee die this morn at its rising, it will set at night on my breathless body."

"Nay," returned Koningsmarke, "say not so, my best love. Thou hast motives to live, and duties to perform, when I am gone. Thou hast known me but a little while; thy father thou hast known from the first breath of that life which he gave thee. Return the blessing, and live for him."

"I shall never see him more," cried Christina.

"When I am gone," continued the other, "and when you see your father, tell him that I remembered his kindness, even when the flaming brand was pointed at my naked throat, and the coals of fire were about being poured on my uncovered

head. Tell him that I protected you while I could —that I exposed my life to preserve yours—and that I perished in a last effort to restore you to his arms. Should he ever know what thou knowest, he will forgive me, as thou hast, for the sake of what I have done and tried to do for thee. Wilt thou bear him this message from me, Christina?"

Christina could not answer, for her emotions almost stopped her breath. Her eyes were dry, but her heart wept tears of blood. For awhile she remained insensible in his arms. At that moment the door of the hut was opened, it being now broad daylight, and Koningsmarke, with his unfortunate companion, whose stupor became every hour more profound, were untied from the post, and conducted out of the hut. The youth motioned to Aouetti, and, pressing the inanimate form of Christina to his heart, as for the last time, imprinted a kiss upon her cold forehead; and gently gave her to the arms of the Indian maid.

"Be good to thy sister," whispered he.

"I will—but say good-by to poor Aouetti."

"Good-by—and may thy Maker and mine bless thee," replied Koningsmarke, and hastily left the place without looking back.

The same preparations we described on the preceding day were renewed, and the two captives fastened to the stake. The brands were again lighted, the knife and the tomahawk lifted to begin

their work, and the revengeful barbarians standing on tiptoe to enter on the bloody business. But again Providence interposed. All at once the hands of the brand-bearers were arrested, and the eyes of every one turned in a direction towards the river, along whose banks appeared a train of white men, bearing a white flag, the universal emblem of peace and good-will. As they came nearer, the stiff and stately form of Shadrach Moneypenny, followed by eight or ten others, dressed in broad-brimmed hats, with their arms folded upon their bosoms, were distinguished, walking with slow and steady pace towards the spot occupied by the old men of the tribes. They were accompanied by others, bearing a variety of articles of Indian trade. They came in peace, and they were received in peace by the sons of the shade. The policy of William Penn with regard to the Indians, can never be sufficiently praised or admired. From his first arrival at Coaquanock, to the period of his final departure, he preserved peace with the ancient proprietors of the soil and the game, by the simple expedient of dealing with them as if they were his equals. He bought their lands at a price equivalent to the advantages they yielded to the original occupants; restrained his people from all encroachments upon those the Indians thought proper to retain; and so inviolably kept sacred the stipulations of his first purchase, that it has been said,

with equal truth and bitterness, that "it was the only treaty not ratified by oaths, and the only one that was never violated."

By these means, and by the peaceful deportment of his people on all occasions, William Penn acquired and retained the confidence and good-will of the Indians, in a degree of which there are few examples. Indeed, we may safely say, that none, without resorting to the agency of superstition or force, ever attained so great an influence over the violent, capricious, and intractable tempers of the savages of North America; a singular race, with whom all attempts at civilization only seem to destroy their good qualities, and convert them from barbarians into beasts.

The Big Hats, as the Indians called them, were not unknown to some of the old men of the tribes, who had treated and traded with them, at Coaquanock, and who now received Shadrach and his suite as old acquaintances. By means of an interpreter, they entered on business forthwith.

"Thou comest as a friend," said Ollentangi.

"Yea, verily," quoth Shadrach; "I come from William Penn, who is the friend of all mankind, of all countries and colours. He hath heard thou hast two white men, and a maiden with them, taken at the burning of Elsingburgh. Verily, that was a bad act, sachems. What had they done unto thee, that thou shouldst set fire to their houses, and

carry their women and children into captivity? had they not buried the hatchet and smoked the calumet with thy tribe?"

"True," replied Ollentangi, "but they had killed our game, and shut out the fish from our rivers, by building dams like the beavers; therefore we made war upon them."

"Yea, verily," quoth Shadrach, who, by the way, loved a controversy in a peaceable way, almost as well as William Penn himself—"Yea, verily, but the wild beasts of the forest belong to any body; they are given to all that can catch them. Neither are the fish thine, since they swim through all parts of the great seas, and wherever they will. Until thou shalt catch them they are not thine."

"True," replied Ollentangi, with infinite gravity, "but if the white man prevents the fish from coming to us, how can we catch them? We shall starve in the meanwhile."

"Verily," quoth Shadrach, "I am fain to confess the truth of thy words. There is no argument so strong as necessity. But still thou shouldst not have made war against them for this. Thou shouldst have gone to law, and, peradventure, obliged them in a peaceable manner to break down the obstructions that did prevent the fish from passing upwards."

"True, uncle," rejoined Ollentangi—"we have

heard something of that same law. It is a contest of talking, and he that talks the longest, wins the cause. Now you white men can out-talk us, and we can beat you in fighting. Should we not be great fools to choose the former mode of deciding our differences?"

"Yea, I must needs confess of a truth there is some little shadow, as it were, a small modicum of a glimmer of carnal reason in what thou sayest. But verily I must not pretermit the business of my mission, for the two captives are kept all this while in a parlous condition. Art thou ready to hear me in the spirit of peace?"

"Say on—in the spirit of peace," replied Ollentangi.

"In the spirit of peace, then," quoth Shadrach, raising himself on tiptoe, and cocking his beaver, "in the spirit of peace I come from the good William Penn, who is thy friend in the gospel, (and, verily, considering thy pagan state, out of the gospel likewise,) to say unto thee thus wise: Listen—I speak his words, and not mine own.

"William Penn hath learned, by means of the (I may say) providential agency of a certain profane tie-wig, (which, judging from the bald pate of yon captive, must have appertained unto him,) that the people, (meaning thee,) calling themselves (as I may say, idly and profanely,) the Muskrats and Mud Turtles, are in possession of certain two white men, (who, I am inclined to believe, must be

those tied to the stake yonder,) together with a young maiden, daughter to him who calleth himself the Heer Piper, (who I must aver to be somewhat of an uncourteous little man,) all three carried away captives from the village of Elsingburgh. Now thus saith William Penn: inasmuch as thou lovest good watch-coats, he hath sent thee half a score of these; and inasmuch as thou lovest glass beads, and other pernicious vanities of the flesh, (to say nothing of the devil,) he hath sent thee ten strings of these, wherewith to pamper the pride of thy ears and noses; and inasmuch as thou lovest tobacco, he hath sent thee a score of tin tobacco-boxes, filled with that egregious puffardo, called tobacco, (which by the way, I should hold in singular abomination, were it not that it was hated by James, called the First, that enemy to the saints.) For all which good things, William Penn, as aforesaid, asketh nothing but the freedom of the three aforesaid captives, that they may be delivered to their friends."

"Brother," quoth an old Indian, "brother, thou hast forgotten one part of William Penn's message."

"Yea, verily!" replied Shadrach, "what is that?"

"It runneth thus," replied the Indian: "And inasmuch as thou lovest fire, William Penn hath sent thee two kegs of water, wherewith to get right merry, and drink his health."

"Of a certainty, Muskrat," said Shadrach, "the truth is not in thee, for my message hath nothing

of such import appertaining to its contents. William Penn dealeth not in rum, brandy, or any other liquid abominations; neither is he moved by any kind of spirit but that of righteousness. But do ye straightway consult together what answer I am to bear with me to Coaquanock."

While the old men were consulting, Shadrach, like a redoubtable plenipotentiary, caused the watch-coats, the glass beads, and the tobacco-boxes, to be ostentatiously displayed before the longing eyes of the savages. The more they looked, the more they waxed willing to surrender the captives, until at length Ollentangi announced to Shadrach, that they had no objection to make the exchange, provided the widow, who, as affianced to Koningsmarke, ought to have a voice in his disposal, gave her consent. But that notable virago, on being applied to, flatly refused to sanction the treaty, and loudly demanded the sacrifice of her ungrateful slave, who had scorned her love, and forsaken her for a whey-faced girl. Hereupon, Shadrach Moneypenny drew from his pouch a beautiful string of sky-blue glass beads, which he courteously and gallantly tied about the neck of the inexorable widow. He then produced a small looking-glass, which he held up before her, that she might see herself thus apparelled, making her understand, at the same time, that these things should be her's, provided she would consent to the reprieve of Koningsmarke. The widow's heart was melted;

she acquiesced in the freedom of her affianced husband, and departed, with a delighted heart, to contemplate herself and her beads in her looking-glass.

No obstacle now remained to the release of the two captives, who had listened to this negotiation with a breathless solicitude. They were accordingly untied, washed, dressed, and conducted to the hut where we left Christina and the Indian maid. The meeting between the former and Koningsmarke, after such a parting as we have described, was accompanied by feelings that, though repressed by the presence of the strangers, may be easily imagined. Immediate preparations were made for their departure, lest the savages might repent their bargain, after the novelty of possessing the coats, beads, and tin boxes, had passed away. Poor Aouetti was quite broken-hearted at the parting with her sister. She would have accompanied her, but was prevented by her mother and friends. Christina, too, could not, in the midst of the new visions of joyous hope that danced before her fancy, forget the gentle kindnesses, the sisterly affection of the little Deer Eyes. But a secret feeling which she could not repress, prevented her encouraging the idea of Aouetti going to Elsingburgh. She therefore embraced her with tears, kissed her cheek, and bade her sometimes remember her sister Mimi. "Ah!" replied the

artless maid, "I know I should, Lought to be happy, for you and *he* will be happy; but I shall be so miserable when you are gone, that I shall soon die.—I could have borne his death, for we would have mourned together; but I cannot survive his departure with you." Shadrach now summoned his troop, and the procession departed from the village, to return no more.

Before we conclude this book, it may be proper to explain the causes which led to the release of our three captives. The circumstance may serve to show on what trifling chances the fate of individuals sometimes turns. The Indian belonging to the village on the Ohio, destroyed, as we have related, by the Muskrats and Mud Turtles, who had obtained possession of Lob Dotterel's wig, sometime afterward visited Coaquanock, and carried that great medicine with him. As may naturally be supposed, such an appendage excited no little curiosity on the part of the Big Hats; and a correspondent of the Royal Society of England, just then established, set about preparing a paper upon the subject, wherein he intended to prove, that some of the Indian tribes wore wigs. Subsequent inquiry, however, fully elucidated the phenomenon, and the learned Pundit threw his memoir into the fire. The wig made no little noise in the new world, insomuch that some of the villagers occasionally neglected their own affairs, to talk on the

subject. But the good William Penn, putting all the circumstances together, had little doubt that the wig was connected with the fate of the captives of Elsingburgh. With that humanity which characterized all his actions, he lost no time in preparing the mission of Shadrach Moneypenny, which happily resulted in the redemption of our three captives, as we have just related.

We must not omit mentioning, that the likely fellow, Cupid, of whom we have of late said nothing, because we had nothing to say, also accompanied Shadrach, somewhat against his will. He had lived a life of perfect freedom and idleness, two things equally dear to his condition and colour, the savages permitting him to lounge about, and sun himself as much as he pleased. Cupid, in the elevation of his heart, at thus seeing himself turned gentleman, and his old enemy, Lob Dotterel, obliged to labour for his behoof, one day incautiously let out a secret, which he might better have kept, as it led to consequences that finally involved not only himself in destruction, but caused also the death of his grandmother, the sibyl of the Frizzled Head.

Omitting, at least for the present, the principal incidents which befel Shadrach and his party on their return to Coaquanock, we shall merely remark, that honest Lob Dotterel continued, during the whole journey, stupified with the vicissitudes

he had encountered within a short time past. Nor did he exhibit any sign of consciousness till, on his arrival at this renowned settlement, his wrath was suddenly enkindled, at seeing a knot of little children making dirt pies in the middle of the street. Hereupon the soul of the high constable of Elsingburgh, suddenly awaked to a perception of passing objects; and he threatened roundly to commit the juvenile offenders.

BOOK SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

Concerning the great value of dukes and earls in novel writing.

It is quite impossible for our readers to conceive a tenth part of the yearnings we have endured in the course of this work, in consequence of not having been able, without committing some unpardonable violence, to introduce to their acquaintance and familiarity a single titled person, for the purpose of giving dignity to distress, and point to our jokes. The only man of high rank, the honour of whose intimacy we enjoyed in our travels abroad, was a certain Duke Humphrey, with whom we occasionally dined. But as, to say the truth, we can't declaim much in favour of his dinners or his wine, we will not trouble our readers with an introduction; for, to be candid with them, his notice would confer no great honour, the said duke being generally surrounded by a set of hungry authors, who for the most part did not know where else to get a dinner.

This incapacity we consider a most serious misfortune, inasmuch as novel writers, we mean those who aspire to the notice and approbation of the

beau monde, may be said to be in the predicament of certain insignificant people, who derive their sole consequence from the company they affect to keep, and to which they take occasion to introduce their friends. These aforesaid persons, by affecting great intimacy with people of rank, retailing their jokes, and sometimes pretending to disclose their most secret thoughts, acquire the reputation of high *ton*, and greatly excite the wonder and admiration of the vulgar. We recollect a good-natured, good-for-nothing sort of fellow of this kind, who made it his sole business to introduce a certain great man, of whom he was a kind of hanger-on, to all his little acquaintance. By this means he managed to attain to great consequence, in a certain circle, and got numerous invitations to dinner parties. Nay, he at last turned his great man to so good an account, that a city heiress actually was induced to marry him, solely on the score of having it announced in the papers, that his titled friend was at the wedding and gave away the bride.

We have endeavoured to make all the amends possible for the absence of what constitutes the quintessence of the interest arising from works of imagination, by the introduction of persons coming as near to kings and nobility, as any that are the natural product of our country. But, after all, we are obliged to confess, that Indian monarchs, provincial governors, nay, our good friend William

Penn himself, though the illustrious founder of what may almost be called an empire, are but poor substitutes for dukes and earls, whose very titles tickle the fancy so delightfully, that the reader seems all the while swimming in an ocean of peacock's feathers.

True it is, that we have a knight—not a knight-errant, but a genuine knight of James the First's own dubbing, in reserve, as a sort of *bonne bouche* for the last, in order to leave an agreeable impression on the palate of the reader's imagination. But, after all, what is a mere knight? they are so plenty now-a-days in old England, especially ever since the battle of Waterloo, that the title has not been able to entrap a single city heiress. "Your thirty pound knights," as an old dramatist calls them, who have barely enough to pay for their spurs, swarm exceedingly, and are uncommonly anxious to make every rich plebian Joan they meet, a lady. Nay, not a few of the species have lately infested our country, and, by their actual presence, irretrievably robbed the fashionable young ladies of one of their favourite subjects of contemplation, by giving a clear demonstration that, whatever a king, a duke, or a lord may be, a knight is but a mere man with a "Sir" to his name. Such as he is, however, we beg the reader to make the most of him, when he vouchsafes his appearance.

To confess the honest truth, we are, as has been most likely discovered ere this, rather new in the

trade of novel writing, having been partly induced to enter upon it, as people engage in the tobacco or grocery line, from seeing others prosper mightily in the business. But we shall do better hereafter, having felt the want of a hero and heroine of proper rank most sorely in the course of this work. We take this opportunity of advertising our friends, and the public in general, that we have at present six new historical novels on the anvil, one of which, we have contracted with our bookseller to hammer out every twelvemonth, and each of which shall contain one legitimate, tyrannical king, at least, provided there should be a sufficient number remaining unhanged at that time. We have also stipulated with our publisher, that not one of the characters shall be below a right-honourable, or an *Irish peer*, at least. Advising our readers to keep a good look out for these high treats, we now proceed with the thread of our history.

CHAPTER II.

Accursed be the stars * * * * * * * * * *!
The fulsome sun, that shines on all alike,
Good, bad, indifferent, tag, rag, and bobtail!
Satan's belied, and so is honest Cain,
And so am I—but * * * * * * * * *!

Lord B——n.

It is now time to return, and take a look at the worthy inhabitants of Elsingburgh, who had long ago rebuilt their habitations, and were now each one pursuing his usual avocations, under the salutary pressure of that necessity, which obliges mankind to forget the past, in providing for the wants of the present and the future.

As we before premised, the house of Dominie Kanttwell was rebuilt and furnished, by the pious exertions of his flock, before any body else had provided for his own necessities; and, notwithstanding the zeal with which that worthy man declaimed against good works, on this occasion he was pleased to exempt those which were done in his especial behoof, from his malediction. Indeed, it must be confessed, the Dominie looked upon charity, especially that charity which was exercised in his own favour, as belonging to a species of good works, which might, under certain circumstances, be tolerated. Still he continued to rail against the luxuries and indulgencies of this

world, although his capacious rotundity of figure, his double chin, and large square silver buckles, furnished shrewd indications, that the Dominie did not feel it absolutely necessary to reinforce his precepts by the authority of his example.

The good aunt Edith, according to the testimony of Dominie Kanttwell, who had lately induced her to make a will in favour of the church, grew every day more perfect. So far did she carry her contempt for the things of this world, that she extended it to all mankind, except a small circle of the elect, who listened to her edifying instructions, and talked scandal against all the rest of the villagers, whom they were pleased to denominate "vessels of wrath." Considering all these as objects of the Divine vengeance, the good people thought themselves bound to hate them also, and to decline any exchange of kindness or social intercourse with such wicked sinners. These simple, well-meaning souls, thought that they became saints, by strictly following the example of aunt Edith and the Dominie. But they were mistaken. They became spiritually proud, (the worst species of pride,) hard-hearted, arrogant, and supercilious, to all but the chosen set; incapable of social or kindred affection; strangers to the indulgence of pity; bad fathers, mothers, husbands, and wives; and incorrigible in their faults, because they cherished them as virtues. In fine, while complacently viewing themselves as exclusively belonging to the *elect*,

they treated all others as outcasts; as beings having no sort of affinity with themselves, and no common interest with them, either in this world or the world to come. Hence, all the kindnesses of good neighbourhood, the civilities of social life, the customary exchange of acts of courtesy and friendship, all those little ties which knit society together by the best bonds, those of mutual benefits, producing mutual good-will—all these gave place to a harsh contempt, an arrogant superiority, on one hand, and a settled hatred, or contemptuous indifference, on the other. Such is ever the result of carrying to extremes the application of the excellent precepts, which were doubtless only intended to check, but not destroy, those worldly feelings and pursuits, which are essential, not only to the happiness, but the very existence of mankind, and are only pernicious to society, or individuals, when operating without either moral or religious restraints.

As to the good aunt Edith, she might with truth be said to wallow every day deeper and deeper in the mire of pious abstraction. Her time, during the intervals between going to church, night meetings, and love-feasts, was usually passed in bed, where she kept all the family waiting upon her, and where she and the virago, Bombie of the Frizzled Head, used to have divers keen encounters of that sharpest of all sharp weapons, the tongue. While the disconsolate Heer, to whom she was

indebted for an asylum, a home, and all the comforts of life, was sitting in solitary sorrow, remembering and lamenting his gentle and affectionate child, without a soul to sympathize in his cureless grief, the excellent Edith, considering him as little better than one of the wicked, paid no attention to his infirmities or his woes, except occasionally to comfort him with the assurance that the loss of his only child was a judgment upon him, for loving her better than the church and the Dominie.

Sometimes the Frizzled Head, who, though a shrew and a termagant of the first order, was not altogether destitute of that carnal and worldly-minded sympathy, which is held in such abomination by the elect, when exercised towards the sinful sons and daughters of men, would prepare some favourite dish, or little nick-nack, to tempt the waning appetite of her master. But so sure as aunt Edith heard of this, though ever so sick and weak, she would rise from her bed, as it were by miracle, lay violent hands on the portion of the good Heer, who fared on these occasions like poor Esau, and carry it off to comfort Dominie Kanttwell, or some one of the elect who had caught cold attending upon a night meeting. Indeed, it was the great object of the Dominie's policy, to govern the community of Elsingburgh, by establishing a sort of *imperium in imperio* in every house of the village. This he effected by gaining an ascendency over the married females, and thus

governing the household, in spite of the sinful and inordinate grumblings of its liege and legitimate lord. Some people may think this mode of acquiring influence was not exactly either fair or honest; but it is not our business (being a bachelor) to contest the point. We only profess to tell what is necessary to the progress and final catastrophe of our history.

Numerous, not to say innumerable, were the little societies established, under the influence and patronage of aunt Edith and Dominie Kanttwell, whose industry in collecting donations from men, women, and children, was such that there was not a bit of molasses-candy, or pennyworth of gingerbread, wickedly devoured by the little urchins of Elsingburgh. All went to the Dominie, and through him—nobody knew where. One society was the parent of half a dozen more, until they multiplied so fast, that the good women of the village had no time to attend to domestic affairs; and no traveller could sojourn a night at Elsingburgh, without rising pale in the morning, in consequence of having sufficed to satiate the appetites of innumerable caitiffs of the carnivorous species, whose numbers always furnish shrewd indications of good or evil housekeeping. The Dominie was the prime mover of all these, and it was observed of him, that, like Goldsmith's "man in black," he always went about with his three-cornered cocked-hat, to collect subscriptions, but never was seen to put any thing into

it himself. Hence it was affirmed by his admirers, that he was a truly charitable person, who hated ostentation, and always gave in secret. Like Falstaff, however, though nobody, such was the care he took to avoid discovery, ever detected him in being charitable himself, he was certainly the cause of charity in others. So much, indeed, did he excel in the art of levying contributions on the necessities of the poor, that, at one period of our history, there was hardly a labouring man in the village that had a whole coat to his back, or a child that was not sorely out at the elbows; nay, it may with perfect veracity be affirmed, that a majority of them were in the situation of the veritable "Dicky Doubt," as set forth in the famous couplet of which Dicky is the hero. The following colloquy, between a worthy hard-working man, called Fospe Ontstout, and his wife, relative to these matters, has been preserved by the Historical Society of Elsingburgh, and will better illustrate the effects of the Dominie's exertions, than any general details. There is a notice of Fospe Ontstout appended to the article, stating, that being at length reduced to actual poverty, by the attention his wife paid to every body's wants and affairs but those of her family, and the charity she bestowed everywhere but at home, he retrieved his affairs entirely, by the lucky thought of getting appointed beggar to two or three societies: "thus," as the old sly-boots of an author adds, "thus cun-

nynglie deportynge hymselfe, belike untoe certaine greene-hornes, who, after beyinge sorely plucked, doe incontinentlye turne ymselves aboute, and plucke others ynne theire turne." It is likewise noted in the old manuscript, that Fospe's wife was a plump, rosy-faced dame, and reckoned one of the prettiest women in the whole village.

It was a cold, raw evening, and Fospe, after being out all day in the sleet and rain, cutting wood, returned home, cold, wet and hungry, and addressed his wife as follows:

Fospe. Terese, my good girl, my feet are as wet as a drowned rat. Give me a pair of dry stockings from those I bought the other day of the pedlar from New-York.

Terese. I can't, my dear; I gave them all to the society last night. The Dominie says we must give all our sparings to the poor, and tells us we shall never miss what we give away in this manner.

Fospe. Hum! I wish the Dominie would make his words good, for I feel just now very uncomfortable, and miss very much the dry stockings you gave away to the society. But I suppose there's no help for it; so, as I have no money just now, I must borrow the shilling I gave Hans for Christmas, and step over to the shop to buy a pair.

Terese. But, my dear, Hans has parted with his money already.

Fospe. What, the young rogue has been at the cake-shop, I suppose?

Terese. No, my dear, Dominie Kanttwell persuaded us to give it to the society, and promised to mention Hans, in his sermon next Sunday, before the whole congregation.

Fospe. Well, what's done can't be undone; we must sell the pig, for my stockings are not only wet, but worn out, and I must have a dry pair, wife.

Terese. To be sure, but, my dear, the pig is gone too.

Fospe. What, has he run away, or been stolen?

Terese. No, my dear; but the Dominie begged him for the society; he assured me the pig would be returned tenfold to us.

Fospe. Hum! ay! Well, Terese, just run to the pig-sty, and see if the ten pigs have arrived. We must part with one of them immediately. But stay; it is wet, and you'd better not go out this evening. Call Hans, and I'll send him.

Terese. Here he comes, my dear.

Fospe. Why, he looks like a beggar's brat, all in rags. I wish, my dear, you would mend his trowsers, for you see his knees are all naked.

Terese. I would, my dear, but really I havn't time. The society has agreed to make up six dozen suits for the poor children of Greenland, who the Dominie assures us, are starving with cold, and all my time is taken up in labouring for these dear little sufferers. The Dominie says it will bring a blessing on the family.

Fospe. Well, well, the Dominie, I dare say, is

right. Here, Hans, run to the pig-sty, and see if the ten pigs are come.

Terese. Lord, my dear, you don't—you're not such a fool as to believe they are come already.

Fospe. Why not, my dear? The Dominie told you so, and every thing he says is true. But, my dear, what have you got for supper? you know I've had nothing since breakfast. Can't you cook some of the fat venison, left this morning?—come, bustle, my dear, I'm as hungry as a wolf.

Terese. But, my dear, all the fat venison is gone; I—

Fospe. What! you and Hans, and the rest of the little rogues, have made away with it hey? Well, never mind, I'm glad you've got good stomachs and something to fill them.

Terese. No, no, my dear, we made our dinner of the fresh fish you caught yesterday, from under the ice. The Dominie begged the venison for a poor family, he said had given all they could spare to the society, and were now sick and starving.

Fospe. Very well, Terese, we must n't refuse to help people that are sick and starving. But though I'm not sick, I'm almost starved myself. Do bake me a warm Indian cake, will you? come, that's a good girl.

Terese. I would, my dear, but how worldly-minded you are! The Dominie says we must n't think of such things: don't you see the fire is all gone out?

Fospe. Yes, and feel it too; but how came you to let it go out, this raw, cold day?

Terese. Why, my dear, Dominie Kanttwell called for me to go with him to a meeting, and so—

Fospe. Hum! but what became of the children while you were gone?

Terese. Why, I locked them all up together, and put out the fire, for fear of accidents.

Fospe. Careful mother! Well, I'll go and make a fire, and then you shall bake me the Indian cake, while I dry myself by the blaze.

Terese. Yes, my dear, but—

Fospe. But what, Terese?

Terese. Why, to tell you the truth, my dear, I am engaged to go with the Dominie to a protracted meeting this evening, and it is now about the time. The Dominie says, that baking cakes, mending our children's clothes, and all that, is but filthy rags, compared with night meetings.

The patience of poor Fospe was now quite exhausted;—"the d—l take the Dominie," cried he, "I wish he had my wet feet and empty stomach for his night's portion with all my heart." Just then the Dominie entered, with a stately step, and sonorous "hem!" that awed the spirit of the good yeoman into silent acquiescence. Terese put on her bonnet and cloak, and accompanied the Dominie to the love-feast, whence she did not return till almost midnight. Poor Fospe went to bed wet and hungry, and could not help thinking, as he said

his prayers, the Dominie might be better employed than in teaching well-meaning women, that the neglect of their domestic duties in this world was the surest passport to happiness in the world to come.

Before concluding this chapter, it is our desire to have it distinctly understood, that we enter not, either directly or indirectly, upon any questions connected with religious controversies, or the utility of any of those numerous societies, which the zeal, the humanity, or the ostentatious vanity of mankind have instituted. All we design is, to relate what happened in the famous village of Elsingburgh; and if in so doing, it should appear that indiscreet zeal, sometimes, is found at war with social duties and social happiness, and that ill-directed charity often impoverishes the industrious without relieving the idle, let us not be blamed for these consequences. They only furnish additional proof, that *excess* is in itself the root of all evil, and that whenever the blessed institution of religion interferes with our social and moral obligations, it ceases to be the conservator of human happiness, as well as of human virtue. As the excesses of sensual indulgence destroy the capacity for more refined gratifications, so do those of a fanatical religion blight and wither the most amiable feelings of the heart, rendering us insensible to many of the purest, the most exalted delights of which our nature is susceptible.

CHAPTER III.

"Let fools gaze
t bearded stars, it is all one to me
As if they had been shaved.
I will out-beard a comet any day,
Or night either, marry."

All this while the poor Heer remained without a hope, without a comforter, his mind ever running on the blue-eyed maiden he had, peradventure, lost for ever. The judgment which, according to aunt Edith's theory, had fallen upon his head, for the punishment of his sinful delights in contemplating the mild virtues, and gentle, unobtrusive charms of his duteous, affectionate daughter, seemed only to bind him more closely to the earth, for he could think of nought but her. His sole employment was in doing nothing, although he was incapable of sitting still more than a minute at a time. Like Bombie of the Frizzled Head, he wandered and wandered about, almost without purpose, or even consciousness, until some sound, some object, some nothing, as it would seem, struck upon one of those chords by which every thing that is beautiful or sweet in nature is connected with the memory of those we love, and have lost. Then his trembling lip, and wan, wet eye, bore testi-

mony, that the light still continued to burn, though the lamp which held it seemed quite broken to pieces.

He no longer took an interest in the affairs of his government, which now fell into the hands of master Wolfgang Langfanger, who thereupon took his full swing of public improvements. He caused new streets to be opened in every direction across the fields, which the good people of Elsingburgh avoided in dry weather on account of the dust, and in wet, on account of the mud. Thus the fine grassy lawns, and rich fields, that whilom yielded a golden harvest of grain, were cut up and laid waste, to wait till the village should grow over them. The unlucky proprietors were in this way, as it were, cut with a two-edged sword; they were obliged to pay for these improvements, and at the same time lost the products of their fields. But the masterpiece of Langfanger's policy was that of pulling down an old market, and building a new one in another part of the village, in the management of which business he is supposed to have laid down the first principles of the great and thriving science of political economy, or picking people's pockets on a great scale. He caused the people living near the old market to pay roundly for its removal as a nuisance; and then he caused the people that lived about where the new one was to be built, to pay roundly for the vast pleasure and advantage of its neighbourhood. Thus he pinched

them through both ears, and got the reputation of a great financier.

There was muckle scratching of heads at Elsingburgh, and serious complaints made to the governor; but that good man paid little or no attention either to his own wants or to those of his people. He was, indeed, desolate and forlorn. The Dominie now seldom came near him, because he refused to be comforted by his assurances that the loss of his only child was a great blessing, if properly considered; aunt Edith was quite elevated above the world and all things in it, save the meeting of the elect at societies, love-feasts, and the like. She held such bereavements as the loss of children, parents, friends, and brothers, as trifles which affected none save the worldly-minded, the chosen vessels of wrath; and considered the performance of domestic duties as among the filthiest of those filthy rags, miscalled good works. Nay, the veritable Bombie of the Frizzled Head, although she continued duteously to serve up the favourite dish of pepperpot at supper time, obstinately refused to sympathize with him in the extremity of his sorrows.

"Ah! if my poor lost Christina were here," would he sometimes exclaim, when any little string was touched that brought her loss home to him—"ah! if *she* were here, I should not be left thus alone. But what is an old man like me, without the tender and duteous ministrations of a virtuous daughter?

he is a trunk, whose roots are decayed—whose branches are blighted—whose heart, hollow and decayed, is only the refuge of the worm that never dies. Snow Ball, witch, devil, whatever thou art, tell me, dost thou think I shall ever see my poor Christina more?"

"I have seen what I have seen—I know what I know."

"Well, well," impatiently rejoined the Heer; "I suppose you do; most people can say that of themselves. But hast thou seen, and dost thou know, more than other people? Answer me, housekeeper of Satan—dost thou think we shall ever meet again?"

"There—perhaps," replied the Frizzled Head, pointing her horn-headed stick towards the blue sky, that was studded with stars, among which the new crescent of the moon held its course, like a bark of pearl in a sea of azure—"there, where the purified spirit finds its last serene abode—or"—dropping her stick to point to the earth—"*there*, where"——

"Away, thou screeching day-owl," interrupted the Heer; "blasted be the heart that conceived, the breath that shall utter such a prophecy! Why, I—I indeed have sometimes soiled my immortal spirit with the stain of worldly sins; but she—Oh! she was pure as the flake of snow in its midway flight from the Heavens, ere it reaches this contaminated earth; she was"——

"Ay, Heer, she *was*—and which of us, in looking back, cannot put our finger on the point of time when we too were innocent? Months have passed away, since thy daughter left thee, but in less time than that, according to thy book of faith, the angels lost their place in Heaven; a third part of the stars that glittered around the throne of Him who made us all, black, red, and white, alike, tumbled to the earth—ay, lower than the earth—into the bottomless gulf; he who was called the Son of the Morning, fell among the rest, and foremost of them all. Wilt thou say, then, that because thy daughter was pure and innocent months ago, she must of necessity be so still?"

"Pestilent imp of darkness, seed of sulphur, scourge of my blasted hopes, torturer of my broken heart," cried the Heer, "be silent, or tell me what thou really knowest of my lost child."

"I know," replied the Frizzled Head, "that she still lives, for had she died, I should have seen and spoken with her, ere her body had passed into the tomb. I know she lives, but that is all I know. Whether thou wilt ever see her, here or hereafter, I cannot tell; and if I cannot, none other can; for I have seen what I have seen—I know what I know. I saw thy child carried like a lamb from its fold, in company with the wolf that seeks to devour her; I warned him by the memory of the past, the hope of the future; I adjured him by the fate of the mother, by the kindness of the father,

the affection of the daughter, by all that good men hold sacred and villains scorn, to be unto her a true and watchful shepherd: he appealed to Heaven he would. But if man is a wolf to man, what is he to woman? At first, the cringing slave, and next the unfeeling tyrant."

"But, shall I see her again before I die?" reiterated the Heer, who, in the weakness of sorrow, sought to wring from the Frizzled Head, even what he would not dare to believe when it was uttered.

"The revolving sun often brings every thing back to where it was before. Thou mayest, perhaps, see her again; she may one day come to thee, when she hath forgotten herself and her parent; when time, and hardships, and the example of those around her, have worn out all traces of thy gentle, delicate and duteous daughter. She may return with a painted face, and limbs dilated into a clumsy magnitude, by toil and exposure to the wintry winds, and the labours which brutal man puts on our sex, when neither honour nor shame restrains his wanton tyranny; she may come with a papoose!"

"Hence!" burst forth the almost maddened Heer; "hence, wholesale dealer in the devil's haberdashery; away! offspring of wrath and fire; drown thyself in the river, hang thyself on the highest tree of the forest, or rather live, and waste away thy black and blasted flesh in tortures, such

as thou hast inflicted upon a poor childless old man —begone, and *der teufel hole dich.*"

This was the first time the Heer had relapsed into High Dutch since the loss of Christina, and, if the truth were known, it is believed the Frizzled Head purposely provoked him in this manner, that he might sometimes forget his daughter in rage against his slave. But she failed in her object. The anger of the master was momentary; the grief of the father was without end.

CHAPTER IV.

"Were it not that I pity the multitude of printers, these chapters had never been written. But besides, I find it necessary to refresh my dulness every day by eating, for, by'r lady, Minerva loves the larder."

After a conversation similar to that recorded in the last chapter, the Heer seated himself disconsolately in his old arm-chair, and was silently and sorrowfully contemplating a picture, representing his little daughter Christina, then about a year old, nestling on the bosom of her mother, now no more. As a specimen of art, the picture was not worth a stiver; but the Heer would not have parted with it for the whole wealth of his territory, for it was almost the only memorial, save that which he carried in his old broken heart, of the two beings he had loved better than all the world besides. While thus seated, the good man communed with his heart, in something like the following soliloquy:

"Ah! wife of my bosom, and daughter of my heart's blood, ye are gone from me, though in the common course of nature, I should rather have departed before you. Where are ye now, my companion in youth, my solace in old age? The one is a saint in Heaven—but the other! my sprightly, kind-hearted, duteous daughter! Her eyes, the colour of Heaven, are long ere this closed in dark-

ness; her cheeks, the colour of the rose, are clay-cold and blanched now—the prey of sorrow, and the worm. Or perhaps she still lives, a wretched outcast of the woods, the companion of wild beasts, the slave of men wilder than they; shut out from her customary society, deprived of the solace of parental affection, and robbed of all that makes existence aught but a weary burden, a weight that crushes the elastic spirit to the earth, and points it to the grave as its only refuge. My daughter! my only, my beloved child!"

As the Heer thus indulged himself in melancholy ponderings, his attention was called off by a distant noise, that came to his ear like the shouts of joyful exultation. He listened, but again all was silent. What can it mean thought he. But the thought was only momentary, and he sunk into his usual train of dark and dismal contemplation. Again the shout was repeated, still nearer, by the noisy tongues of the village train, whose unladen spirits were ever ready to seize occasions for noise and jollity. Nearer, and still nearer, came the rout, until at length the attention of the Heer was roused by something which struck upon his heart like a repetition of Christina's name. He started up, and, hurrying with faltering steps to the window, beheld, a little way off, a crowd of people, in the midst of which seemed to be a tall, stately figure, mounted on horseback, with something that looked like a woman seated behind him. The waning

lump of his aged eyes would not permit him to distinguish any more. Yet—and the hope glanced upon his heart like lightning—yet, if it should be *her*, returning at last to his arms! As the eye, when long accustomed to darkness, shuts close its lids at the slightest ray of light, so does the mortal spirit, weakened by age, long-suffering, melancholy thoughts, and dark forebodings, become overpowered by the first ray of hope that glances into its gloomy recesses. It often happens, too, that the ardent desire to realize a darling hope, is checked by an apprehension that certainty, instead of leading to fruition, will only lead to disappointment. To minds naturally weak, or weakened by long-suffering, uncertainty is less painful than to know the worst.

From one or both these causes, the good Heer, instead of going forth to learn the truth, returned trembling to his chair, and there sat waiting, almost in a state of insensibility, the approach of the crowd.

"My father! where, where is he?" exclaimed a voice that went to the innermost soul of the old man, who sat riveted to his chair, without the power of speech or motion. A moment after, a figure rushed in and threw herself at his feet, kissed his hands, and wept upon them.

"My father, hast thou forgotten Christina,—or, Oh! heavenly powers! perhaps he has forgotten himself! speak to me, dear father, or kiss me, or

press my hand—Oh, do something to show thou rememberest and lovest thy child."

The Heer pressed her hand, in token that he had not forgotten his daughter, but it was some minutes before he became sufficiently recovered to take her to his bosom, weep over, and bless her. When he did, the scene was so moving, that the spectators shed tears of sympathy; and even the dry and parched cheeks of Shadrach Moneypenny exhibited indications of moisture.

"But you must thank my deliverers," said Christina, when the first strong feelings of joy had subsided.

"And who are they?" answered the Heer, wiping his eyes and looking round. "Ah! Long Finne, art thou there? I dare almost swear thou hadst a hand in my daughter's preservation: come hither boy, thou art thrice welcome. Is it not so, Christina?"

"I owe my life to him," replied Christina, "but not my liberty, father."

"To whom then? if he is present, I will hug him in my arms; if absent, I will seek him through the world but I will thank him; if he be poor, I will make him rich; if he be rich, he shall have my everlasting gratitude. Stand forth, whoever thou art; the guilty are not ashamed of their evil deeds—why should the virtuous blush for theirs?"

The stiff and upright form of Shadrach Moneypenny now advanced with measured steps towards

the Heer, who, on perceiving it approaching, started up, and hugged Shadrach, with such good-will, that the head of the governor actually dislodged the hat of the other, and it fell to the floor. Shadrach stooped down with great deliberation, and, picking up the hat, placed it on his head and said—

"Take notice, friend Piper, I pulled not off mine own hat, in reference to thy dignity, or that of thy master, the bloody-minded man, who carrieth the gospel of peace upon the incarnadined point of his sword. It fell by accident, verily."

"Be it so," returned the Heer; "thou shalt wear thy beaver in the presence of kings, nay, of the king of kings, if thou likest, my noble benefactor, to whom I owe more than I can ever pay."

"I am not thy benefactor, friend Piper," quoth Shadrach, "and thou owest me no more than that good-will which we are enjoined to bear towards all our neighbours. What I have done was by the command, (or rather, at the request) of William Penn, (for we obey no orders from any man, or body of men, except we list,) who sent me forthwith into the wilderness, with store of glass beads, tobacco, and the like, to redeem thy daughter, together with him they call the Long Finne; likewise friend Dotterel, commonly denominated among the aboriginals the Jumping Sturgeon; and lastly, the coloured lad, bearing the heathen appellative of Cupid, the which I do entreat thee as a particular favour, to have christened over again, in

which case I will accord myself to stand gedfather."

"Well, then," replied the Heer, "I shall bethink myself of some means worthily and magnificently to reward both the good William Penn and all those who have been the instruments of his benevolence in the redemption of my dear child, whose return to my bosom is as the warmth of spring to the torpid animals of the forest."

"William Penn wants no rewards, neither do I," quoth Shadrach. "When he despatched me forth into the wilderness, and I departed in accordance with his wishes, it was not as if on an expedition of trade or profit. We will exchange with thee good offices, but we cannot sell them."

"Well, but, *der teufel*," replied the Heer, a little ruffled—

"Swear not all," interrupted Shadrach—"friend Piper, swear not at all. And, now I bethink me, if thou wishest to exhibit thy gratitude to William Penn, or me, his chosen vessel, let it be in the utter abandonment of that unseemly custom, which, I am aggrieved to say, savours of the company and good-fellowship of Satan and his imps."

At any other time, this sally of Shadrach would have brought the wrath of the Heer upon him, in a great tempest of expletives; but now he had got his daughter's hand in his, while she herself was seated on the little stool, which whilom supported his gouty foot, and felt so happy at the moment,

that he had neither room nor words for any other feeling.

"Say, then," said he at length, in reply to Shadrach's exhortation—"say that I will come myself, and thank him for having restored to me my child; and think to thyself that I will never forget thy good offices."

"I will so say," rejoined Shadrach. "And now, albeit I have finished my mission, and done the bidding (or rather the request) of William Penn, I will essay my return from whence I came. Farewell, friend Piper—swear not at all."

Shadrach then shook hands with the governor, the Long Finne, and the likely fellow Cupid, whom he exhorted to take to himself a new name, of Christian seemliness. He also looked about for the Jumping Sturgeon, who, however, was found wanting, being at that time busily employed in keeping order among his old enemies, the roistering urchins of Elsingburgh. The spirit then moved Shadrach Moneypenny to approach the fair Christina, which he did with great gallantry, his beaver being up in front.

"Maiden," quoth Shadrach, "humph! verily thou art fair, and comely therewithal: I will shake hands with thee for old acquaintance sake. Verily, humph—I say again thou art exceeding fair and comely: I will salute thee, maiden, being thereunto moved by having sojourned with thee in the wilderness. Verily, humph—I say a third

time, maiden, thou art altogether and without equal fair and comely; I will embrace thee in the spirit, being thereunto moved by"—

But Shadrach, as he opened his arms to carry into execution his sober wishes, like another Ixion, embraced a cloud. Christina had taken advantage of his habit of elevating his eyes to the ceiling, to slip away, unperceived by the good man, who, without the least appearance of being ruffled and disquieted at the disappointment, gravely observed that the maiden was over bashful. He then turned himself as on a pivot, and departed amid the grateful thanks of all, save the Long Finne, who never forgave Shadrach the sin of having touched the red lip of Christina.

CHAPTER V.

"Most heart-commanding faced gentlewoman, even as the stone in India called basilinus hurts all that look on it, and as the serpent in Arabia called smaragdus delighteth the sight, so does thy celestial, orb-assimilating eyes both please, and, pleasing, pain my love-darted heart."

Euphues, and his England.

When Shadrach Moneypenny had gathered himself together, and departed for Coequanock, the Heer and his little party, being left alone, drew into a circle, and began to compare notes one with another. Perhaps one of the most pleasing results of the meeting of long separated friends is this mutual interchange of the relations of past events. Our little self-love is gratified in telling all that has happened to us, and our curiosity, perhaps a better feeling, feasted with the chronicle of what has befallen others. Alternately the hero and the auditor of these domestic legends, each one enjoys a temporary hour of supremacy, and all are pleased, because all have their turn in talking. The happy Heer, seated between his daughter and the Long Finne, holding a hand of the former, questioned, and answered, and listened, and talked, like a boy; for the return of his darling had made him feel young again.

The party consisted only of the three, with the occasional intrusion of the Frizzled Head, and her

likely grandson, who, under various pretences, went and came, without having any positive errand to justify the intrusion. The good aunt Edith was, as usual, lying a-bed, too sick even to admit of a visit from her niece, which she feared might agitate her so much that she would not be able to attend a prayer meeting on the ensuing evening. The worthy Dominie Kanttwell, too, was either engaged, or pretended to be so, and came not to congratulate the Heer on the return of his only child from captivity among the wild men of the woods. Indeed, it was shrewdly suspected, that the good man, as well as aunt Edith, were both somewhat mortified at the failure of their favourite doctrine of temporal judgments, on this occasion, as exemplified in the happy return of Christina; and there were those who did not scruple to insinuate, that the Dominie was sorely wounded in spirit, at the downfall of a plan for benefiting the church, which depended on the absence of the fair Christina.

"Ah! poor Ludwig!" cried the Heer, as Koningsmarke related the manner in which he had cheated the savages of their bloody feast—"ah! brave, merry, thoughtless rogue! he lived only for the present breath he drew, and thought not of the next moment, much less of the morrow. Jolly Varlett! he was as brave as the great Gustavus, not to mention another person, whose name it would not become me to utter, being that self-

praise is but another name for self-blame. He used to say, that a man who feared not what the present moment could bring, yet shrunk from the next, was like a superstitious blockhead, that would wrestle with flesh and blood, and run away from his own shadow. Honest Wolfgang Langfanger and he could never agree, for Wolfgang thought nothing of the present, I mean in a worldly point of view, while Ludwig held, that in the firm of past, present, and future, the first and the last were little more than sleeping partners. Ah! pleasant, merry Varlett! would I could hear him sing again! But now," continued the Heer, addressing himself to Koningsmarke—"now tell me about thyself. How didst thou live, and how did my poor little girl endure the savage thraldom—hey? Thy hand is not so soft nor so white as it used to be, my daughter," said he, as he pressed it tenderly in his own.

This led to a recapitulation of the events detailed in our preceding chapters, in which Christina and Koningsmarke, alternating, related their dangers and sufferings, omitting certain scenes, only interesting to the performers. The Heer alternately laughed and wept. As they related the adventures of Lob Dotterel's wig, and the adoption of that trusty officer into the tribe of the Muskrats, he indulged in bursts of merriment, and ever after called him by the name of the Jumping Sturgeon. The sufferings of his child melted his heart; and when she told him of the kindness of little Aouetti, the

Deer Eyes, he declared his determination to have her sought out, and brought to Elsingburgh, that he might reward her by the affection of a father, for her goodness to his daughter. Christina, however, for some reason or other, which, as she did not avow, we should hold ourselves guilty of betraying her confidence if we disclosed, did not second this motion, and the good Heer was too happy to notice her apparent indifference to her adopted sister.

"And now," exclaimed the Heer, when they had finished the relation of their adventures—"and now, Koningsmarke, my dear son, for such thou hast been to me, tell me how I may best reward thee, for having saved the life of my child, and watched over her safety in the desolate wilderness. I have wealth, more, than enough for my wants, speak, and as much of it is thine as shall place thee above the world."

Koningsmarke replied not, but shook his head, and looked at Christina.

"No?" said the good Heer, answering his look and shake of the head, "No? thou art proud, then, and disdainest to be repaid for thy kindness to an old man and his daughter, with money. But remember, I am at least thy debtor for a handful of Mark Newby's halfpence," added he, smiling.

"Money cannot repay me for what I have done for thy daughter," rejoined Koningsmarke, with an air and tone of melancholy pride.

"No? *Der teufel!* but—what? thou holdest thy favours above all price then?"

"None think less than I do of what I have done for others: what others do for me, is a different affair."

"Well, then, I have some influence with the great Gustavus, who, no doubt, remembers the good service I did him, in taking a corporal's guard. I will use it in thy behalf, and entreat him, as I am old and feeble, and wish for retirement, to appoint thee my successor in the government of New Swedeland—hey?"

The Long Finne again shook his head, and was silent.

"What! then, *du galgen schivenkel*," exclaimed the Heer, waxing wroth apace—"what! then thou disdainest my friendship, and contemnest my gratitude? Hark ye, *henckers knecht*, be pleased to comprehend, that I hold when a man refuses to be repaid for the favours he confers, he cancels the obligation. Look ye, Long Finne—am I not old enough to be thy father? am I not the representative of the great Gustavus? am I not obliged to thee for the safety of my only child? 'Sfoot, sir—and dost thou dare to tell me, thus to my face, that it is not thy pleasure to be rewarded? Now mark me, youngster—either name thy reward, or fight me to-morrow morning with good broadswords. I'll teach thee to encumber me with a load of gratitude sufficient to smother Shadrach

Moneypenny's great horse, and then refuse to assist me in getting rid of it. Come, stripling, name thy reward, or shalt smoke for it to-morrow."

Koningsmarke dropped on his knee, and, taking the hand of Christina, pressed it to his lips and his heart.

"I deserve her not—I ask her not—I dare not ask you for her. But, Oh! Heer—if she owes her life to me, as well as to thee—if I have watched, and toiled, and fought for her—if I have borne her in my arms, when her own limbs refused to support her, through the irksome wilderness—if I have been to her as a brother, to you as a son—think what I could wish—not what I ask, or deserve as a recompense—the only recompense you can bestow, or I accept."

"What! *henckers knecht*—my daughter, hey? By the glory of the immortal champion, Gustavus, but that is indeed cancelling the obligation! Thou first gavest me my daughter, and now thou wilt take her away again. Thou wouldst rob me of the treasure thou hast just found and restored to me?"

"Not rob thee, Heer; I would wish to double the blessing, by adding to the solace of a daughter's tender ministry, the support of a duteous, grateful son."

"And thou wouldst not ask her to abandon her poor old father?"

"No—we would live and die with thee. Thy

house should be our home; and, if it so pleased Heaven, our graves should be close to thine."

"Sayest thou, coward! ha! thou hadst rather marry, then, than meet my old rusty broadsword? well, thou art a prudent young stripling after all. Christina, hast got a fever, for within these last fifteen minutes, thy pulse hath risen to a truly alarming pitch? Christina, what shall I say to this worthy lad, who so well understandeth the value of his services? truly, honest Finne, thou shalt be made superintendent of the Indian trade, being as thou so well comprehendest the mysteries of bargaining."

If a young woman can possibly be brought to say yes, to such a question as that of the Heer, it must be when she is alone with the person that asks it, unless we are mistaken in our recollection of the pure and delicate Dan Cupid, that whilom used to fan the flame of love in female hearts. Christina replied not.

"Well," said the Heer, "silence gives consent. Thou art no true woman, Christina, if thou art not ready to devote thyself to the wishes of one, who gave thee life, and of that good-looking youth who hath preserved it more than once. Here, Long Finne, here is her hand; if she dissents, she has only to signify as much by withdrawing it."

Christina did not withdraw her hand, although her pale cheek, and trembling frame, bore testimony that though she gave herself to Konings-

marke, it was not with that ample trust, that boundless confidence, that measureless hope, with which the ardent, inexperienced maid so often throws herself, her virtues, her wealth, and her beauty into the bosom of man.

"This day shall be kept as the happiest of my life," cried the Heer. "It is—yes, it is the day I was married, the day of thy birth, Christina; the day too in which Heaven gave thee to me a second time, that I might secure thy happiness by giving thee to one whom Providence made the instrument of thy preservation. Blessed be this day!"

"It is the day of thy wife's death, too!" exclaimed the Frizzled Head, who was always flitting about like the bird of night, and always croaking. "It is the day of thy wife's death; thy wife, who, if she could at this blessed moment lift the shroud and come among you, would hold up her bloodless hand, and shriek in ghostly accents against this unhappy union; forbidden by the memory of the past, the auguries of the future. I, that know what thou, Heer, knowest not—I, that have seen what thou didst not see, I tell thee, Heer, I tell thee, weak maiden, and," holding up her withered finger in scorn, to Koningsmarke, "I tell *thee*, that rathe than this accursed marriage shall take place, I will say what shall blast thy purpose and send thee wandering again to another new world, if such there be. Better be dead than wedded thus."

"Housekeeper of Satan!" answered the Heer,

"avaunt, fly, skip—herald of wrath and abomination! When was it that I was ever inclined to be merry, that thou didst not essay to turn my gayety into gloomy forebodings? when did I ever open my heart to the memory of past, or the anticipation of future happiness, that thou camest not, like the raven, to croak me into fancied misery? when did the sun shine ever warm on my heart, that thou didst not come and freeze it stiff and cold? Away, and howl in churchyards, at midnight; scream into the ear of guilt thy accursed maledictions. Be silent with that eternal clapper of thine, or speak to be understood, or"—

"I do howl in the ears of guilt, and I speak to be understood by those I wish to understand me. Those now hear me, who know full well what I mean, yet dare to despise my warnings; who would rush into each other's arms, even though the grave of a mother lay between them and their desires; who—but the time is not yet come, that I must and will speak out."

"Then, in the name of Heaven, be quiet till then, and do not mar this happy hour. I would thou wert silent, even as the grave thou speakest of; for thy talking is worse than the screech-owl, the wolf, and the Indian, all joining in concert with the midnight storm. How is it, that thou wouldst mar the happiness of thy master and young mistress?"

"I mar their happiness!" retorted the Snow

Ball; "I seek to prevent their misery; to save virtue from the contamination of vice; to revenge the death of her, who, of all thy colour and thy race, was the only one whose kindness to me was never accompanied by insult—whose benefits were never cancelled by capricious tyranny. Heer, why do I take an interest in the prosperity of thy household? why do I seek thy happiness? It is not that thou art, in the language of thy haughty race, my master, but because thou wert the husband of the kindest being that ever breathed the breath of life. Daughter of my mistress, why do I watch over thy welfare? It is not that thou art the child of my master, and I thy slave, but that *she* was thy mother, and that with her latest breath she besought me to be unto thee a watchful and devoted servant, to see that no harm fell upon thy innocent head. Such I have been—such I will be, until I join my mistress, where I may be permitted, though black as ink, to say to her snow-white spirit, I did my duty to her at least."

"The yellow plague seize thee, thou incomprehensible riddle of darkness," cried the Heer. "Begone, for I swear to thee, Snow Ball, the Long Finne shall marry my daughter, though thou talkest thyself white in the face. To-morrow shall be the day, and then, when I have secured my girl a protector in weal and wo, in storm and sunshine, I am ready to obey that call which, sooner or later, brings all mankind to their last muster. Depart

in peace, old sinner, and hold thy peace, if such a matter be possible."

"I go," replied the Frizzled Head, without moving a step. "Heer! Heer! thou wilt remember, when I am dead, in sorrow and remorse, that I warned thee, yet thou wouldst not listen. When the storm comes, and thou and thine shall be laid low in the dust, thy roots bare, and thy branches broken, like the trees after a whirlwind, then thou shalt weep, and tear thy gray hairs, and call upon the mountains to fall, the rocks to cover thee: but it will be vain. Thou shalt invoke death, but he will not come; thou shalt seek the grave, but it will not open to thee; thou shalt live, despairing, until thy legs shall refuse to carry thee, thy hands to lift themselves to thy head, and thy mind and body become those of the helpless infant."

During this mysterious colloquy, Christina had remained speechless and motionless, her cold and almost lifeless hand grasped in that of Koningsmarke, who himself remained silent, as if overawed by the horrible fluency of the sable prophetess. There is something allied to the sublime in futurity; and even the strongest mind, fortified by the consciousness of innocence, involuntarily shrinks when the veil is withdrawn, and renders the homage of its fears, where it refuses that of its faith.

"Daughter of the kindest mistress that ever fell to one of our unhappy race," resumed Bombie of the Frizzled Head, addressing Christina, "wilt thou

devote thy virtue, thy beauty, thy life, to this man, who—"

"Who twice saved mine," hastily interrupted Christina; "I am bound by my faith to do so. When we parted, never expecting to meet again; when he was going to be tortured at the stake, for having sought to restore me to my father; and when it seemed hardly within the compass or the power of fate to restore him to me, or me to my home, I promised to be his, if we ever lived to return hither. I will keep my word, let what will follow; I will pay the debt of gratitude I owe him, though it be at the price of a broken heart, a blasted fame; yea! even though my mother's spirit should—" Here the poor maiden covered her face with her hands, and became choked with her rising emotions.

"Then be the curse of thy mother on thy head, and on the heads of all that shall be born of thee, as the curse of Cain was upon him and all his posterity—"

Here Christina uttered a shriek, and fell insensible into the arms of her father. The Heer raved in agony. "To-day," he cried, "the Lord restored to me a lost child, and to-day, ere yet I had kissed and blessed her, thou—thou, black and malignant devil, hast destroyed her. But thou shalt pay for this, thou and all thy accursed race."

"Better thus—better dead, than to live as thou mayest yet live to see her, with a blighted cheek, a

broken heart, and a conscience gnawed, morning, noon, and night, sleeping and waking, by the worm that never dies," replied the sibyl.

What more she would have said was interrupted by the intrusion of Lob Dotterel, followed by a number of the villagers, having in custody the body of that likely fellow Cupid. Their presence turned the current of Bombie's feelings into another channel, and the disclosures that followed led to consequences which will be related in the succeeding chapters.

BOOK EIGHTH.

CHAPTER I.

Showing that there is as much reason in boiling as in roasting of eggs.

It hath been aptly and truly said, that "there is reason in the roasting of an egg." But, assuredly, if the roasting of an egg to please every palate requires great discretion, the boiling of one is a matter of much more difficult attainment. Some people like their eggs as hard as a bullet, in defiance of that mortal foe to good eating, erewhile known by the name of the spleen, afterward christened bile, and now of universal acceptation, as dyspepsia. Others will have their eggs raw, or so nearly raw, as to puzzle human reason to decide whether they are raw or boiled. A third party, who may be denominated *tertium quids*, prefer them half-boiled, and so on, through every gradation, from one extreme to the other.

It is astonishing, what a number of families there are, both in the old and new world, whose peace almost entirely depends on the judicious boiling of those oddities, which, from the first cackling of the hen to their being served up at the breakfast

table, or hatched into chickens, seem destined to give great trouble to the fair sex. Certain it is, that the boiling of eggs is a matter of great moment to the peace of society and the happiness of mankind. We have seen a lord of the creation put out of humour for a whole day, because his egg had been kept ten seconds too long in the skillet. Nay, we have more than once beheld a lively, good-humoured Frenchman, who was the life of a stage-coach all night long, eat twenty hard-boiled eggs in the morning at breakfast, and grumble all the while at the cook, the house, and all within it, except the pretty bar-maid.

And here we will observe, that the best possible test of a gentleman is his behaviour at a dinner, breakfast, or supper table, in a hotel or steam-boat. It is there that his pretensions are put to the touchstone, and that fine clothes fail to hide from observation the clown that lurks beneath them. If we find him snatching at every dish within his reach; filling his plate with fish, flesh, and fowl; eating as if his last, or rather his first meal were come; and, at the same time, looking about with eyes as wide open as his mouth, to see what next to devour—not velvet-cloth coat, dandy pantaloons, or corset dire, will suffice to place him in the rank of gentlemen. Were we to express our idea of a well-bred man in one word, we would say, he was a gentleman, even in his eating; nor would we hesitate to place any man in that class, who, being

fond of soft eggs, should be able to eat them boiled hard, without grumbling. We remember, for we delight to remember every thing connected with that gay, good-humoured, sprightly old gentleman, Deidrich Knickerbocker, that he always superintended his eggs himself, by a stop-watch, and more than once came near to scalding his fingers, in his haste to rescue his favourites from the boiling element, ere the fatal crisis was passed.

This diversity of taste extends to almost every enjoyment and luxury of life, more especially to books, in the composition of which, notwithstanding so many appearances to the contrary, we will venture to say, that almost as much reason is necessary, as in the roasting or boiling of eggs. Some readers like what are called hard studies, as some men like hard eggs; while others luxuriate in raw sentiment, and melting, drivelling, ropy softness. Some delight in impossible adventures, and others in common-place matter of fact. In short, it is quite unnecessary to insist on what the experience of all mankind verifies every hour of the day.

It is in order to accommodate, as far as possible, every class of readers, that we have endeavoured, in the course of this work, to do what we are fully convinced can easily be done, namely, please all sorts of people, whether lovers of hard or soft eggs. We mean all those who are naturally inclined to be pleased with every thing; which class includes, beyond doubt, a majority of mankind;

for, as to the critics, and other ill-disposed people, whose pleasure consists in being displeased, we have nothing to say to such unreasonable people, except that whatever faults are incorporated into this work, were wilfully placed there, for the sole purpose of affording them the pleasure of grumbling a little.

Our introductory chapters are intended for the deepest philosophers, who will find therein matters of weighty import; our historical details are for the inveterate lovers of truth; our love scenes for all whom it may concern; our gravity for the aged; our jests for the young; our wisdom is at any body's service that can find it out; and the sublime declamation of the Frizzled Head is particularly intended for the refreshment of ladies and gentlemen of colour, who, it is presumed, will become ere long sufficiently enlightened to scold their masters, and bully their mistresses, into a proper sense of equality.

CHAPTER II.

"From fire, and water, and all things amiss,
Deliver the house of an honest justice."

THE interruption to the eloquence of the Frizzled Head, recorded in the last chapter of the seventh book of this veracious history, was, as the reader may recollect, occasioned by the intrusion of a crowd of the inhabitants of Elsingburgh, headed by Lob Dotterel, having in custody the goblin Cupid. Lob's hand had been out so long, that, although by no means an ill-natured or malicious person, his fingers itched to lay hold of a culprit of some kind or other. The moment, therefore, that he resumed the duties of high constable of Elsingburgh, he began to look about sharply, and make most diligent inquisition into the affairs of the village, in order, if possible, to catch some one tripping. Failing in this, he bethought himself of certain boastings of Cupid, during their captivity among the Indians, from which it appeared, that this likely youth had not only given information to the hostile savages, but actually caused, by his immediate agency, the blowing up of the magazine, and consequent destruction of Elsingburgh.

The high constable, stimulated by a longing desire of labouring once again in his favourite voca-

tion, perhaps actuated, too, by a consciousness of the necessity of exposing and punishing a crime so dangerous to the existence of all the little communities that were springing up in this new world, as that of conspiring with the savages, laid this information before master Wolfgang Langfanger. Langfanger was at this time perfectly at leisure to attend to the affair, having just wrought up the village to a state of improvement, to which nothing could be added and nothing taken away, since, in truth, he had left the good people exceedingly bare of all resources for either public or private emergencies. By his direction, Lob Dotterel forthwith summoned the *posse comitatus*, and proceeded to search for the goblin Cupid, whom, it is recorded, they found most lovingly consorting with his old friend Grip, who still survived, and discovered nearly as much sensibility, on this occasion, as the far-famed dog of Ulysses, from which honest Grip was very possibly a lineal descendant.

The moment master Lob laid his terrible paw on the shoulder of the goblin Cupid, in the way of hostility, did honest Grip take a similar liberty with the heel of the high constable, which he continued to hold in his teeth, but without actually biting through the skin. Lob was no Achilles, and if he had been, he was, like that hard-talking hero, at least vulnerable in the heel. The salutation of Grip was therefore highly obnoxious to the high constable, who called on the posse to assist him in

the discharge of his functions. But not one of these worthy citizens had the least inclination in the world to risk an encounter with the white tusks of Cupid's guardian angel, for the public benefit. They therefore contented themselves with calling off the dog, who resisted all their coaxing and blandishments, till one of them bethought himself of producing a bribe. Every dog has his price, and the fidelity of Grip, sorry we are to record it, yielded to the irresistible seductions of the marrow-bone. All the excuse we can allege for this ignominious conduct, is, that poor Grip had been much neglected in the absence of his friend Cupid, and that he was now half starved. But, after all, we fear this circumstance only furnishes another indication of that downhill course of every thing in this world, which is so clearly discerned by every man after he passes the age of forty, and begins to go downhill himself. It is then that, like a passenger in a locomotive, while sitting apparently still, he sees every thing else going backwards, though in reality it is himself that is outstripping all things, in his progress to the end of his journey. Be this as it may, the dog seized his bone, and, retreating to his strong hold under an old piazza, began to discuss it with such earnestness, that his old friend Cupid was carried away, without exciting even a growl of disapprobation.

"Well, master constable," quoth the Heer, as Lob entered with Cupid in custody, "what is the

matter now? hast thou been exercising thy functions already? hast thou caught a sinner, hey? Take notice, I pardon him outright, for no one shall date his shame or his punishment from the day when my child was returned to me from the wilderness. What hath this boy done?"

Lob Dotterel then proceeded to detail the confession, or rather boast of the goblin, that they might thank him for their captivity, and the burning of Elsingburgh, as he had not only given information to the savages of the proper time for making the attack, but had actually himself blown up the magazine.

"It is a lie; he never said so, or, if he did, he bore false witness against himself," cried the Frizzled Head, who had discovered great agitation from the moment Cupid was brought in by Lob Dotterel.

"Silence!" exclaimed Lob, with the gravity of the worthy Rinier Skaats, erewhile crier and queller of noisy curs and falling shovels and tongs, in the ancient city-hall of Gotham, now levelled, like the good Rinier himself, with, yea, below the dust of the earth.

"Silence thou!" retorted Bombie of the Frizzled Head; "silence! scraper of night-cellars, inquisitor of dungeons, keen-scented hound of two legs, whose delight is to hunt down, equally, the guilty who sin wilfully, and the innocent who cannot defend themselves."

"Silence! I say," cried the Heer, in a voice of unequalled authority; "silence! dost think there is nobody to talk but yourselves, ye scum of a kettle of boiled porpoises? If we all talk at once, I should like to know where the listeners are to come from, *der teufel hole dich.*"

"I will not be silent," quoth the Snow Ball; "I will speak, Heer, for it is the only right reserved by our unhappy race. Shall we be trod under foot, and not turn? Shall we be beaten, and not curse? Shall we be oppressed, ground to the earth, abused, insulted, manacled, enslaved, and not rail? Heer! Heer! the heart and the tongue cannot be held in fetters; the one will engender, the other mutter curses in secret, even as dogs howl to the moon, when there is nothing else to bay. Beware, beware; it is but for me to speak out, and the fabric of thy happiness will crumble to the earth; thou wilt go down to the grave, not as a happy old man, beholding his children and his children's children sporting around his decaying roots, but like a wretched being, seeking in death, not immortality, but a refuge from recollections of the past, that swallow up all fears of the future. Touch not a hair of that boy's head, or thy own gray hairs shall assuredly go down to the grave in anguish and unutterable despair."

"Had it been any thing but this," rejoined the Heer, who, stout-hearted as he was, could not help feeling, he might not exactly tell how, at these mys-

terious denunciations—"had it been any lesser offence, I would have pardoned it, and offered up my forgiveness at the shrine of this happy day. But the crime of this boy is one that endangers the safety and the lives of communities and states; —it has cost us our good town and fort of Elsingburgh, both consumed in the flames; it has cost us the lives of our dear and worthy counsellor Ludwig Varlett, and the poor Claas Tomeson, his wife and child: and it has cost me months of unutterable misery. My own sufferings I might forget; those of my child I might forgive; but, as the guardian and protector of my people, I must see justice done upon one who has been the instrument of destruction to their homes, and of exile, bondage, and tortures, to their friends and neighbours. As I live, thy grandson shall be tried to-morrow, if it please God; and if he doth not clear himself of this heavy charge, so surely as the morrow comes, he shall be made to feel at least some part of what he hath made others feel and suffer. Go thy ways, old woman, and pray that thy lad may be found innocent, for it is only his innocence that can shield him now."

"Innocent!" retorted the Frizzled Head—"Innocent! Dost thou tell me, Heer, that innocence is a surety against condemnation and punishment in this world? I, that have seen the finger of scorn pointing at an innocent child, not for its own guilt, but the guilt of its parents—I, that have seen the

strong giant, wickedness, bestriding the world, and crushing the unoffending helpless beneath him—I, that have seen innocent hearts broken asunder, by being made to bear the burden and the shame of others crimes—I, that have everywhere beheld the seeds of good reaped by the wicked, and the seeds of evil gathered by the virtuous man—I!—talk to me of my child's innocence being a shield of protection! Had I not forgot to laugh, long, many long years ago, I would laugh in thy face, Heer, though my burden in this life is to bear the heavy load of inferiority to the lowest, the meanest, the vilest of thy race."

"He shall be tried by the laws of the land, and adjudged by his neighbours," quoth the Heer.

"The laws of the land!" rejoined the Snow Ball. "Had he any voice in making these laws? Has he has any interest or stake in that society to which he is held in subjection, and to whose welfare he is to be sacrificed? Neighbours say you! He hath no neighbours; they will sit in judgment upon him, not as beings placed on a level with a slave, sharing his feelings, his wrongs, and his resentment. No, Heer, that which alone gives rise to the sympathy between man and man, is when he puts himself in the place of his neighbour, and asks his heart what he would do, or feel, or suffer, if placed in his neighbour's situation. But alas! my master, what sympathy can there ever be betwixt the freeman and the slave."

"Go thy ways," mildly, yet firmly replied the Heer, waving his hand for her to depart. "There is some truth in what thou sayest; but still I declare to thee, he shall clear himself of this crime to-morrow, or lay down his life to expiate it. Go thy ways. I pity thee—but thou talkest to the winds."

"Then may thy last petitions on thy death-bed, be howled out to the winds, as I do now! But it is not alone I and mine that shall suffer; thou and thine, Heer, will live to rue the hour when the only being that owns kindred or fellowship with me in this wide world shall be made a spectacle and a victim. Before I go, as I shall surely go, when that hour arrives, I will lay that on thy heart shall make it bleed or break; I will pour out a vial of wrath on thy gray head, and on the innocent head of thy child, shall blast and scorch them, as the lightning scorches the earth, so that neither grass, nor herbage, nor any thing green, ever grows there again."

"Let it be so—if it must, it must. I shall do my duty, let come what will," quoth the Heer, at the same time directing that a high court should be held on the morrow, for the trial of Cupid, who, in the interim, was intrusted to the care of Lob Dotterel, to be guarded with all possible vigilance. The sable lad had all this while maintained a dogged silence, either trusting to the overwhelming eloquence of his grandmother, or actuated by that unconquerable obstinacy, which is so often a cha-

racteristic of his race, and which in the ignorant is called stupidity—in the enlightened, philosophy.

The party then dispersed their various ways; and it may not be beneath the dignity of this history to record, that the good Heer, who was thus ready to brave the mysterious denunciations of Bombie, in order to further the sacred ends of justice, that night went to bed without his supper, either because he had no appetite, or rather, as we believe, that the Frizzled Head refused to cook his favourite dish of pepperpot.

CHAPTER III.

"Hem! grass and hay. We're all mortal!"

Betimes the next morning, the trial of the likely fellow Cupid came on in the high court of Elsingburgh; where presided the Heer in person, assisted by Counsellors Langfanger and Pfegel, and prompted in the mysteries of that most mysterious of all sciences, the law, by six folios of jurisprudence, each one nearly a foot thick, and containing sufficient matter to confound the universe.

The prisoner was brought in by Lob Dotterel, the gravity of whose deportment would have done credit to a much greater man than himself, and whose attention seemed equally divided between Cupid, and a parcel of his old enemies, the boys, who pressed forward to see what was going to become of their sable playmate. Among those who attended the trial was Bombie of the Frizzled Head, whose agitation was singularly contrasted with the apparently stupid insensibility of her grandson. The prisoner, in fact, seemed almost unconscious of his situation, and stood with folded arms, staring around the room with a vacant abstraction, as if he had no concern in what was going forward.

Those important forms, so essential to the very existence of lawyers, if not of the law, being gone through, and the indictment read, charging the prisoner, among other matters, with conspiring against the life of the great Gustavus, Cupid was asked the usual question of "guilty, or not guilty?" He made no reply, and continued obstinately silent, affording, in this respect, a singular contrast to her of the Frizzled Head, who it was impossible to keep quiet, though Lob Dotterel cried "silence!" loud enough to be heard across the broad river.

This refusal to plead had like to put a stop to the whole business. Counsellor Langfanger quoted, from a volume ten inches thick, a case which went to establish the doctrine, that it was impossible to try a criminal who would neither confess his guilt, nor assert his innocence. The Heer, on the contrary, produced a book, at least two inches thicker than the other, and printed in black-letter besides, which rebutted the authority of Counsellor Langfanger's case, and held it sound law to proceed upon the silence of a criminal, in a case of this kind, as on a confession of guilt. We shall not trouble the reader with the arguments adduced in support of one or other of these doctrines, but content ourselves with stating the decision of the court, which was, that they would waive insisting upon an answer, and proceed with the trial.

The business was soon over, as at that time there was not a single lawyer in the whole com-

munity of Elsingburgh; a proof how much this new world has improved since, there being hardly a village of that size at present in the country, that hath not at least two lawyers in it, to puzzle the justices and confound the laws of the land. Besides the frequent boasts of Cupid, during the abode in the wilderness, one or two persons deposed, that they had seen that likely youth hovering about the magazine, and at length stealing away in great haste, a few moments before the explosion took place. He was asked if he had any witnesses to produce in his behalf, or any thing to say for himself, but he remained silent as before. The proofs were so clear, that there was little, if any, room for doubt, and the court, after a few minutes consultation, agreed in pronouncing him guilty, and sentencing him to be hanged, for having conspired with the savages, thereby occasioning the destruction of the village, and the loss of several lives.

This sentence was received by the prisoner with the same immoveable indifference he had hitherto preserved; he made no gesture, he moved not his lips, but continued, as before, to gaze around, without appearing to notice any thing. There was an awful silence throughout the whole court, for there is something in the annunciation of a disgraceful and violent death, from the mouth of a judge, animated by no passion, prejudice, or resentment, but standing there as the oracle of the laws, the mouth-

piece of the community, to denounce against the offender the just punishment of his crime, that makes the most volatile serious, the most unthinking shudder. Even the fluent Bombie seemed for once quelled into silence, by the shock of this awful dispensation, and she followed her condemned grandson out of the court in dead silence, her head bent down upon her bosom.

Between the condemnation of Cupid and the time appointed for his execution, the Frizzled Head employed herself in making interest with Christina, the Long Finne, and, indeed, every one whose intercession she thought might induce the Heer to mitigate the punishment of her grandson. But the Heer remained immoveable to the solicitations of his daughter and the Long Finne. The crime was of too deep a die; the example of pardon might be of the most pernicious consequences; and the prerogative of mercy ought never to be exercised to the endangering the safety of the state, or the security of life and property.

The day before the execution, Bombie essayed, for the last time, to move the Heer in behalf of her grandson.

"Art thou resolved that he shall die on the morrow?" said she.

"As surely as to-morrow shall come, so sure as the sun shall rise, even so surely shall he never live to see it go down," replied the Heer.

"Thou hast forgotten, then, the services I have

done to thee and thine; thou no longer remembered that I have been to thy wife, who is gone, a faithful handmaid; that I ministered to her in sickness and in health, and that, when she died, she bequeathed me to thy care and protection: thou hast forgot that it was I that bore thy infant daughter in my arms, when her own limbs would not support her; that it was I who, when her mother died, did all I could to supply the place of a mother to her; and that I have watched, and do still watch, over the welfare of thy child, even while thou art dooming mine to a shameful death. Thou hast forgotten all this, Heer!"

"Say not so," rejoined the Heer, "for so it is not. I remember thou hast been to me and mine a faithful slave, and I am grateful for thy kindness, but—"

"But what?" interrupted the Frizzled Head. "Thou wouldst strive to persuade me of thy good-will, while thou refusest me the last request I shall ever make thee. Of what use is thy gratitude to me, if thou wilt not permit it to sway thy actions? what avails it, if, when thou inflictest a wound of death, thou shalt whine in my ear, that thou art sorry for it? Say that thou wilt spare his life, and I will believe in thy gratitude."

"If the risk of sparing him were mine alone," said the Heer, "I would not hesitate; but I am not acting for myself. The safety of my people depends upon the punishment of those who con-

spire to destroy them, as did thy grandson. Were I to let him loose, he might again occasion the destruction of our village, and how then should I answer it to my God, my king, or my people?"

"Yes!" retorted the Frizzled Head, with bitterness, "Yes! such is the code and the heart of the white man. His duties are ever conflicting with each other, and even the precepts of forgiveness, inculcated by the book which he pretends came directly from Heaven, must yield to laws of his own making. As a Christian, it is his duty to pardon; as a legislator, to punish offences. He cannot love his country without being unjust to his friends, nor fulfil his duties to the public, but at the sacrifice of kindred affection, and domestic ties. But, once more—once more, and for the last time, art thou resolved, Heer?"

"I am."

"Fixed as fate?"

"As I live, I swear that, so far as rests with me, he shall pay the forfeit of his dark and malignant crime, before mid-day to-morrow. Trouble me no more—I am deaf to thy petition."

"Then thus may it be with thy petitions, now, henceforth, and for ever more, whether addressed to thy fellow-creatures, or to Him who made us all. If thou callest for sympathy, mayest thou meet with scorn; if thou askest for kindness, mayest thou be answered with the bitterness of contumely; if thou criest out for bread, mayest thou receive a

stone; and if, in the last hour of thy existence, struggling between life and death, time and eternity, fearing, hoping, trembling, expiring, thou shalt address thy last prayer for pardon to the throne of thy Maker, may he turn a deaf ear, as thou hast done to mine."

So saying, she departed from the presence of the Heer, and took her way through the village, stopping at every house, and madly calling on the inhabitants to interfere, and rescue her grandson from what she called the tyranny of the governor. But her exhortations produced little or no effect. The people had suffered too much from the treasonable practices of Cupid, to feel any sympathy for him; and they were so accustomed to consider the declamations of Bombie of the Frizzled Head as little better than mysterious parables, coming from the mouth of one who possessed little in common with ordinary mortals, that few paid much attention to her from any other motive than fear.

Early the next morning there was a great bustle observed in the village, for this was the morning big with the fate of Bombie's grandson. This was the first example of a capital punishment that ever occurred in Elsingburgh, and the effect was proportionably profound. Every body seemed agitated and in motion, yet nothing was doing. All avocations were suspended, and, although there was a great deal of talking, it was all in whispers. A

certain deep impression of horror reigned all around, and the imagination was filled with nothing but images of death. Yet such is the apparent inconsistency of human nature, that there was not a soul in the whole village, except the Heer's family, that was capable of motion, who did not attend the execution of Cupid. Men, women, and children, impelled by that mysterious fascination which draws the bird to the fang of the rattlesnake, and sometimes impels the human being to precipitate himself from the brow of the precipice, poured forth, on this occasion, to witness what struck them with horror in the exhibition, and made the night terrible for a long while afterward. The people of the country, and those who live in retired villages, see so little of novelty, that they are extremely fond of sights, and are almost equally attracted by any thing that breaks in upon the monotony of their existence. It is not that people love to witness spectacles of horror, or the effusion of human blood, but that they want excitement, and often seek it after a strange manner.

The goblin Cupid had not spoke, since the moment of his apprehension by Lob Dotterel. To the exhortations of Dominie Kanttwell, as well as the lamentations of his grandmother, he turned a deaf ear; and it was impossible to discover, by any outward indications, whether terror or obstinacy was at the bottom of this apparent insensibility. When conducted to the foot of the gallows,

he looked about as if he were rather a spectator than an actor in the scene; nor did the agonies of the poor old sibyl, his grandmother, who, when she came to take leave of him, discovered a degree of intense feeling, that drew a tear from many an eye, make the least impression upon him, or draw forth one single returning endearment.

"Farewell, my son," said she, giving him a last embrace; "despised, deformed being of a despised race, farewell. I have loved thee the more, for that thou wert hated by all the world—contemned by the most despicable of the white man's race—hooted at by the very beggar that slept in the sun by the road-side—and everywhere, and at all times, the sport of capricious power. Why should I lament thee? Thou art going where, even according to the creed of thy oppressors, all will be equal, and where, I say, thou wilt have thy turn to play the master. Yes! I see it—I feel it—I know it! Each dog shall have his day, and why not so with man? Millions of people live and die in the belief, that the ox which is driven, the horse that is rode, the sheep that is eaten by man, shall, in some future revolution of time, drive, ride, and eat the tyrant who did even so unto them. And shall not our race have their turn? It must be so, here or hereafter."

The Frizzled Head was waxing sublime and incomprehensible apace, when Lob Dotterel apprized her, that if she had any thing more to say

to the poor deformed creature, she must say it soon, as his last moment was come.

The Snow Ball turned herself about, looked all around the circle with a scrutinizing eye, and said, as it were to herself, "he is not here." Then, as if at that moment, for the first time, struck with that feeling of absolute and inevitable certainty, under which the agony of the heart is quelled for a time, and hope sinks into listless despondency, she quietly retired a little way from the gallows, and stood immoveable, leaning on her stick. She saw the fatal knot tied; the cap, which shut out time, and enveloped eternity, drawn over his eyes; heard the last exhortation, the hymn that was to waft his soul no one knew where, without moving a muscle, or uttering a word. The noise of the cart, as it drew from under the fatal tree, seemed for a moment to shake her old crazy frame. She gazed for a minute, while her grandson was hanging in the mid-air, and was silent, till the total cessation of motion in his limbs announced that all was over. Then, letting fall her stick, clasping her old withered hands, and raising her eyes to Heaven, she shrieked out—

"'Tis done—and may all the cruel, accursed race of the white man thus perish, as thou, my poor boy, hast perished. Yes! yes! ye proud, upstart crew, the time shall come, it shall surely come, when the pile of oppression you have reared to the clouds shall fall, and crush your own heads.

Black men and red men, all colours, shall combine against your pale, white race; and the children of the master shall become the bondsmen of the posterity of the slave! I say it—I, that am at this moment standing scarce nearer to time than to eternity—I, that am at this moment shaking hands with death, and my body and spirit taking their last leave of each other—I say it—and I say my last."

The tough old heart-strings that had so often been tested, in the hard gales of life, now cracked, and gave way; the strong frame that had endured so many hardships, all at once refused to endure any more, and in less than a minute after Bombie uttered these words, she sunk to the ground, overwhelmed by the agony of her feelings.

Numbers flocked around, as is usual in these cases, and one of the crowd exclaimed to the others, "raise her up." "Raise her!" repeated the Frizzled Head, the last energies of life trembling on her tongue—"Raise her! none but Him who broke down the eternal barriers between the quick and the dead; who called at the mouth of the sepulchre, and awoke the sleeping dust; who triumphed over death and the grave, can raise this withered old trunk. The hour is come—it is past. Wait, boy—I come." Her eyes closed, and she departed to a better world.

The crowd dispersed, overwhelmed with terror; and that night there was little sleep in the village

of Elsingburgh. The good housewife lay wakeful and afraid by the side of her tired husband, who, ever and anon, as he fell into a doze, was roused by some question from his trembling partner, fearful of being awake all alone; while the little urchins could not close their eyes, without shutting in the horrible picture of Cupid dangling in the air, and the Frizzled Head expiring on the ground. For a long time their spirits haunted the village, in the dark nights; and it was currently reported that Lob Dotterel, through whose agency the goblin Cupid came to his end, received nightly visits from the pair of sable ghosts, who, it was affirmed, were just as black as when alive. Many people argued from this circumstance, that they were evil spirits, but as they never were positively convicted of doing any harm, we are inclined to hope the opinion was without any foundation.

CHAPTER IV.

"If thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche to me,
As I have prayed to thy relykes and thee,
Nothynge concernynge myne occupacion,
But straighte shulde have wroughte one operation."
The Four P's.

The reader may chance to recollect the oath of Governor Piper, that, notwithstanding the opposition of the mysterious Bombie, the Long Finne and the fair Christina should be wedded on the morrow. Many days had elapsed, yet Christina was not a wife, which shows how careful people should be of taking rash oaths. The Heer, in truth, had been too busy all this while to attend to his own private affairs. Besides the vexatious trial and execution of Cupid, and the eternal exhortations, threats, and prophecies of his grandmother, there was a storm gathering in the north, that menaced the downfall of his authority, as well as that of the Swedish crown in the new world. The King of England, Charles the Second, being one day informed that Cornelius De Witt had caused to be painted a great picture, or rather an "abusive picture," as his majesty was pleased to call it, representing the said De Witt, with the attributes of conqueror in a naval fight with England, fell into a bad humour, and determined to go to war with the Dutch.

A consequence of this war, as every body knows, or ought to know, was the capture of the Dutch possessions in what was called the New Netherlands, in North America, and a surrender of all their claims, by treaty, at the conclusion of peace. These claims, now reverting to England, comprehended all the settlements below Coaquanock, to the mouth of the Delaware river, although these were originally founded by the Swedes, who disallowed the Dutch claim, and professed to hold under an express grant or recognition from England. In this complicated state of affairs, it was plain, that the right of the strongest was worth all the rest of these rights put together; and that, consequently, the power of the good Heer rested on a rather ticklish foundation. Several messages had passed between him and Governor Lovelace, of New-York, who, about this time, signified to the Heer, that unless he agreed to a surrender upon terms, he should in a few months send a power adequate to force a surrender without any terms at all. Governor Piper had received sufficient information from New-York, to satisfy him that his power was totally incompetent to resist the puissance of Governor Lovelace, and that he had nothing to do but surrender at discretion, whenever the summons was given. He was, therefore, just now, suffering the unpleasant anticipation of being shortly obliged to return to a private station, which, albeit that it is usually denominated the

"post of honour," is not much coveted by most people, more especially those who have been accustomed to posts of profit.

These public perplexities naturally drew off the attention of Governor Piper from the affairs of his daughter, who, on her part, however, although she had consented to become the wife of Koningsmarke, still discovered an insurmountable objection, in her behaviour, actually to commit matrimony with that youth. We call him a youth, on account of his being so much younger than ourselves, although, in truth, he was not much under thirty years of age, notwithstanding he looked younger. Indeed, the struggles of poor Christina, betwixt gratitude and love, on one hand, and filial affection and duty towards the memory of her mother, on the other, now that she was returned to her home, and out of the reach of the daily and hourly anxieties which occupied her during her captivity, returned again as violently as ever. The anticipation of her union with Koningsmarke afforded her no pleasure, and she seized every pretext to elude or put aside his solicitations to fulfil her own promise, and the wishes of her father. As they walked one evening along the little stream we have heretofore mentioned, they came to the place where Koningsmarke had rescued Christina from the pollution of the poor maniac. The sight of this spot recalled more vividly to her recollection the terrors of that horrible hour. She shuddered,

and looked in his face with an expression of love and gratitude, that found its way to the innermost folds of his heart.

"What do I not owe thee," whispered she softly, at the same time pressing closely to his side, as if terrified with the very phantom of her memory.

"Thou owest me nothing—at least nothing that thou canst not easily repay," replied Koningsmarke. "I ask nothing from gratitude, every thing from love. Be mine, Christina, as thou hast promised. Thy father wishes it."

"And my mother?" replied Christina, with a penetrating look.

"She is beyond the reach of this world," replied the youth. "Nothing that passes here below, nothing that thou canst do, or leave undone, neither thy virtues nor thy faults, can reach her knowledge. The grave is the eternal barrier between the present and future state of existence. It breaks the ties of kindred, it severs the bonds of love and friendship. We shall be rewarded and punished for the past, in the future, and that is all. We cannot know what is passing in this wretched world; we cannot look down from the skies, and see what is done and suffered by those we love, and yet enjoy the delights of beatitude. Christina, my beloved Christina, do not sacrifice thy own happiness, as well as mine; do not refuse to fulfil the wishes of one parent, and that a living one, in a vain and futile idea that it will rejoice the spirit

of one that is dead. Spirits never rejoice or grieve at aught that passes here."

"Did my father know what I know," rejoined Christina, "he would spurn thee for asking, and me for granting what thou askest."

"But he knows it not, nor ever will know it. Now that the tattling Bombie is gone, thou art the only being on earth that knows how much thou hast to forgive towards me. Once mine, or even if never mine, I know thy generous nature will bury the secret from all the world besides."

"But can I bury it so deep that it will not haunt me, morning, noon, and night, as it doth now? I cannot hide it from my own heart? it is like the spectre to the guilty mind, and ever seizes the moment of forgetfulness, to come when least expected, and dash away the cup of bliss, just at the very lips."

"Christina," said the Long Finne, in a severe and solemn tone, "I cannot endure this life much longer. Weighed down as I am, by the recollections of the past, I would not be, or even seem, presumptuous, impatient, or unreasonable; but why didst thou first give thyself to me? and why dost thou now withhold the gift? Be what thou wilt, but be it wholly."

"Why!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, bursting into a paroxysm of passionate wo—"why is it that man, and woman too, are ever the sport of conflicting duties and wishes? why is it that the ten-

derness, or, if you will, the weakness of woman's heart, so often betrays her reason, and places her good name, her peace of mind, her welfare, here and hereafter, in the power of man? At this moment, when the fate of my mother is full before my eyes, who shall dare blame me, if, here on this spot, where I myself was saved from a fate ten times more dreadful, I should waver, like a wretched being, as I am, between conflicting feelings, wishes, and duties? that when I call to mind our captivity together, our mutual dangers, and thy unwearied kindness, I should stand, incapable of a lasting decision, fluctuating and inconsistent—despicable in mine own eyes, perhaps in the eyes of thy better judgment—promising, one day, what I shrink from performing—my heart torn, my temper variable, my very reason sometimes tottering under the weight of its perplexities? Give me a little time, and I promise, on the faith of woman, to be thine, as I have covenanted."

"Well, then," replied he, tenderly, "I will wait with patience thy decision, and live, or rather exist, in the anticipation of my happiness."

"Happiness!" rejoined the maid; "believe it not, hope it not: the recollections of former times forbid it. Those who have not laid in the past a foundation for future happiness, have erected their hopes on the sand—in barrenness and sterility."

The two lovers returned home, little satisfied with themselves, or each other. Koningsmarke

accused Christina, in his own mind, of wavering and caprice; and Christina herself suffered the torments of self-reproach, as at one moment she charged herself with forgetting the obligations of filial duty, and the next, of being insensible to love, founded on the sacred obligations of gratitude. But these struggles were speedily brought to an end by a train of events, which we shall reserve for the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

"There came a knight of gallant fame,
Sir Robert Carre was hight his name,
On ship-board, with his jolly crew,
And said—'Sir Piper, how d'ye do?'"

We have before taken occasion to allude to certain disputes which were, ever and anon, revived between the potent settlements of New-York and Elsingburgh, which, from time to time, menaced the very existence of the latter. The storm thickened every day, inasmuch, as that King Charles, who, unquestionably, was of happy memory in his time, had granted all the claims of the Dutch in North America to his brother James, Duke of York, afterward King James the Second, also of blessed memory, in his time. But, as the memory of kings, like every sublunary thing, hath its day, it is but fair to apprize the reader, who may be a little rusty in history, in consequence of not having paid due attention to historical romances, that neither of those illustrious princes are thought much of in these days of impiety and republicanism.

However this may be, his grace of York forthwith took possession of the colony of New Amsterdam, to which he obtained an undoubted right; first, by conquest, and next, by christening it over

again, whereby it acquired, and still happily retains, the name of New-York to this day. This fair and renowned colony, with its beautiful city, its Dutch burgomasters, dumpling dowagers, and cherry-cheeked girls, was now governed in the name of the proprietary, by Colonel Richard Lovelace, an old cavalier and soldier, who had been an actor in the parliamentary wars, and cherished a mortal antipathy to puritans, republicans, and all sorts of people who refused to drink, and sung psalms through their noses. Indeed, his politics formed the ruling principles of action with the colonel, who, among other matters, got tipsy every afternoon, and turned his back upon all sorts of meeting-houses; not so much out of affection for wine, or indifference to religion, as because his enemies, the puritans, or crop-ears, as he was wont to call them, hated drinking, and loved long prayers. With all this, he valued himself upon his gallantry to the fair sex, and cherished to the last a portion of that dignified courtesy to damsels, particularly those that were young and pretty, which constituted one of those beautiful characteristics, that threw something like an air of refinement even over the barbarous ages of chivalry.

Governor Lovelace professed, moreover, a most bitter and sovereign contempt for the king-people of this free and high-spirited quarter of our mundane sphere, derived from his early habits of thinking and acting. Passive obedience, and non-re-

sistance, were his creed, and in his private opinion worth all other commandments put together; and if the governor ever hated one thing beyond all others, it was a person in private life who meddled with public affairs. Writing, on one occasion, to his valiant captain, Sir Robert Carre, on occasion of some troubles in the then newly-acquired possessions on the lower Delaware, the governor gravely observes: "as for the poor deluded sort, I think the advice of one of their own countrymen is not to be despised, who, knowing their temper well, prescribed a method for keeping them in order, which is, severity, and laying such taxes on them as may not give them liberty to entertain any other thoughts, but how to discharge them."

This method we hereby humbly recommend to Messieurs of the Holy Alliance, as summing up, in the smallest possible compass, the quintessence of a pure system of legitimate government. That they may be sure of receiving the benefit of this precious morceau, we have specially directed our bookseller to transmit to each of the "Three gentlemen of Verona," a copy of this our work, with a reference to this particular page.

There was one feature, and that a leading one, in the character of Governor Lovelace, which, however, in a great degree tempered and neutralized his tyrannical maxims of government. He hated trouble more than all the representatives of majesty, that ever presided in this new world, and

his love of ease so equally balanced his love of sway, that, although abstractedly the greatest little tyrant in the world, he was not guilty, so far as we have investigated the history of those times, of a single act of oppression, during the whole period he presided over the colony. It is, indeed, a singular circumstance, and only to be explained by this peculiarity in his character, that this same governor was the identical person who voluntarily delegated a great portion of his civil authority, in the city, to a board of five aldermen, whereby he laid the foundation of that puissant council, which hath since presided over our destinies, to the great glory and advantage of the community. One of his regulations, most peculiarly praiseworthy, and the revival of which we strenuously recommend, was, that no play should be performed, and no book published, until it had been first read, and approved of, by the board of aldermen. As these worthy censors had very little time, and no inclination to read books, the number of manuscripts multiplied exceedingly. His excellency boasted, that in consequence of this simple expedient, the mischievous art of printing became almost extinct in his dominion, and the repose of his reign was not interrupted by the intrusion of a single new book. Such was Colonel Richard Lovelace; a brave soldier, an indolent statesman, with a head none of the clearest, and a heart never shut, except to Presbyterians, roundheads, and meddling politicians.

Governor Lovelace, soon after being quietly settled in his government, despatched a summons to the Heer Piper, to surrender his town and fort of Elsingburgh forthwith "to the obedience of his majesty King Charles the Second," &c. The Heer declined the invitation, inasmuch as King Charles and his master were at peace, and he had no inclination whatever to disturb the harmony that reigned between them. Anticipating, however, that this summons would be followed by a visit, Governor Piper despatched the Long Finne and a party with presents to the neighbouring Indians, willing them to take arms in his favour. This they declined, with secret wishes, however, that the two belligerants would mutually exterminate each other. In addition to this, the Heer fell into a violent bustle, and incontinently busied himself for several days in doing nothing, as is customary with people who talk a great deal and swear roundly.

Thus waned away the time, until one morning, a fine south wind blowing right up the river, the little colony was alarmed with the sight of three vessels of war, bearing upwards, their sails all set, and colours flying, in gallant trim. They came like birds upon the wing, each, as the sailors say, when the white foam gathers in waves at the bows, "carrying a bone in her teeth," and advancing so rapidly, that, ere the wise heads of Elsingburgh could guess, or reckon, what they wanted, or whither they were going, conjecture was at an end,

by the ships coming to anchor directly opposite the town, as if in scorn of the formidable battery of swivels erected for its defence. Lob Dotterel wanted to call out the *posse comitatus*, and take these intruders into custody, but his ardour was restrained by the Heer, who anticipated, with exceeding low spirits, the speedy termination of the Swedish dynasty in this new hemisphere. He felt his greatness tottering, and undoubtedly soliloquized on the slippery nature of human power, after the manner of Cardinal Wolsey, and other great men.

In less than an hour, a boat put off from the largest ship, bearing a white flag, in token of peace, as is customary, when a message is sent, which, if not complied with, is to be followed by blows. This boat conveyed the famous Sir Robert Carre, one of those brave and hardy adventurers, who preceded, or followed, the discovery of this new world. They were a species of knights-errant, who, instead of being enlisted in the cause of love and beauty, set forth to seek their fortunes on the high seas, or in the new world, where rumours of boundless wealth allured them to risk all, and float on the tide which then began to set towards the west. The greater portion of these were most devout enemies to the pope and the Spaniard; against whom they waged perpetual hostilities, pretty much regardless whether the respective countries were at peace or not, religious zeal and antipathies being held as sufficient causes for making

war, independently of those grounds of complaint which are usually put forth to justify an appeal to arms. These adventurers were, unquestionably, men of talents and bravery, but, if the truth must be told, they were no great respecters of property, and thought little of plundering a town on the Spanish Main, or boarding a galleon, without the ceremony of inquiring whether the laws of nations justified the act. They belonged, generally, to the race of younger brothers; which, in countries like England, where the estate is principally monopolized by the first-born, has produced a large portion of those whose crimes have dishonoured, or whose bravery and talents have exalted and ennobled the national character. Although it would be gross injustice to class these wild, adventurous spirits, with the bloody and desperate race of bucaniers which succeeded them, still we think it cannot be doubted that they in some measure prepared the way for those remorseless enemies of the human race. The custom of making war upon the Spanish settlements in the new world, in the loose and unauthorized manner practised by the first adventurers, gradually relaxed the restraints imposed by the laws of nations, and in the end led to that entire abandonment of principle, and that total disregard of the claims of justice and humanity, which characterized those wretched miscreants called the bucaniers, whose very courage constituted the greatest of their crimes, since it conquered the

only restraint which villains acknowledge in the commission of enormities.

Sir Robert Carre was a man of few words, which peculiarity rendered him particularly disagreeable to the Heer, who liked very much to talk a great deal before he came to a decision. The knight laconically, and categorically, demanded the surrender of Elsingburgh and its dependances to the Governor of New-York, as representative of the King of England, to whom the right to all these territories appertained, by discovery, purchase, conquest, and various other grounds, each of which was amply sufficient to establish the right of the strongest. Governor Piper comprehended, pretty clearly, that he must positively comply with this request, or demand, because the hostile force was amply sufficient to level his town and fort to the dust in two hours at farthest. But the good man wisely determined to put a bold face on the business, and not ignominiously surrender, without a long discussion, which he looked upon as the next best thing to a stout defence *vi et armis*. In short, he was resolved upon a negotiation, let what would happen, and privately stipulated with himself to have at least threescore-and-ten articles for the security of the persons and property of his people, and the honour of his government, in the capitulation. Preparatory to this, he pompously demanded four-and-twenty hours to consider of this summons. But Carre was a person equally averse to wasting

time as words; he, therefore, very unceremoniously replied, that as it was impossible to make any defence, there was very little use in considering about it; he therefore allowed him twenty-four minutes, instead of twenty-four hours, to decide.

"*Der teufel!*" quoth the Heer, "that is not time enough to decide which side of the mouth I shall smoke my pipe this morning, much less to settle about the surrender of a whole province."

"Well, but if there is no choice, where is the use of taking time to consider? If a man must, he must, governor."

"Must!—*du galgen!*—I see no must in the case. I would have thee to know, sir knight, if it were not for the shedding of Christian blood, to which I have much disinclination, being partly convinced by my friend William Penn, that there is no use for it in this world, I would, peradventure, blow thee and thy ships sky-high, *henckers knechts* and all."

"No use in shedding Christian blood!" exclaimed the knight. "Why, d—n my blood, governor, if I don't think you've turned papist. Why, 'sblood! what would become of us soldiers, if there was to be no cutting of throats, hey? Would you make rascal leather-aprons of us, and set us cheating in a small way for a living, instead of growing rich by plundering towns, and noble feats of arms? But come, the time is just out; is it capitulation, or must I wipe thy town out of the map of the universe in the twinkling of an eye?"

"Patience—patience, sir knight; where is the use of being so hasty? You see I am in no hurry."

"Faith, governor," replied the other, "that is generally the case. There is all the difference in the world between one who gives and one who takes; but come, security of person and property is the word, and where these are safe, what signifies a change of masters, hey?"

"And the honour of the Swedish crown?" replied the Heer.

"Oh! as to that it shall be as full of honour as an egg's full of meat. I shall take special care of that myself!"

"And our religion?"

"Nobody shall touch a hair of its head. You may have just what you like, and as much as you will, always excepting popery, which I have sworn against, and Presbyterianism, which his excellency Governor Lovelace doth not abide, drunk or sober."

"Well, well," quoth the Heer, with a long and deep-drawn sigh, "if I could keep it from thee, I would bury thee, thy comrades, thy governor, and thy king, in the sand of this good river, ere I would give up my sword. As it is—here, take it; and now I am resigned to the lot of a private man, a situation which all great persons fall in love with, when they can do no better. I will retire unto my little farm yonder, and plant cabbages, like another Dioclesian."

So saying, the Heer delivered up his trusty

blade; and thus the dominion of New Swedeland passed from the superintendence of the Heer Piper for ever. No prodigy, that we know of, accompanied this transfer of empire, which, by the way, Dominie Kanttwell pronounced a judgment upon the people of Elsingburgh, who about this time began somewhat to relapse into the wicked practice of ballad-singing.

After taking formal possession of Elsingburgh and its dependances, in the name of his sovereign, firing a salute in honour of his conquest, and appointing a provisional junta, Sir Robert Carre weighed anchor, and returned with his fleet to New-York, where, on reporting his success, his excellency Governor Lovelace gave a great turtle-feast, at which his five newly-created aldermen are reported to have done great credit to the governor's selection, by their excellent judgment in eating. The only remarkable circumstance which followed the capture of Elsingburgh was the mysterious disappearance of the Long Finne, who was missing from the time of Sir Robert's departure; but whether he went with him, was kidnapped, or forcibly carried off, or what was become of him, none knew, or at least, if any one did know, the secret was kept with singular discretion.

Various were the conjectures of the people of the village, as to the strange disappearance of the youth; but as not one of these came near the truth, we shall not trouble the reader with reciting them.

The good Heer was sorely perplexed, and could not help reverting to those suspicions which had arisen in his mind on the first appearance of the Long Finne, as related in the early part of this history. These suspicions were strengthened by the insinuations of Othman Pfegel and the Dominie, who both related certain mysterious facts concerning Koningsmarke, which, whether true or false, afforded grounds for a suspicion that there was a good understanding betwixt him and the English commander. As to our poor blue-eyed village-maid, the fair and gentle Christina, though her feelings were kept to herself, or, at least, vented only in solitude and darkness, yet we can venture to affirm, that she had her own thoughts of this mysterious affair. Young women, and especially young women in love, judging by themselves, are prone to ascribe every action of their lovers to the influence of that single passion, which, while it subsists in all its youthful warmth and purity, is their own guide and polar star. Christina thus attributed the disappearance of Koningsmarke, not to any treasonable practices against the colony, or any fear of discovery and punishment, but to pique or disappointment, on account of her having so often resisted his persuasions for a speedy union. "But if so, he will think better of it, and return speedily," would she say to her innocent heart, which, even at that moment, trembled with a latent fear, lest the promised hope might never be real-

ized. Every hour that passed away without bringing him back, diminished her confidence in the hope of his return; and when a fortnight had elapsed, without either seeing or hearing of him, her pale cheek and dim eye, her careless dress, and her indifference to those little domestic cares and incidents which so pleasantly and beneficially employ the hours of woman, all combined, served to indicate to an observing eye, that harassing state of feeling, which, when long continued, either triumphs over the body or the mind.

BOOK NINTH.

CHAPTER I.

In which the author turns traitor, and betrays the secrets of the craft.

THIS being the last time we shall appear in our own proper person before the reader, in the course of the present work, and as possibly we may never meet again, it has occurred to us, that as it is customary for old friends, when about to part for ever in this world, to confess their secrets to each other, disclose their inmost thoughts, and ask each other's forgiveness for all past offences, we will follow so good an example on this occasion. As to the gentle reader, however, we will not exact disclosures that might possibly place him in an awkward predicament. If, as peradventure may have been the case, he hath sometimes thought us dull, or occasionally prosing and obscure, so that he was sometimes inclined to suspect that either the author or himself lacked clearness and comprehension, we give him full permission to keep all such impressions a profound secret from the whole world, and most especially from ourselves. Whatever confessions we shall make, will be entirely disinterested, and

without any view to a similar confidence on the part of the reader, who is welcome to keep his own secrets.

Our critical readers will have, no doubt, remarked that we have taken most of the mottoes of our chapters, from the works of an old lady whose poetry was never, we believe, very fashionable, except in the nursery. For this we had special good reasons, which, though we have a perfect right to keep to ourselves, we will include in our general confession. Candidly speaking then, we were governed in our preference by a vehement admiration of the beautiful simplicity of this old lady's writings, which we think is not to be matched by any poet, ancient or modern. Many poets, it is true, have lately written verses entirely destitute of all meaning, and remarkable for a childish simplicity, very edifying to exceeding small children; but, with great reverence be it spoken, they have never been able to reach the perfection of Mother Goose in these respects. They cannot disguise from the judicious reader, that they do really possess some small glimmerings of understanding, and with all their affectation of simplicity, we perceive, very distinctly, that if they were to give nature fair play, they could, in all human probability, write poetry not altogether destitute of common sense. Without, therefore, meaning any disrespect to this class of poets, whom we place on the summit of our beaver, we must be permitted to say, that

we think Mother Goose entitled to be put at the head of the great school of namby-pamby, notwithstanding the very formidable rivals that have lately sprung up to contest her claim.

We are aware that more than one old-fashioned critic is of opinion that poetry is written to be understood, and that it should not only mean something, but that the meaning should be easily comprehended. But if this is true, where would be the use of writing poetry at all, if it is like plain prose, equally adopted to the most ordinary understanding? The object and end of poetry we maintain, is to wrap our meaning up in a certain veil of obscurity, which rouses the curiosity of the reader sufficiently to give an interest to the lines, and thus avoid the difficult task of constructing a story for that purpose. Whether the reader is excited by a curiosity to know the issue of the tale, or the meaning of the author, is quite a matter of indifference, as the interest is, in our opinion, the same. Pope says—the reader will excuse us for quoting from one whose claim to the title of poet has been almost forfeited, by mingling too much good sense with his rhymes—Pope says, that "True, no meaning puzzles more than wit," and hence, a poet who excels in the obscure, or what is still better, the art of no meaning, is lawfully exempted from the labour of exercising his invention in the construction of a story, or the concatenation of ideas.

This obscurity has been the foundation of the immortality of many of the greatest poets of ancient and modern times, and what is of equal importance, has produced a race of industrious commentators, which else had probably never existed, except, perhaps, in the persons of pains-taking pin-makers, or pickers of oakum. Where is the poet whose fame is more universal than that of Shakspeare? Yet, if he was not the most obscure writer that ever existed, where is the use of the five hundred commentators that have distracted his five hundred millions of readers, with so many opposite interpretations of his meaning, that they are left like the honest gentleman, who sets out on a ride over the famous island of Manhattan, and sees so many ways before him, that he does not for the soul of him know which to choose. We might instance hundreds of other great poets, who, if we believe their commentators, never wrote a line in their whole lives, that did not require twenty more to explain its meaning; but will content ourselves with this one, and that the greatest and most obscure of all, if we are to judge from his commentators, many of whom we cannot but liken to the wise man, who lighted his apartment by placing the candle under a bushel.

Some of our readers may, in like manner, find fault with us, in that our mottoes in general have no more application to the subject matter of the chapter, the nature of which they are supposed to

indicate, than the texts of certain preachers have to their sermons. Now we frankly confess that this is entirely intentional, and with a view to produce an addition to the perplexity of the reader, as well as to veil the real nature of what is to follow from his eye. And in this we are fully justified by the examples of many popular writers of the present school of romance, whose sole object in selecting their mottoes, is evidently to mislead the reader, and thus increase his delight in finding the contents of the chapter exactly what he did not anticipate.

Others of our worthy and most respected readers, who have, doubtless, more than once caught themselves yawning, yea, napping, over some of the details and digressions in our work, have perhaps accused us of unnecessary circumlocution, wanton verbosity, and unfeeling minuteness, in description or narrative. Here, too, we confess a wilful design; and, in order in some measure to justify this apparently inexcusable trifling with his time and patience, we will let the reader into the very arcana of the great mystery of authorship.

Be it known to thee, then, O! most patient of mortals! that the modern Macænases, the bibliopoles of the United—or as they might aptly be called, the Untied States—are, for the most part, a race of heathens, belonging to no Christian church that we have any cognizance of. They are neither Trinitarians nor Unitarians, and do eschew any

work comprising more or less than two volumes, containing a certain number of pages. Whether this exclusive preference of this particular number, is derived from the fact of its being the precise number of a man's legs, or arms, or eyes, or ears, we have never been able to ascertain. There is some occult mystery in the thing, which we leave to the five hundred commentators of Shakspeare, to elucidate into greater obscurity.

But whatever be the cause, the effect is exceedingly lamentable in regard to all authors of a short wind, who consequently strive to contract their journey and get to the end of it as soon as possible. In order to complete the requisite number of volumes of the prescribed size, all the art of the writer, printer, papermaker, and publisher, is put in requisition. The former, instead of keeping his story constantly in view, and recording only such particulars as are essential to its progress and catastrophe, must beat the cover, like a hound at fault, running this way and that way, and describing various circles that bring him just to the point where he was before. The paper manufacturer must invent a kind of pasteboard, to make the book appear as respectable as possible; the printer must scatter his types, so as to cause them to look like unto a flock of blackbirds frightened from a field of corn, and leave space sufficient for a railroad at each margin; and the publisher must keep it a profound secret, that there is just as much in

the two volumes, as might be very conveniently comprised in one of the same dimensions.

But the unlucky author, and the still more unlucky readers, are after all the real victims. The former is obliged to use all the art of his profession, not in bringing his story to a catastrophe, but in preventing it from, as it were, running ashore before the voyage is concluded. Hence it is that the simple and unknowing reader, is so frequently out of all patience at seeing the author, when the end of the tale lay as it were directly under his nose, pretend not to see it, and turn away, to look for it a great way off, or peradventure begin to talk about something else, until both the reader and himself entirely forget where it was they left the thread of the story.

Various and vexatious indeed are the shifts and expedients to which the unfortunate author is obliged to resort, to spin out the requisite number of pages. He must record the most minute and insignificant particulars, and leave nothing to the imagination of the reader. Thus though it must be obvious to the most ordinary understanding, that the hero and heroine must necessarily eat and sleep like other people, it behooves the author carefully to note down whenever they do so, and apprize the reader at the same time, whether they slept comfortably and ate with a good appetite; nor ought he on any occasion to omit the bill of fare, most especially if it consists of a goodly array of French cookery, which is indispensable in

a fashionable novel. Neither must he ever on any occasion put his principal characters to sleep, without especially describing the bed, the curtains, the furniture of the room and the room itself, so that every reader may have a perfect idea of the whole.

In the morning, when they get up, he must play the dressing-maid, or valet, and be careful to equip them in character, omitting not a single article, however minute. Nor is this all; he must be careful to dress them at least three times a day in a genteel and becoming manner, taking especial care that they appear in the most approved costume, so as not to disgrace the author, or bring his knowledge of these important matters into contempt with the fashionable reader. If he invites one of his *dramatis personæ* to a grand dinner, or a grand party, he knows nothing of the art of writing if he omits to record the exact juxta-position of the company at the former, or the exact number of people at the latter, together with all the particulars of the decorations, the fashion and cost of the lamps, the colours and materials of the curtains, and most especially the names of all the titled persons present, this last being one of the most important requisites in a fashionable novel or romance.

Should he peradventure find himself at a loss for an incident to serve as a connecting link to his story, he is obliged to resort to the expedient of introducing a character or characters, having no

connexion, and no agency in the business of the piece, and set them discussing politics, religion, metaphysics, or political economy, through some half a dozen pages, during which, though the story stands stock still, the book goes on swimmingly. Indeed his never-failing resource on these occasions, is to keep on talking, until he can turn himself round a little, and see his way clearly.

Sometimes he may be likened to a fashionable well-dressed young gentleman, who unexpectedly beholds his tailor approaching with a long bill in his hand, and pretending not to see him, turns suddenly round a corner and distances him with a quick step. So the unlucky author, more than once in the course of his lucubrations, finds himself unexpectedly just at the end of his story, when the first volume is scarcely completed, and is fain to wheel about, and scamper away without once looking behind him until he is fairly out of sight of the unwelcome intruder.

Sometimes he resembles the redoubtable commander of a ship, who after driving about in a fog for days, all at once finds himself in imminent danger of being wrecked on a lee-shore, before his voyage is half finished. In such a situation nothing is left him but to set all hands to work to make as much noise as possible, by talking, hallooing, and bawling through their tin trumpets, until haply the vessel claws off by degrees and continues her course triumphantly. Just so the writer—who is mulcted

in two volumes by the bookseller, must always resort to noise and talking when in jeopardy of gaining land before his time, in which case he would, as it were, forfeit the passage-money, and make a losing venture.

We could enumerate a number of other excellent expedients for lengthening out a tale after the manner of the most approved writers, but shall stop short here, lest the reader might suspect us of inditing this and our other introductory chapters solely for a similar purpose, a suspicion than which nothing can be more unjust and unfounded. We take this opportunity solemnly to assure him, that we hold ourselves above such arts; that we consider the said chapters the very cream of our book, and that if he will only ponder over it with due attention, he may, if possessed of an ordinary comprehension, become in time quite as wise as the author. With the sincere wish that he may do so, we commence the ninth and last book of our history, bidding him at the same time an affectionate farewell.

CHAPTER II.

"If ye be set on mervaylynge,
Then shall ye heare a mervaylouse thing;
And though, indeed, all be not new,
Yet suer the most part shall be true."

TIME and the world alike move on unceasingly and in the selfsame undeviating pace, let what will happen. The keenest misfortunes of individuals, the death of men who have filled the world with their glory, the change of dynasties, and the revolutions of empires, affect not the general course of events, or the great business of the human bee-hive. The daily wants of mankind, the necessity of exertion, the gratification of the passions, one or other, or all combined, still keep up the busy current of life, which continues its course without ceasing, and will only be finally arrested, when the consummation of the great scheme of infinite wisdom and power shall have arrived.

Three weeks had now nearly elapsed, since the total subversion of the authority of the Heer, and the mysterious disappearance of the Long Finne. The inhabitants of Elsingburgh continued in the quiet pursuit of their daily avocations, and scarcely ever thought of the great revolution that had overturned, in the language of historians, their happiness and prosperity. It was only the Heer and

his gentle daughter, on whom this wave of ill-fortune had especially expended its violence. The former not only felt his diminished consequence, but now actually experienced what may be truly called one of the greatest misfortunes incident to human nature. Being restricted from all participation in the new government, he knew not what to do with himself, and was at length reduced to the necessity of taking two naps extra, to assist him in getting through the livelong, tedious day. The fiend ennui laid hold of him with leaden gripe, and, had it not been that he at last luckily took to the Job-like business of fishing inveterately in the neighbouring river for amusement, it is impossible to say what might have been the ill consequences, to a man having nothing to do, and at the same time being naturally inclined to be busy. As for poor Christina, she complained not, she wept not, except in secret; and to those who judge of the depths of the waters by the noise they make, rather than by their stillness, she seemed as if nothing was the matter with her.

In this state were the various persons and things appertaining to our history, when, on a certain night, there gathered together, about the spacious chimney of Master Oldale's castle, a group of village blades, whose deeds of drinking used to stand recorded in veritable chalk, in one corner of that *sanctum sanctorum*, vulgarly 'yclept the bar. The company consisted of Wolfgang Langfanger,

Othman Pfegel, and Lob Dotterel, who, being each equally deprived of their vocation under the ancient system of Elsingburgh, were compelled, in sheer self-defence, to pass part of the time at the inn, to hear the news, and kill the common enemy of all idlers. Besides these, there was Master Oldale, who, like a trusty publican and sinner, that understood his business, was ever accustomed to encourage the practice of tippling, not only by precept, but example. The fifth personage, who completed the group, was a singular itinerant genius, called Lowright, a travelling pedler, tinker, and what not, who regularly traversed the wilderness between New-York and the river Delaware, once a year, with his pack on his back, and as regularly, as is usual with such losel wights, did incontinently cheat about one-half of the men, and all the women of Elsingburgh. He was well known, and, to say truth, not much respected, not only among the Indians, but also by the inhabitants of the little villages, that now began to peep forth in groups of log huts, at intervals "few and far between," in the desert. Mankind unquestionably have a natural aptitude to be cheated in one way or other; sometimes by rulers, sometimes by slaves, and sometimes by pedlers. Besides, Lowright was not only a pestilent rogue, but a merry rogue, who sung excellent songs, told the most bloody stories, and withal never cheated any body but in jest. When charged with his rogueries, he always turned

them off with an excellent joke, accompanied by an irresistible laugh; and it is well known, that if you keep people, and especially women, in a good humour, you may cheat them out of any thing. Much of the news that passed between New-York and Elsingburgh was brought by this strolling wight; for at that time it was a rare thing for any one to venture on a journey through this wild country.

It was now waxing late in the evening; the night was becoming excessively dark, and the flashes of lightning which penetrated the crevices of the windows, followed by the distant and muttering thunder, gave indication of a coming storm. The conversation turned on the late events of the village, and especially the fate of the goblin Cupid, and his mysterious grandmother, whose night-walkings still continued the common theme of the village. Lob Dotterel was called upon to verify these legends, and, after wetting his whistle, looking cautiously about the room, and drawing his chair a little more within the circle, cleared his throat, and attested to the following facts, in the midst of peals of thunder, that now became more loud and frequent:

"You must know," said the ci-devant high constable, "that one night—it was the Wednesday night following the death of Cupid and his grandmother—I had been out late on business." Here Master Oldale tipped the company a wink, which

conveyed to their comprehension that Lob had been tippling at the sign of the Indian Queen, rather more than beseemed a discreet, sober man. "When I got home, I proceeded to undress myself, and was just standing before the glass, tying on my nightcap, when, as I am a Christian man and a living sinner, I saw in the glass the face of the black witch Bombie, looking just over my shoulder, with eyes as red as coals, and lips moving as if she was speaking, though I could hear nothing. I looked round, though my head moved on my shoulders, like a door on rusty hinges, but nobody was there. I looked in the glass again, and there was the ghastly face glaring over my shoulder as before, with red eyes, and blue lips moving with a quivering motion, without uttering a word. Often, as I turned my head to look behind me, I saw nothing; but the moment I turned to the looking-glass, the face appeared, just peering over my shoulder. Presently I felt two cold hands on my back, and the face in the glass came so close to mine, that I felt its breath against my cheek."

"I never heard of a ghost breathing before," said Lowright; "but maybe the spirits of ladies of colour are different from those of white people. Go on, master constable."

"The weight of the hands on my shoulders grew heavier and heavier, till at last I fell flat on my face upon the floor, unable to support it any longer. What time I lay there I can't tell, but when I came

to myself, and looked about, there was nothing in the room but old Grip, the dog, who lay fast asleep in a corner."

As Master Dotterel concluded his story, there came a terrible flash of lightning, followed by an awful crash of thunder, that seemed to have dashed the universe to atoms. The company gradually contracted their little circle, until their knees mixed with each other, and, late as it was, no one seemed inclined to go to rest, amid the uproar without and the solemnity within doors. The crash was followed by an awful silence, until the tinker exclaimed, "There will be bitter weather by-and-by, and, for my part, I could never sleep in a thunder storm. Come, landlord, another tankard, and Master Wolfgang will tell us a story, to pass away the time."

The tankard was brought, and Master Wolfgang, at the request of the company, commenced his story as follows:

"Many years ago, it was in my native country of Sweden, I happened once to be benighted at a distance of several miles from any house. It was in the summer season, and much such a night as this. The thunder rolled incessantly, followed by continued flashes of lightning which blinded both me and my horse. By the light of one of these, I thought I could distinguish an old ruined building, that I took to be the remains of a church, which I knew from report was situated somewhere hereabouts.

I heard the roar of the tempest approaching nearer and nearer, while the big drops of rain began to fall thicker and faster every moment. There was no alternative, but to weather the storm without a shelter, or seek it in the old church, which, though the windows were broken and the doors decayed, was still better than nothing. I had an invincible antipathy to churches and churchyards at night; but then I hated a wet jacket even more than I feared ghosts; so I e'en dismounted, led my horse inside of the door, and groped my way into a pew in one corner, where there was tolerable shelter. Presently the rain came in torrents, the thunder rolled, and burst, and crashed, and the lightning flashed upon the white tombstones, that peeped above the sills of the windows. Soon I began to feel the effects of a long day's journey, and, stretching myself out on the seat, I gradually fell fast asleep. After sometime, I was disturbed by a strange sound, not unlike the tremulous quaver of the screech-owl, 'hoo! hoo! hoo!' I opened my eyes, and the first object they met was a tall ghastly female figure, leaning over me, with her face close to mine. During my nap it had cleared up, and the bright moonbeams, pouring into the windows, and ruined roof and walls, fell directly on the spectre before me. To my dying day, I shall never forget the lank face, hollow cheeks, and glaring eyes, as, with raised hands, the long, skinny, and bony fingers of which were extended over me, it re-

peated the quaver, in a shrill, hollow tone, and bent down and kissed me, with lips that seemed covered with the damps and mildews of the sepulchre. I shrunk, and shuddered as if death had sealed me his own in that horrible kiss, which was followed by the same tremulous 'hoo! hoo! hoo!' My limbs refused to obey the impulse of my fears, and, for the life of me, I could not make a single effort to escape, but felt as I had sometimes done in dreams, where we struggle in vain to stir hand or foot. At this moment the day began to dawn, and a gun from a neighbouring fortress announced the morning. The figure started at the explosion, which broke on the deathlike silence, and echoed far and wide. 'Hoo! hoo! hoo!' cried the spectre of horror, as she stooped again and gave me one of her infernal kisses. She then moved slowly away, and disappeared, I could not tell how, in the obscurity of a distant corner of the ruined building.

"When I was assured of its being gone, I started up, mounted my horse, and proceeded rapidly to a village about four miles distant, where I ordered breakfast. I had scarcely been here half an hour when I heard the same noise which had alarmed me so much in the church. 'What is that?' I exclaimed, as one of the attendants came in. 'Oh,' replied she, ''tis only a poor crazy woman, that wanders about these parts, but never hurts any body, and never says any thing but 'hoo! hoo! hoo!'' 'And kisses every body?' 'No—they say

she only kisses those who are going to die very soon.' I kept the secret of her salute, although, to tell the honest truth, gentlemen, I considered myself, for a whole year afterward, as little better than a dead man. This happened more than twenty years ago, and yet, at times, and especially in such a night as this, the impression of my adventure in the old ruined church is as fresh as if it had happened yesterday. But come, Master Lowright, the night wears apace, and there is no venturing out in the uproar and darkness. You must keep us company in another tankard and another story."

"With all my heart," replied the jolly pedler; "let me wet my whistle, and you shall have a story that will astonish you all." The tankard passed round, and Master Lowright commenced his legend.

"You must know, gossips, that, though I come from New-York, I don't live in the city, but in a deep forest about four miles off on the island, where every thing is as wild, and in as perfect a state of nature, as it was the day of the deluge. My house is of a single story, containing a single room, which serves me for parlour, kitchen, and hall. My bed is in the attic story above, and is gained by means of a ladder. I have no family, except a dog and a cat, and there is not a house within sight of my solitary abode. Why I have chosen such a situation is an affair of my own, and I shall, therefore,

not trouble you with my reasons for preferring this retired and lonely spot.

"One summer evening, I was sitting smoking my pipe at the door of my castle—it was somewhere, I think, about four years ago—when I observed a man coming towards me, with a staff in his hand, and dressed in the style of a common beggar. As he advanced up the little path which led to my dwelling, I observed that he was tall and straight in his person, and that his face was remarkably handsome. Altogether, indeed, he was the likeliest person I have seen in a long time, except the young man called the Long Finne, who was here last year, and whom I saw carried to prison in New-York the other day." "What!" exclaimed Wolfgang Langfanger, "is the Long Finne in New-York?" "Ay, that he is, to his cost, for he is condemned to be whipt through the streets, and afterward sold to Barbadoes as a slave, for having conspired, it is said, with the savages, against the English power. But I will go on with my story, for I see Master Dotterel begins to wax sleepy.

"As the beggar approached me, he began, in the usual way, to beg for a lodging, as the night was setting in dark, and the path to the city, being through the woods, would be difficult to find. 'But I have only one bed in my house,' replied I, 'and that I generally like to keep to myself.'

"'Beggars must not be choosers,' replied he;

'I can sleep on the hearth by the fire. I have made harder lodging than that in my time, and so I have wherewithal over my head, I care little what is under it, provided it is not harder than a stone.'

"'But,' replied I, 'I know you not; I live alone here in the woods, and it is not usual to take people into our houses, without knowing something of them.'

"'What!' quoth the beggar, looking round on my poor household with a dry sort of air, 'you are afraid I shall rob you? Only to think of the difference between us! I am equally a stranger to you, and yet, you see, I am not afraid to sleep in your house. But the beggar sings before the robber.'

"The humour of the rogue pleased me; I at length consented that he should stay the night, and make his pillow on the hearth-stone. We sat up till almost midnight, chatting over our adventures, and then went to bed. But some how or other, I could n't sleep; or, if I did fall asleep for a moment, it was only to be awakened with frightful dreams. On one of these occasions, I thought I heard a stir in the room below, and, cautiously creeping to the opening, saw a sight that froze every drop of my blood into an icicle."

"What was it?" exclaimed Lob Dotterel, opening one eye, and drawing his chair closer into the corner.

"It was the beggar, busily employed in whet-

ting the point of a knife, that appeared to me at least a yard long. Ever and anon he would feel the point, shake his head, as much as to say, 'it won't do yet,' and then set to work sharpening it again. I had not the least doubt that he intended to murder me, under an impression that I had hoarded up money in my business. I therefore prepared myself for defending my life as well as I could. I had a pistol, but, unluckily, it wanted a lock, and an old rusty sword, without edge or point." "Ay," quoth master constable, "like one of your excellent razors." "Or rather, like your excellent wit," replied the pedler, and incontinently got the laugh on his side.

"What was to be done? I began to distil into a jelly, and felt both courage and strength fast fleeting away, as too often happens in these hours of sore extremity. Desperation at last supplied the place of valour and discretion, and I determined, instead of waiting till the wretch had sharpened his knife, so as to stick me through and through in the twinkling of an eye, to come upon him by surprise, and carry the war into his own camp. I therefore suddenly plumped down upon him, with my trusty blade in hand—and what d'ye think, gentlemen, was the consequence?"

"Why, you killed him," said the whole company with one voice.

"No! HE KILLED ME!"

Here the whole company started up, as if by

one impulse, and stared in silent horror at Master Lowright, marvelling whether it was really himself sitting among them, or only the ghost of himself.

At the moment of this ecstatic climax of wonder and dismay, there was a loud crash of thunder, succeeded by a tremendous bouncing, thumping, howling, and shrieking, in the garret above, that appalled the stoutest hearts of the whole company, and caused each man to press close to his neighbour in trembling agitation. Presently something was heard to fall, with a weight that shook the floor, through the opening which led by a ladder into the attic story; the lamp, that stood nearly under it, was suddenly extinguished, and there was a hissing, and spitting, and howling, in the darkness, as if the fiends had suddenly decamped from their ordinary abodes, to take lodgings at Master Oldale's castle. All was horror, dismay, and confusion; not a soul dared stir from the spot where he was planted, and not a soul uttered a word, save the ci-devant high constable, who, on this occasion, disgraced his valorous exploits among the Indians, by roaring lustily for help, being fast held by the leg, by Othman Pfegel, who had tumbled flat on the floor. The cry brought Mistress Oldale, with a candle, which at once disclosed the cause of all this uproar, in the persons of two cats, who had, agreeably to the custom of these amiable animals, been making "cruel love," after the man-

ner of certain affectionate couples, who act upon the old saying, that the falling out of lovers is the renewal of love. The discovery forthwith put an end to the merrimaking. Each man felt an internal consciousness of having been frightened at nothing, and sneaked away to bed, without the ceremony of bidding good night.

CHAPTER III.

"He is in prison, let us go to him—
He cannot come to us. His thoughts alone are free;
They'll fly abroad, like to old Noah's bird,
And tell him that the earth affords no place
Of rest but that—no friend to take his hand,
And buoy him above the boundless waves.
Let's go to him."

News fly swift everywhere, but most of all in a country village. It was soon communicated to the Heer Piper and his fair daughter, that the Long Finne had been carried a prisoner to New-York, and condemned to be whipt, and sold to slavery. The pedler was called up, and stated, that the youth had been seized the night before the sailing of the fleet, as he was taking a solitary walk along the river side; conveyed on board the ships; transported to New-York; tried for treasonable practices; condemned, and sentenced to these ignominious punishments. Such indeed was the sad story of Koningsmarke, who had been seized and taken to New-York in manner aforesaid, and there brought to trial before the governor and his council. It was in vain that he asserted his innocence, and that at the time he was accused of these crimes he was a subject of Sweden, and owed no allegiance to any other power, much less a power which exercised no authority in New-

Swedeland. He was answered, that the Swedes from the first had no right to the territory they occupied, which, in fact, appertained to Great Britain by discovery. Koningsmarke was therefore living under an usurped government, and could claim no immunity on the score of not owing allegiance to a power which, though not actually in possession, always had the right. The council, consisting of the governor, Thomas Delaval, and Ralph Whitfield, on these grounds, decreed as follows:

"That Koningsmarke, commonly called the Long Finne, deserved to die; yet, in regard that many concerned with him in these practices might also be involved in the præmunire, if the rigour of the law should be extended, and amongst them divers ignorant and simple people, it was thought fit to order, that the Long Finne should be severely whipt, and stigmatized with the letter R, with an inscription in great letters on his breast, that he received that punishment for rebellion; and afterward to be secured till sent to Barbadoes, or some other remote plantation, to be sold."

When Christina heard of this terrible sentence, her heart failed her, and she sunk insensible into the arms of her father. Every species of bitter, indelible disgrace was combined in this punishment; and who is there, that cherishes a friend, or adores a lover, but would rather have heard that he was dead, than thus scourged, branded, and sold to

slavery? When Christina came to herself, she desired to be conducted to her chamber and left alone. After remaining there an hour or two, she sent for her father, who found her pale, feeble, and nearly exhausted with the misery of her feelings. Yet there was a speaking energy in her light blue eye, that indicated she was labouring with some resolve that possessed her whole soul.

"How art thou now, my dear daughter?" said the Heer.

"Well—very well," replied Christina; "but, my father, I have one request to make thee, which, as thou valuest my happiness, nay, my very life, I beseech thee to grant me. Wilt thou?"

"What is it, my dear one?" answered the Heer, with affectionate sympathy; "it must be impossible, if I refuse it to thee. What is it?"

Christina looked wistfully in his face, and replied —"He saved my life; he bore me in his arms, as a mother her only offspring; he watched over me in the wilderness; he risked death and torture in the attempt to restore me to thee; and shall not I do something to requite all these obligations?"

"All that can be done to rescue him from this disgrace and misery shall be done. I will send, and demand him as a subject of my master."

"Alas!" replied Christina, "when I wanted his aid, he did not send; he came himself; he risked all for me, and shall not we risk something for him? Let us not send, but go to him, father. Kindness

should never come at second-hand. Even those who cannot ward off the calamities of others, may alleviate them by sympathy."

"But think, my love, what will the world say of thy pilgrimage? Will they not taunt thee with the reproach of following a degraded, condemned criminal—a lover, whose affection is thy disgrace, and whom to love is infamy?"

"Father," replied Christina, "I know that it is for the honour and happiness of my sex, that they should, in all the ordinary circumstances of life, conform to the strict rules of female decorum, and pay due deference to the opinions of the world. But I also know, father, that there are times and occasions, when love, gratitude, filial duty, parental affection, attachment to our country, nay, even the desire of fame, not only justify, but demand a departure from common rules, and the sacrifice of those delicate restraints, which otherwise should never be disregarded. To save a husband, I should be applauded for this act, even though he were unworthy my affection. Shall I not do likewise for one to whom gratitude at least has bound me for ever?"

"But think of the toils and dangers of the journey, my daughter."

"Thou forgetest, father," replied Christina, with a languid smile—"thou forgetest I am used to traverse the wilderness. The errand I go upon

will make me heedless of the way, except as it may delay our efforts till they shall be too late."

"Ah!" replied the old man, with a melancholy, doubting shake of the head, "come when they will, I fear all our endeavours will be too late, or, at least, in vain. What hast thou to offer, to tempt the statesman to forego an act of policy like this?"

"My tears, my thanks, my prayers, my everlasting gratitude. Surely, father, the bosoms of men are not turned into stone by the exercise of power, nor can they be insensible to the delight of making the heart leap in the bosom of a lonely stranger."

"Well, well—I will no longer oppose thee, my girl. We will go, in God's name; and, if it be necessary, I, even I, will humble myself before Richard Lovelace, rather than see thee mourn thyself into a shadow, and die of a broken heart. I have lost thee once, and know the agonies of such a bereavement. We will go, and speedily."

Christina threw herself into the arms of her parent, and exclaimed amid her tears—"Oh! that I may live to repay my father for all his kindness."

When it was known that the Heer and his daughter were going to undertake this long journey, part of which was through a forest, as yet trodden only by wild beasts and red men, with now and then a wandering being like Lowright, half a dozen of the villagers came in a body, and offered their

services to escort their ancient chief and his daughter. "We will paddle a canoe for you to the falls, and we will carry you in a litter of boughs, when the way is wet and deep, or you become tired." The Heer was affected by their good-will, and, shaking the hand of each, accepted their offers, with hearty thanks. Even in the depression of his feelings, and amid the downfall of his power, the heart of the Heer swelled with honest pride, to find that, though the means of bestowing benefits on his neighbours had passed away, they still remembered his kindness in the days of his prosperity. So easy, indeed, is it for rulers to make themselves beloved by the people, that whenever we hear the cries of the multitude ascending against kings and their ministers, and see their arms raised in opposition to their will, we are certain that pride, arrogance, misgovernment, and oppression, are at the bottom of this discontent.

CHAPTER IV.

"Not all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Not all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Not all the music set upon her tongue,
Nor all the lilies that lie on her breast
In dazzling whiteness, are of half the worth
Of that true faith, which is a woman's crown."

In two days all was ready; and one calm morning, in the merry month of June, our little party embarked on the flood tide that set briskly up the river, in their light canoe. A gentle southern breeze rippled the surface of the waters, and cooled the summer air into a balmy freshness, exquisitely grateful to the senses. First, they passed Coaquanock, then a little thriving village, but since become a noble city, honoured in its illustrious founder, and thrice honoured in the residence of a sage whose precepts enlightened, whose example adorned a subsequent age. Light skimmed the pine canoe along the low banks, fringed with tufts of water-willows, that bent down and kissed the waves, as they approached the little settlements of Burlington and Bristol, where a few clear fields around a cluster of rustic buildings, announced the commencement of that great change in the aspect of the country, and the destinies of its ancient inhabitants, which is rapidly pervading the new world,

and will probably not stop, until it has passed from the Atlantic of the east to the shores of the ocean of the west, with an impulse unabating and irresistible.

The falls, where Trenton now stands, was the last settlement of white men on the Upper Delaware. From thence was one wide extended forest, through which roamed the Tirans, the Tiascons, the Raritans, and a hundred other wandering tribes, long since extinct, or represented by a few degenerate beings, who seem only to live for the purpose of proving that the red man was born for the shade, the white man for the sunshine. All these were now on good terms with their new neighbours from Europe, and our little party journeyed, unmolested, from the falls, through the forest, along where the classic fanes of Princeton now attract the youth of our country from all quarters; where Kingston, and Brunswick, and Woodbridge, and Rahway, now swarm with a little busy fry, but where at that time no trace of cultivation was to be seen, till they came into the vicinity of Elizabethtown, then just settled. Christina and the good Heer, when fatigued with walking, or when the way was more than commonly rough, or obstructed, were carried by their faithful escort on a litter of boughs; and when they came to a stream that was not fordable, they launched their light canoe, and paddled to the other side.

At what is called Elizabethtown Point, where they were sorely annoyed by moschetoes, our little party embarked on the tide that carried them rapidly through the Kills. Neither the waters nor the land on either side presented the gay and moving scene that they do now. No oyster-boats plied their busy rakes; no fleet of painted shallops and pettiaugers, such as are now every moment seen gliding past each other like the winds; no steam-boats unfurled their smoky pennants to the breeze; and the only animated beings besides themselves, were the gulls that skimmed the surface of the waters, and the fish that sported beneath. Where the little villages, the whitening spires, and thickly-strewed farm-houses, now animate the landscape on either side, was nothing but lofty trees, on the dead branches of which was here and there seen the fish-hawk, watching to pounce upon his finny prey, and the eagle waiting his opportunity to make him resign it. The moment the hawk had seized his prize, and rose into the air, the lordly eagle flew forth and pursued him till he let it drop, when darting with inconceivable velocity, the regal robber seized it ere it reached the waters.

So beautiful a scene might have charmed a heart that dwelt not upon deep objects of interest, that swallowed up all sympathy with nature and her enchanting pageantry. But the attention of

the good Heer and his daughter was concentrated on one idea, and they remained unmoved by the fair succession of objects that passed rapidly before their eyes, until they opened upon the delightful bay, and city, which seemed rising from its capacious bosom. For a moment, each was animated by a spark of wonder and admiration; but the thought that they were now approaching the place and the hour, which was to seal their fate as happy or miserable beings in this world, speedily assumed its ascendency, and shut out all other thoughts and feelings. Arriving at New-York, our little party landed, like pilgrims in some desert country, or, at least, where they felt as lonely as in the midst of the desert. Strangers to the place, and every soul within it, they knew not whither to seek a shelter, but wandered about the little crooked streets and lanes, as objects of wonder, rather than sympathy, to the busy inhabitants.

Passing, at length, by the door of a comfortable looking mansion, the ears of the good Heer and his daughter were saluted with some lines of an old ballad, which was familiar to their recollection, chanted by a voice that seemed like one they had heard somewhere before.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the Heer, involuntarily; "if it was not quite impossible, I should think I heard our old neighbour, Wolvert Spangler, singing one of his ditties."

The exclamation was overheard by the singer, who came straight to the door, exhibiting the little, chubby, round, jolly face of the identical ballad-singing cobbler of Elsingburgh. The moment honest Wolvert saw the old man and his daughter, he recognised them, and ran and took the hands of the Heer, and shook them cordially, with tears of joyful welcome.

"My old master," cried he, at last, "it makes my heart glad to see thee. And thou, too, my little mistress, wilt let a humble old acquaintance, who hath often taken measure of thy little foot, welcome thee to this good city."

"In good sooth, Wolvert," quoth the Heer, "thy welcome is well timed, and grateful to our hearts as our necessities. We are here as strangers, without house, or home, or friends—"

"Sayest thou so," interrupted Wolvert, "I am glad of it—I am heartily glad of it, for then thou wilt, perhaps, accept of me as a friend, and my house as thy home. Never wilt thou enter a threshold, where thou shalt be more welcome, or meet with hearts more glad to administer to thy happiness. Come forth, dame," cried he; "thou hast not forgot the kindness of my benefactress, to me and mine, when I had neither house nor home. I have often told thee of it."

At this call there came forth, with active alacrity, a comely dame, neatly and comfortably apparelled,

and, with courtesy and smiling look, besought them to enter and make themselves at home. "We will accept thine offers frankly," said the Heer, "not only because we know not whither else to go, but most especially, that thy welcome seems to be truly and sincerely tendered."

"Else may one of the heaviest of Dominie Kanttwell's judgments befall me and mine—my house and all within it," quoth honest Wolvert, as he showed the father and daughter into his comfortable little parlour, the floor of which was sprinkled with sand from the seashore, as white as the driven snow. After partaking of some refreshments, which were pressed upon them with genuine, honest earnestness, the Heer, whose heart was scarce ever so shut up but that good cheer warmed and expanded it into something like honest jollity, addressed his host as follows:

"Neighbour Spangler, I am glad for thy sake as well as my own, that thou seemest so comfortably settled, and seemingly, therewithal, so well to do in the world. Thou hast been industrious and saving, I dare swear for thee, hey? for, if I recollect right, when thou badest farewell to Elsingburgh, in sober sadness, thou didst not over and above abound in the good things of this life, hey? Tell us thy peregrinations."

"That is soon done," replied the other; "after leaving Elsingburgh, I found my way to the Hoar-

kill, where I had a brother, a skipper, who owned a small vessel, with which he plied along the coast, to and again. I got a passage with him to New-York, where I went forth into the streets to seek my fortune. Providence, I humbly hope, in spite of the judgments of Dominie Kanttwell, conducted me to the owner of this house, then a worthy and thriving shoemaker, who, luckily, wanted a journeyman, and took me on the recommendation of my face. This was not the only good turn my face did me, for, in about a year, my master died, leaving his widow all his possessions. The comely dame was fond of music, and in good time my ballads made an impression on her heart. To cut short a long story, and a tolerably long courtship, I married an excellent wife, who made me quite independent of the world, and to whom, I trust, I have been, and always shall be, a good husband. Not only this, Heer, but Governor Lovelace has lately made me one of his five aldermen, and consults me on all great occasions of state, because, as he is pleased to observe, I always agree with him in opinion, which is a proof of my being a person of sound discretion. So you see, my worthy old master, my old friends, the ballads, have been the making of me, after all."

The Heer pondered a few moments on this piece of biography, and then addressed himself to Alderman Spangler, in an anxious tone, and with a

hesitating manner, as if afraid of hearing a reply to his questions.

"As thou art in the confidence of the governor, thou canst, perhaps, tell me something concerning the fate of a youth, who is dear to us, at least, to me, and whom thou mayest remember at Elsingburgh, as commonly known by the name of the Long Finne. We have learned that he is here, and in jeopardy of life and liberty."

"You have learned the truth," replied the other. "Poor lad! I have made every effort to save him from punishment, for what, I have every reason to believe, he is not guilty of. I have even opposed the will of the governor, until he begins to waiver in his opinion of my great discretion. But his excellency is exceedingly prejudiced against Koningsmarke, because his behaviour, during his examination before the council, was rather bold, and according to the governor's acceptation, savoured of a crop-ear and Presbyterian parliament rebel."

"In what predicament stands he now?" asked the Heer.

"He stands," replied the other, "condemned to be publicly whipt, and afterward sold as a slave to Barbadoes. The first part of the sentence is to be inflicted to-morrow, by twelve o'clock."

"Thou hadst better retire with our kind hostess, my daughter," said the Heer, addressing Christina, whose emotions almost shook her frame to dissolu-

tion, as the thought crossed her mind that it was now too late to save poor Koningsmarke, at least from disgrace. But she resisted the motion to retire.

"I came to see all, to hear all, and to bear all, if Providence will vouchsafe to give me a few days strength. The time presses, and what is done must be done speedily, or never. Good Wolvert, canst thou procure me the means of seeing Richard Lovelace this night?"

"I fear not, maiden," replied Wolvert; "he is now on Staten Island, on a shooting party to kill bears, and will not return till late, if at all. But he will of necessity be here in the morning."

"Wilt thou see him in the morning before *the hour arrives*, and gain me admission to his presence?"

"If God will so help me as to succeed, it shall be so," replied he.

"Can I not see—*him?*" said Christina, with anxious and delicate hesitation.

"What, the youth? No, not to-night. He is confined in the fort, and none can see him, without an order from the governor. But to-morrow—be of good heart, my poor maiden—to-morrow we will essay what we can do. Richard Lovelace is a passionate man, but he is not cruel. Let us put our trust in Heaven."

"I do," replied Christina, "but my fears over-

power my trust. Would, Oh! would to Heaven this night were past, for I fear my mind will fail me, ere the hour approaches when I shall most need its support, and that of my Maker. Father, I would wish to retire, and prepare for the morrow."

Christina was conducted to a chamber by the good dame, who discreetly left her alone, after seeing that nothing was wanting to her comforts.

CHAPTER V.

Unlock these iron gates, I say!
And give me up your prisoner;
'Fore Heaven, ere long we'll hamper him
With bonds, to which your iron chains
Are as Sampson's burnt flax.

THE fatigues of a long and tedious journey could not conquer the wakeful agony of poor Christina, who paced her room backwards and forwards, till the crowing of the cock announced the approach of the morning, which was to decide upon her happiness or misery. The rising sun found her pale and worn with anxiety and suffering; yet there was a firmness, a composure in her voice and manner, which indicated a mind wound up to meet the events of the day, let them take what turn they might.

Soon as the hour at which the governor usually finished his breakfast arrived, the kind-hearted Spangler went forth to solicit an immediate interview for the Heer and his daughter. His excellency happened to be in high good humour that morning, having just heard some news from England, which gave him particular satisfaction, but which, having no especial reference to our history, we shall pass over just now.

"What tell ye me, alderman! the old governor

of Elsingburgh come hither with his daughter, to solicit the pardon of him they call the Long Finne? Body o'me! is she young and handsome—hey?"

"She is pale and sad," replied Spangler; "but the damsel has fair blue eyes, is of exceeding comely features, and her shape is without fault."

"What! no Dutch dowdy, shaped like a tub—hey? Well, I shall put on my regimentals, and you shall go and bring the old Heer and his daughter hither."

The alderman departed on his errand, and the governor proceeded to dress for his audience of the fair young Swede, whose limbs trembled so that she could scarcely support herself, as they came into the presence of him who derived a present consequence beyond all other human agents, from having in his dispensation the fate of Koningsmarke. The old cavalier was struck with the beauty of our heroine, and with mingled gallantry and compassion, conducted her to a chair. After a moment's embarrassment, Christina said to the Heer:—

"Father, the hour draws nigh, each moment is precious."

The Heer then, in a firm, manly, and feeling manner, required the pardon and enfranchisement of the young Swede called Koningsmarke, who in all that he had done, had acted under his orders, as lawful and unquestionable representative of the King of Sweden, then possessed of, and exercising jurisdiction over the territory of Elsingburgh.

"But he invited the savages to take arms, and thereby endangered the lives of many of the subjects of my master. This was against the laws of God and man, and he deserves the severest punishment."

"The laws divine and human," replied the Heer, "authorize the means of self-defence at least; and the practice of thy nation, as well as of all the first adventurers in this new world, hath been to enlist the savages in their wars with each other. He did not invite the red men to invade thy town, or murder thy people, but to assist in defending our lives and property. For this he had my commission, and if any one is to blame in this business, here I render myself thy prisoner, to take the consequences of an act which was not his, but mine."

"But," said Lovelace, "it is in proof from the testimony of thy own people, that he continued his practices among the savages, after the surrender of Elsingburgh, and that he was, consequently, guilty of conspiracy and treason against the king's majesty of England."

"That is impossible," replied the Heer, "because he was with me during the whole period of the negotiation, and also that which followed the surrender of my power, until the evening preceding the departure of the fleet, when, as I understand, he was kidnapped and forcibly carried away by the agents of Sir Robert Carre. Who among my

people gave thee such false and wicked information?"

Governor Lovelace opened a drawer, and produced a letter from Othman Pfegel, conveying these charges against the Long Finne, and referring to Dominie Kanttwell for a full corroboration.

"The *galgen schivenkel*," exclaimed the Heer; "the Long Finne shall cut off his ears, and a slice of the Dominie's tongue, if he ever lives to get back to Elsingburgh; and if he does not, I will live a little while longer, if it be only to do that good turn to a youth whom I loved as my own son."

"But what proof hast thou of this?" rejoined Lovelace.

"The word, or, if thou pleasest, the oath of a man of honour," quoth the Heer.

"And mine also," faltered the weeping Christina. "The young man was never absent from me, all this while, long enough to hold any communication with the savages."

"Indeed!" quoth Lovelace—"is the young man nearly related to thee?"

"No; not a drop of blood that runs in his veins is of kindred with mine. I owe him nothing on that score, but I am indebted to him for life, and more than life. Why," continued Christina to herself, after a struggle and a pause, "why should I shrink, from what my heart dictates, and gratitude makes it a crime to omit? The moments are

numbered—the clock strikes eleven—one hour, and but one hour more, to wrestle with fate."

Rising from her seat, Christina tottered towards Governor Lovelace, and sunk at his feet.

"Oh, sir! exclaimed the maiden, with clasped hands, "if thou canst not yield to justice, which demands the release of the innocent, yield thou to the prayers of mercy, which entreats his pardon at thy hands. At other times I might veil my maiden modesty, and shrink from the avowal, but now, I proclaim to thee that this youth is my affianced husband, that both gratitude and love have bound me to him for ever, and that if he is disgraced by public stripes, and sold to captivity among the slaves of the Indies, not he alone, but I, shall feel the blows and the chains. My father, too, will become ere long a childless old man, bearing on his shoulders a burden of misery, greater than even his weight of years. Think of all this, and feel as I and my father would feel for thee, wert thou and thy daughter thus pleading before us for life and death. Thou hast a daughter, perhaps?"

The gallant, hearty old cavalier wiped his eyes, and, hastily approaching the fire-place, rung the bell. A servant entered immediately.

"My carriage, instantly; do you hear? instantly." He then sat down and employed himself in writing, till the servant announced the carriage was ready, when he arose, and, approaching Christina, gave her the billet he had just finished.

"Thou shalt bear the first tidings thyself, my daughter," said Lovelace, "for so I feel for thee. Enter the carriage with thy father, drive to the prison, deliver this letter to the keeper—and may those who would shrink from such exertions as thine never taste the delight which is now preparing for thee. Go and bring the young man with thee hither. No thanks—there is not a moment to be lost."

He then handed Christina to the carriage, placed her in it with her father, and bade the coachman drive to the prison with all possible speed. The clock struck twelve a few minutes after they left the governor's mansion, and Christina, as she counted the last stroke, exclaimed, in an agony of feeling—

"We shall come too late. Oh! I know him so well! I know that if he is once made a public spectacle—if the lash but once outrages the sacred dignity of manhood—it will be as if he were lost to us for ever; he will die, or, at least, he will never see us more."

A few minutes brought them to the fort, which served as the prison for state criminals, where they perceived a bustle and confusion in the hall as they approached. As they came nearer, they could see a tall figure struggling with one or two soldiers, who seemed striving to strip him of his upper garments; a measure which he appeared to resist with all his might.

"Pooh! pooh!" exclaimed one of the soldiers,

in a rough voice; "there is no use in resisting, and you may as well take it quietly."

"Is there no hope they will shoot me?" replied the struggling prisoner. "Must I be whipt like a slave?"

"As sure as your name is Long Finne," replied the other. "Here comes the tickler, with his cat-o'-nine-tails; if you had as many lives as a cat, he'd scourge them all out of you, I'll swear for it."

"Then God forgive me!" exclaimed the youth, as he snatched the bayonet which the soldier carried stuck in his belt, and directed it to his own bosom. At that instant, and just as the point became died in blood, a voice that went to his soul, exclaimed:—"Hold! in the name of Heaven! thy honour is saved!" The next moment Christina sunk into his arms, and her pure white bosom was stained with the blood of him who pressed her to his heart. When the blue-eyed maid saw the blood, she started away in horrible despair. "Am I then too late? Hast thou done the deed? O! righteous powers, one moment had saved him and me, and that moment was wasted!"

Koningsmarke solemnly assured her that he was not hurt, and that his arm was arrested by her voice, just in time to save his life.

"And such is thy love for me!" said Christina; "thou couldst not endure a little for one who would suffer all for thee."

"Any thing but stripes and brands. Couldst

thou, dear Christina, bear to link thy fate with that of a man who bore on his back the scars of disgrace, and on his brow the brand of indelible infamy?"

"Yes!" replied she, raising her eyes to Heaven, as an appeal to the ordeal of truth: "Yes! but neither thou nor I could bear it long."

"Come, come," cried the Heer, who now for the first time found the use of his eyes and tongue—"come, come, you young fools, don't stand here talking and crying before these rough and tough-hearted knaves, who, I see, don't know whether to laugh or cry. Mr. Jailer, is the order sufficient?"

"Perfectly so, sir:—the young gentleman is free to depart when he pleases."

"Well, then, let us depart, in God's name," quoth the Heer to his young companions. "And here is something to make merry with, boys," throwing a handful of rix-dollars among the men of bolts and bars, who greeted him with cheers, as he departed, and took coach for the governor's.

CHAPTER VI.

When heroine and hero haply wed,
It is all one to us as they were dead;
Since in all ages it hath been the way,
That funeral or marriage ends the play.

GOVERNOR LOVELACE received the party with great cordiality, and felt his heart warm with honest benevolence, as the father and daughter poured out their gratitude in thanks.

"Give me thy hand, young man," said he to the Long Finne. "The assurances of this worthy old gentleman, backed by the entreaties of this fair lady, have convinced me thou hast been basely slandered. Give me thy hand; I hope there is no ill blood between us."

"None," replied Koningsmarke; "the wisest men may be deceived; it is only the virtuous and just that will acknowledge and repair their errors."

"And I," rejoined his excellency, "hereby covenant to forgive myself, and all my enemies, on one condition; which is no other than that, as I perceive with sufficient clearness this young couple contemplate joining their fates together ere long, thou, Governor Piper, wilt lay thy commands upon them to honour my house with the ceremony, and therewithal charge them, upon pain of forfeiting thy blessing, to permit me the pleasure of giving away

a lady, whom, if I were a young man, as I once was, I would dispute the possession of with Guy of Warwick himself. What sayest thou, governor?"

"I say," replied the Heer, "yea, I swear, that it must, and shall be so, or I will withdraw my consent in favour of the backbiter Othman Pfegel, whom I do contemplate to beat lustily on my return. Art thou content, my daughter?"

"Dear father, allow me till to-morrow to decide."

"Very well, but, *der teufel!* what has got into thee, girl? When any thing turns up to separate thee from the Long Finne, thou art half mad; and when I am willing to unite you together, thou art more than half a fool, I think, and don't altogether know thy own mind. But harkye, girl, be ready to-morrow morning either to consent to marry the youth, or never to see him more."

"I agree to the alternative, father," replied Christina, bending her head down upon her bosom.

Governor Lovelace now drew the Heer aside, and whispered him, "come with me, and let us leave them together—I dare swear the matter will be settled to our satisfaction;" and thereupon the two old gentlemen left the room together. Koningsmarke, then taking the hand of Christina, said—

"Christina, thou hast this day made me thy debtor in a sum of gratitude, which I can never repay. Dare I ask thee to add to it by complying with the wishes of thy father? I speak not of

my own happiness, but of his. He will rejoice in our union."

"Believe it not—hope it not," replied Christina. "Oh, how I rejoice in the events of this day, which have enabled me to repay, at least, some of my obligations to thee! Thou didst once save my life and honour, and I have helped to redeem thine. Thus far are we even, as to the past; as to the future, believe not that I can ever join my fate indissolubly to that of a robber—at least, to one who has been an associate of robbers. The debt of gratitude repaid, I can yield nothing to affection."

"A robber!" exclaimed the Long Finne, starting away from her with dismay and astonishment—"a robber!"

"Yes! I have said it; for the truth compelled me, at last, to utter the word, which I have carried in my heart as a poisoned dagger, from the very moment, when, at one and the same time, I became thy debtor in an eternal weight of gratitude, and discovered thou wert unworthy of my love. Nay, deny it not; thy whole behaviour, from first to last, hath acquiesced in the imputation. None but robbers could have acted as thou and thy companions acted."

"But I do deny it. I appeal to facts, to the whole history of my past life, to the eternal fountain of truth, to God, and man. I have never been what thou hast named me."

This solemn denial led to explanations, which,

for the purpose of compressing in as short a space as possible, we shall give in the way of a connected narrative, and in our own words. For this purpose it will be necessary to go back to the period when the Heer Piper resided in Finland, with his wife, a timid, gentle being, their daughter Christina, and the Frizzled Head, then to all appearance as old as on the day she died.

At that period, and, indeed, it hath ever since been too much the case with the north of Europe, to the vexation, and ruin, and degradation of the cultivators of the soil, the province was infested with soldiery, who, quartered among the inhabitants, too frequently acted like so many freebooters, rather than as protectors of the lives and property of the people. It was in those days, and it is still the custom, for the petty princes of the north to hire out their subjects at so much per head, to cut the throats, not of the enemies of their country, but of those of the worthy potentate who paid for their services. The regiment of Holstein, commanded by Colonel Koningsmarke, was, in this way, employed in the service of Sweden, at that time—on the eve of becoming embroiled with the Catholic powers of Germany. These foreign auxiliaries and hirelings, as might be supposed, having no attachment to the soil, no common interests, or affinities of blood or affection with the people, too often acted as their oppressors, and plundered and insulted them at pleasure.

One summer evening, in the absence of the Heer, as Christina, then a little girl of about six years old, and her mother, were sitting, just about the twilight, in a little low parlour, whose open windows looked out on a charming rural landscape, tinted with the soft, enchanting, changeful hues of evening, on a sudden they were broken in upon by a party of ruffians, armed, and apparently half mad with liquor, who rudely seized both mother and daughter, and, by way of a good joke, frightened them almost into convulsions. They shrieked and screamed, but without any other effect than to bring forth old Bombie, who assailed the intruders with the most bitter reproaches she could devise. This brought the attention of the drunken rout towards the Frizzled Head, whom they seized, and, with great ceremony, proceeded, as they pretended, to decapitate forthwith.

Among the party was a fair, light-haired, blue-eyed youth, apparently about fifteen years of age, who, however, kept aloof, and partook not in any of these outrages, until, incited by the taunts, and ridicule, and, finally, commanded by the leader of the party, he came forward reluctantly, and affected to assist in restraining the violent efforts of poor Bombie, whose hands they were endeavouring to bind. The moment the boy came near enough, Bombie seized him by the collar, and, tearing off his ruff, disclosed a large and singular scar, just under his ear, in the shape of a cross. Christina,

whose eyes were naturally turned in that direction, also saw the scar, which was impressed on her memory, not only by the terrors of the scene, but by the exclamation of the Frizzled Head, who cried out—

"Ah! ha! thou bearest a mark—not the mark of Cain, but one by which I shall know thee, whatever changes time and chance may produce. Thou carriest a sign, which to others may be the emblem of salvation, but which to thee, sooner or later, shall be the signal of disgrace and condemnation. I will remember thee."

The youth stood abashed, and took the opportunity of a momentary pause, to whisper the leader of the party, a threat of representing the affair to his father, if they proceeded to any further violence. The whisper was, however, unnoticed by those whom it was intended to benefit. The party, after eating, drinking or wasting every thing they could find, finally departed, and returned to their quarters. The agitation and fright produced by this scene of outrage, operating upon the gentle spirits and weak frame of Christina's mother, threw her into a nervous fever, which in a few weeks terminated her life. The impression of these events was never effaced from the mind of Christina; and, in truth, it may be said, that it strengthened with age, and every little while received a deeper shade of horror, from the exaggerated declamations of the Frizzled Head; who, as her memory became less retentive

and connected, substituted the youth with the scar for the principal actor in the death of her beloved mistress. In this way does memory often exaggerate the past, almost as much as hope does the future.

The regiment of Koningsmarke marched the next day to a distant part of the country; and, indeed, the knowledge of this event, was what principally imboldened the ruffians who belonged to that corps, to the outrage we have related. It is not within our plan to follow the Long Fiane, step by step, till his appearance at Elsingburgh. Suffice it to say, that he was left, by the death of his father, an extravagant daring adventurer, without money, or the means of subsistence: that, not long afterward, when his mother died in great distress, she gave him a letter to her brother, the Heer's old friend, Caspar Steinmets, who received him as a son, and with whom he lived for some time. Old Caspar, however, was a man who thought no more of to-morrow than a grasshopper, but sung, and basked in the sun, and was merry all day long. Such men seldom leave much behind them, except a sort of equivocal posthumous fame, made up of a kind recollection of their generosity and good humour, mixed with a few shrugs of pity, at their want of prudence.

Old Caspar died; his money was all spent; his salary, as high bailiff to a prince whose territories, we are credibly informed, extended over two

square miles, throughout which he held absolute sway, ceased with his latest breath; and when honest Caspar was fairly housed in the final asylum, there was nothing left to his heir, but the recollection of his kindness, that last legacy of gratitude, which the good heart delights to cherish as a keepsake for ever.

In casting about where to choose his future lot, or, in other words, what he might do to keep soul and body together, when the few rix-dollars he had about him should be melted into thin air, and identified with the things that have been, young Koningsmarke, who was called the Long Finne, gentle reader! because he was born in Finland, and nearly six feet high, was attracted by the new world. It was now about the time when the dashing adventurers; the ruined lads, who had wasted their inheritance; the younger brothers, who never had any inheritance at all; the hero, alive to glory; the daring spirit, willing to stake his life on the chance of unbounded wealth; and, lastly, the pious convert, ready to do all, to dare all, and to suffer all, were, each and every one, turning their faces towards the setting sun, as to a region where some might retrieve their fortunes, others enjoy the liberty of their consciences. Koningsmarke knew that Sweden claimed rights, and had a settlement in this quarter of the world, and that was all he knew. He was little aware that this territory was governed by the Heer Piper, whose house, when

a boy, he had entered in the manner aforesaid; and, indeed, he had long since forgotten the whole affair, as we forget our boyish frolics when arrived at the age of manhood. He took the first opportunity of embarking for the new world; arrived at the Hoarkill; proceeded to Elsingburgh; where he fell into the custody of that vigilant police officer, Lob Dotterel, and was recognised by Bombie, who accidentally discovered the scar, which, as rather unbecoming to his appearance, he generally hid with a high ruff.

Koningsmarke, at the conclusion of this explanation, solemnly assured Christina that every word of it was true; that he had extenuated nothing; and that, any farther than hath been just related, he had no participation in an event which he had first learned from the Frizzled Head, on his arrival at Elsingburgh, but in a manner so mysterious and exaggerated, as almost convinced him he was actually a murderer. Christina, too, when she looked attentively backwards, and traced the progress of her impressions with regard to this painful event, could not but acknowledge, that they were in a great measure derived from the declamations of Bombie.

To the foregoing explanations of the Long Finne, we beg leave to prefix a few of our own. In addition to the declamatory exaggerations of the Frizzled Head, it is probable that the Long Finne himself may have contributed to mislead our

readers, by occasionally indulging in that inflated, romantic style, too common with those of exalted imaginations—calling himself an outcast, to whom the elements themselves afforded no refuge; a prey to the worm that never dies—as if for the sole purpose of making himself interesting. To this we may add, that we ourselves, with the most disinterested intentions of enhancing the reader's perplexity and delight, in perusing this work, have now and then coloured the charges of the Frizzled Head, and the admissions of the Long Finne, a little highly. Should the reader be ill-natured enough to find fault with us for thus verifying the old proverb that "a story never loses by telling," we shall take care how we treat him to another mystery.

The explanation of Koningsmarke, with his solemn assurances of its truth, removed a load that had long pressed on the heart of Christina, and when he again besought her to comply with the wishes of her father, she held out her hand with a smile, such as had not lighted up her eyes for a long time past.

"The will of my father shall be obeyed," said the blue-eyed maiden; "for now I trust that so it can be done, without any offence, either to my father, or my mother that is in Heaven. Good Providence! I thank thee; I can now conform to his wishes, and consult my own heart, without wedding myself to never-dying remorse. I am thine for ever."

A kiss and an embrace sealed this covenant, just as the two old squires entered the room.

"Well," quoth the Heer, "are we to be united to-morrow, never to part, or to part, never to meet again?"

"She has said that to-morrow she will be mine," replied the Long Finne, "and she never broke her word."

"Did I not tell thee," quoth the cavalier Lovelace, "that there was nothing like leaving them alone? Egad, there is always two to one against a woman in such a case, not to say two to nothing; for there is the lover and the lady on one side, and nobody on the other."

"Well, then," quoth the Heer, "to-morrow shall see thee one."

"Nay, let it be the day after to-morrow," rejoined Governor Lovelace: "I must have time to bid the company, and, 'fore Heaven, Heer! but we'll carouse a little, shall we?"

"Verily," replied the other, "I see no special reason why the heart of an old man like me may not, on an occasion like this, rejoice and be glad. I will drink a bumper to the name of the best of daughters with thee."

"Ay, and to every letter of her name, or my name is not Richard Lovelace."

This matter being concluded upon, the preparations were made by the hearty cavalier Lovelace, to celebrate the wedding, in a style suitable

to his own dignity, and the regard he began to feel for Christina, whose appearance and character had won his warm heart. One thing he especially stipulated, to wit, that the ceremony should not be performed by a crop-ear parson, nor the wedding-dress made by a French milliner. The former part of the stipulation was easily accorded, and the latter was entirely unnecessary, as there was not a single French milliner at that time in the whole province.

At length the happy hour arrived, which for ever united Koningsmarke and Christina in one fate and one name. All the dignitaries of the city were bidden, not forgetting Alderman Spangler and his dame; and it was the opinion of the young ladies present, that the bridegroom was quite as handsome as the red-coats of Governor Lovelace's staff, who made such havoc in the tender hearts of the pretty maidens of New-York. Truth, our governing principle in this history, obliges us to state that Governor Lovelace, the Heer Piper, Alderman Spangler, and one or two others, did carouse it lustily till the second crowing of the cock, when the governor's old black valet entered the room, and informed his excellency that it was high time to go to bed, an intimation which he never failed to attend to with perfect docility.

The day but one after the wedding, the Heer, his daughter, and the Long Finne, bade the worthy cavalier Lovelace farewell, and embarked in his

state-barges, for Elizabethtown Point, where they took up their line of march, and arrived in due time, without any accident, at Elsingburgh. After sojourning a few days, they retired to a beautiful farm, on the banks of a little river, about halfway between Elsingburgh and Coaquanock, where, in rural ease, rural quiet, the enjoyment of leisure, health, and competency, combined with exercise and employment, they passed quietly down the stream of life, with as much content as falls to the lot of this world. But the Heer and his daughter could never agree on the subject of rural economy. Christina was for planting flowers, and ornamental shrubs, and beautifying all around; while the Heer had a most pestilent propensity for the useful, and valued a patch of cabbages above a bed of tulips of a thousand dyes. Christina at length succeeded so far as to make him promise to pay some little attention to ornament, and cultivate a few favourite flowers, which engagement he conscientiously kept, by planting a notable bed of cauliflowers.

In process of time the good Heer saw his race prolonged, in the person of a little blue-eyed grandson, concerning whom he balanced three whole days, in sore perplexity, whether to call him after the immortal Gustavus, or his good friend the Governor of New-York. Gratitude at length got the better of loyalty, and the boy was christened Richard Lovelace. The Heer privately covenanted with himself, at the same time, that the next

should be called Gustavus Adolphus, let what would happen.

As we like to follow old customs, sanctioned by the example of our betters, we will conclude by gratifying the reader's curiosity with regard to the other principal characters of our history.

Lob Dotterel being, by the influence of the Heer with Governor Lovelace, reinstated in his office of high constable, passed the rest of his days in busy importance, and happy assiduity, only that he was occasionally molested by the intrusion of the ghost of Bombie of the Frizzled Head, which never forgave his agency in the catastrophe of the likely fellow Cupid.

Poor Othman Pfegel having been confidentially apprized, that the Long Finne intended to take the first opportunity of giving him a sufficiency of drubbing to last him all the days of his life, departed suddenly—not this world, but the village of Elsingburgh, and settled down at the Hoarkill, where nobody thought it worth while to molest him.

The worthy Heer Piper lived happily to a good patriarchal old age, and though he sometimes sighed over the recollection of his departed glories, it was but a momentary feeling, which the duteous attentions of his daughter and the smiles of his grandchildren soon soothed away. He seldom went from home, except once a year to visit his good friend William Penn, and the worthy Shadrach Moneypenny, with whom he had many a bout

concerning the wearing of hats, the propriety of making bows, and the moving of the spirit. But so far from making any impression on the dry soil of Shadrach, it was observed that whenever he saw the Heer approaching he would adjust his beaver with most determined emphasis, and give it a smart rap on the crown, as if in defiance of his old antagonist.

Dominie Kanttwell, not long after the capture of Elsingburgh, married the prettiest and richest girl in the whole village, and the next Sunday preached a mortal philipic against the lusts of the flesh, and the mammon of unrighteousness. On this unlooked-for backsliding of the Dominie, aunt Edith took a distaste to his doctrines, turned Swedenborgian, and married Wolfgang Langfanger, then a spruce widower, who privately declared, one night at Master Oldale's, that the improvement of this good lady was the hardest task he ever undertook in his life.

Shortly after the marriage of Dominie Kanttwell, that worthy died suddenly, after a New-Year's supper. He was succeeded by a man full of charity, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous pastor. Without pride, without arrogance, and without hypocrisy, there was a beautiful simplicity in his life and actions, a kindness, a gentleness, a forbearance, harmoniously combined with a holy zeal, a never-tiring industry in doing good to all, that marked him out as one of those

chosen shepherds sent by Heaven as a blessing to some chosen flock. Cheerful without levity, he joined in all the innocent amusements of his simple parishioners, and happy himself in the consciousness of a useful and virtuous life, as well as in the rational anticipation of a blissful eternity, he walked among his people, not as a shadow darkening all around, but as a sun cheering, animating, blessing those who basked in his smiles.

Careless of his rest, and his personal labours, he was ready at all times, by day and by night, to go forth to comfort the afflicted, relieve the sick, and sooth the dying. He asked nothing for himself, and he gave every thing to others; he laboured not in his own vineyard, but in that of his master, and the fruits of his exertions soon became visible to every eye. A cheerful, innocent gayety, again began to appear in the village; the people went forth to their daily occupations with smiling hopes, that caused every one to exert themselves in their various pursuits. Begging began to take refuge in the labours of its own hands, and found its reward in the comforts of independence, and the approving smile of the excellent pastor, who never lost an opportunity of rebuking the idle, or applauding the industrious, for well he knew that among all classes of mankind, and most especially the labourers, idleness is but another name for sin and misery.

In short, blessed by such an example, and led by such a guide, it was not long before Elsingburgh